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THE CONTENTS

January and April 1913

Disraeli. By the Editor	*Page* 1
The Mental Deficiency Bill. By the Rev. T. J. Gerrard	21
The Religion of Mazzini. By Mrs Hamilton King	41
The Revolution in Cuba. By W. M. Kennedy	68
Poem: Judgement. By C. Sproxton	77
The Louvain Conference and Comparative Religion. By the Rev. C. Meli, S.J.	78
The Teresa of Canada. By the Hon. Mrs Maxwell Scott	93
Digby Dolben. By Mrs Warre Cornish	111
The Irish National Theatre. By Charles Bewley	132
Foreign Politics of the Day. By Lancelot Lawton	145
Some Recent Books	175

Letters of George Meredith—The Sacred Shrine: A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church. By Yrjö Hirn—Come Rack! Come Rope! By Mgr R. H. Benson—Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker. By W. M. Short—Letters of Robert Southey. Edited by M. H. Fitzgerald—The Autobiography and Life of Father George Tyrrell. By Miss Petre—Civilization at the Cross Roads. By Dr Neville Figgis—The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley. Edited by Richard Edgcumbe—The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. By W. J. Locke—Collectanea Biblica Latina, vol. I. Liber Psalmorum—Concilium Tridentinum: Diariorum, Actorum, Epistularum, Tractatuum Nova Collectio: edidit Societas Goerresiana promovendis inter Catholicos Germaniae Litterarum Studiis. Vols II and V—Faustula. By John Ayscough—Life of St Francis of Assisi. By the Rev. F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.—The Blue Communion. By R. A. Eric Shepherd—Early Norman Castles of the British Isles. By Mrs. Armitage—Saint Gregory the Great. By Sir Henry Howorth, K.C.I.E.—Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul. By Dr Rice Holmes—Erica. By Mrs Henry de la Pasture—Publications of the C.T.S.

The Contents

Disraeli (*concluded*). By the Editor *page* 217

The Catholic Party in the Netherlands. By Lady Acton 232

On Epitaphs, Catholic and "Catholic-Minded." By Miss L. I. Guiney 254

St John Damascene's Canon for the Repose of the Mother of God. Translated by G. R. Woodward, M.A. 269

The Rheims Version of the New Testament. By the Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P. 276

Music in Moslem Spain. By J. F. Scheltema 301

Early Man. By Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S. 311

The Position in Japan. By E. S. Harding 326

A Successful Catholic Experiment in India. By Saint Nihal Singh 343

Three Catholic Associations in France. By the Comtesse de Courson 357

Emancipation. By Canon William Barry 382

Some Recent Books 399

Georgian Poetry—Constructive Quarterly Review—Philostratus in Honour of Apollonius of Tyana. By Professor J. S. Phillimore—In God's Nursery. By the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.—La Colline Inspirée. By Maurice Barrès—Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui. By "Agathon"—Le Conflit de la Morale et de la Sociologie. By Mgr. Deploige—The Girlhood of Queen Victoria. Edited by Lord Esher—Cardinal Manning and other Essays. By J. E. C. Bodley—National Revival—Modern Germany. By Ellis Barker—My Russian Year. By Rothay Reynolds—The Mass: A Study of the Roman Liturgy. By Dr Adrian Fortescue—The New Psalter and Its Use. By the Rev. Edwin Burton, D.D. and the Rev. Edward Myers, M.A.—The Three Brontës. By May Sinclair—Palæolithic Man and Terramara Settlements in Europe. By Dr Munro—The Mechanism of Life. By Dr Stéphane Leduc—Geschichte der altkirchlichen Literatur. By Mgr. Bardenhewer—Geschichte der altchrislichen Literatur. By H. Jordan.

DISRAELI

WHEN the generation to which the present writer belongs was in its youth there was a little book of caricatures of Gladstone and Disraeli which was very popular. One picture depicted the House of Commons. On one side of the table stood Mr Gladstone, fire flashing from his eyes, as with angry and threatening gesticulation he denounced his chief opponent. The hawk-like face added to the destructive suggestion of his attitude, while the movement of his arm was almost physically menacing. At the other side of the table, impassive, apparently half asleep, with an amused sneer on the face and his hat somewhat drawn over his eyes, sat Mr Disraeli. Beneath the picture was written an extract from one of his speeches, which ran nearly as follows: "The right honourable gentleman sometimes addresses us in such a tone and with such a manner as to make me sincerely thankful that a very substantial piece of mahogany stands in this House between him and myself."

The contrast between these two men was a never-failing drama before the public eye. The heated earnestness of the one, the cool sarcasm of the other; the unctuousness of the one, the cynicism of the other; what critics regarded as an undue parade of religious principle in Gladstone, and the entirely secular ideals of his rival—who, nevertheless, liked a Cardinal, and avowed himself to be "on the side of the angels"—this contrast was unfailing and constantly found fresh occasions for its display. Gladstone's dislike of Disraeli was largely the censure passed by a man of high principle on one whom he regarded as without principle and flippant. Disraeli treated Gladstone as a solemn person of appalling energy, with perhaps a suspicion of Pecksniff about him, who was apt to get very excited; or, as he once described him, as a "sophistical rhetorician inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination." The two antagonists used to recall Pickwick and Jingle. The in-

dignant righteousness of the one provoked the cynical coolness of the other, and *vice versa*. I am surprised that the actual comparison never occurred to the clever cartoonist in *Punch* who faithfully reflected the impressions of a large section of the public, and whose pictures of the two men had much which suggested this very comparison.

The general contrast when once it had been suggested could not fail to remain fixed in the public mind, and *Punch* returned to it again and again. In one cartoon of 1873, which appeared just after the formal announcements and solemn mutual courtesies between leaders which are customary at the opening of a session, they figured as "Disralius" and "Gladstonius"—two Roman augurs. Dizzy has his hand to his mouth in the vain endeavour to conceal his laughter. "I always wonder, brother," he says, "how we chief augurs can meet on the opening day without laughing." Gladstonius replies with severity, "I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, brother, and the remark savours of flippancy." In another cartoon Gladstone was reading Dizzy's *Lothair*, just after its publication. And Dizzy had taken down from his bookshelf a copy of Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*. Gladstone's frown is severe as he ejaculates: "Hm—flippant!" while Dizzy's "Ha—prosy!" is accompanied by a yawn of extreme boredom. After Gladstone's extraordinary display of energy in his Scotch campaign when he returned to political life in the late 'seventies, *Punch* published a cartoon in which he was represented as a fancy skater performing the most wonderful and exhausting evolutions on the ice. Dizzy, looking on from the bank of the pond, has an expression of wonder blended with anxiety, and has just taken down his eye-glass after scrutinizing the performance. "Wonderful!" he exclaims. "Both wind and limb! At our time of life, too, when a fall would be so serious!"

Throughout the cartoons of Dizzy in the late 'sixties and early 'seventies the old tradition was still visible, that he was a clever adventurer—extraordinarily clever

indeed, but not to be regarded as a serious politician. His success in carrying the Reform Bill in 1868 was represented as a wonderful egg dance achieved by an acrobat, and he appeared again and again as a juggler, a harlequin, a tumbler, a conjurer or a rope walker or an actor, and once as Fagin the Jew coaching his young pickpockets.

In the early 'seventies Disraeli had begun to strike the Imperial note. It took some years before this was generally felt to represent—as it certainly did—a really deep and almost passionate belief. At first it added an instance of contrast between him and Gladstone's phase of Little Englandism without at once suggesting a new access in Dizzy of political seriousness and conviction—a quality of which, in his own way, Mr Gladstone had so large a share. Dizzy's Imperialism was at first believed to be a clever move in the game—a new limelight for the stage effects and dramatic surprises he loved, as when he suddenly bought up the Suez Canal and thus secured the key to India. And this idea only gradually gave way to a truer one. Even when Disraeli suggested the title "Empress of India" for Queen Victoria, Tenniel's witty pictures in *Punch*—"New crowns for Old," after the "New lamps for Old" of Aladdin's story, and the crowning of Dizzy by Victoria, represented an impression which had but recently ceased to be fairly wide spread. Queen Victoria was to be flattered and kept in a good humour by a new title which cost Dizzy nothing and added nothing whatever to her real power; and Dizzy was to receive in return the coronet of an Earl to satisfy his ambition.

But in point of fact, in spite of the somewhat theatrical element which, in his Imperialism as in all else, was visible in Dizzy's operations, there is little doubt that he developed in his old age, when the *stimulus* of personal ambition was inevitably less keen—for ambition had been satisfied and his own future was limited by the laws of life to a few years—a really earnest passion for the development of the Imperial idea. The Primrose League, founded in his honour—with its knights and dames and

its coloured badges—has truly caught this spirit and is a lasting monument to it. The machinery is showy and theatrical. But it represents enthusiasm and hard practical work in educating the party. The Jingo songs which accompanied its birth had a touch of the cheapness and the want of true dignity which were apt to attend all his own work. But they helped on the cause and appealed to minds which were worth winning. Disraeli was thoroughly in earnest in this last phase of his career, and his imagination was really fired. It was this development in him which quite transformed the attitude of the late Lord Salisbury towards his chief, and he did not stand alone. While some few to the end felt towards Disraeli as towards a successful adventurer without convictions—the Acrobat, the Gamester, the Leotard of *Punch's* pages—they were but a small and negligible minority in the party. The late Lord Emly, who as Mr Monsell had been a devoted Peelite in 1846 and had followed Disraeli's career with very keen, though unsympathetic, interest, once said to the present writer: "People often talk of Disraeli's rise from nothing to being Prime Minister in 1867 as a marvellous achievement. In my opinion, however, the change of his position between 1867 and 1878—the high water mark of his second innings—was far more remarkable. In 1867, while there were a few enthusiastic devotees of his genius, the almost universal feeling, even in his own party, was that he was an unprincipled adventurer, yet so marvellously clever that in a difficult time it was best for the party to use him and to follow him. He was still an outsider; and the great aristocracy of England regarded it as impossible that he should ever be accepted as their social equal. In 1878 the impossible had happened. He had won not only power, but general reverence. Our aristocracy not only accepted him but treated him with the utmost respect. I have seen the Duke of Richmond in his company, and the Duke's attitude was one of deference and even of fear."

One of the most interesting sections—perhaps the most interesting—of the earlier life of this extraordinary

man, has now been given to the world in the second volume of Mr Monypenny's classical Biography. And those who in their youth witnessed with fascination the last two acts of a great drama are now in a position to understand nearly the whole. It was feared by some that when he came to deal with Disraeli's Parliamentary life his own want of personal familiarity with the milieu in which it was passed would make Mr Monypenny fail. No one, I think, who has read this fascinating volume can doubt of his remarkable success. Indeed, much as we may admire Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, it is more than anything in this very dramatic quality that he fails, while Mr Monypenny succeeds. Few things have ever been written in political biography more dramatic than Mr Monypenny's account of the long-standing duel between Disraeli and Peel which first made Dizzy actually " arrive " in political life. It is probable that the very lack of experience which made some onlookers anxious has proved Mr Monypenny's best friend; while Lord Morley's political experience has made him somewhat careless in this respect. The fact that Mr Monypenny neither remembers those days, nor is familiar with the House of Commons life has made him take infinite pains to collect all the contemporary sources of information which can make these scenes live for himself, and, in doing so, he has made them live for others. For Lord Morley, on the contrary, both the place and, to some extent, the events he describes are matters with which he is personally familiar; and he sometimes seems to assume the same familiarity as already secured on the part of his readers. He has, therefore, not left for posterity anything approaching the vivid picture of the drama of House of Commons debates which Mr Monypenny has painted. Mr Monypenny's success makes it all the more tragic that he has but lived to hear the first echoes of the general recognition of his great work.

Disraeli's success was due before all things to an avowed and unconquerable ambition. He was stimulated rather than cowed by the consciousness that he had to fight

against great odds in his own antecedents and in popular prejudice. He openly avowed that personal ambition was his ruling motive in a speech of 1844. "There is no doubt, gentlemen," he said, "that all men who offer themselves as candidates for public favour have motives of some sort. I candidly acknowledge that I have, and I will tell you what they are. I love fame; I love reputation; I love to live in the eyes of the country, and it is a glorious thing for a man to do who has had my difficulties to contend against." "A member who wants to get on," he was wont to say, "should be constantly in his place in the House. And when he is not there he should be reading Hansard." And he practised what he preached. It was his unflagging pertinacity; the absence in him of sensitiveness; the determination that he would succeed—the insistence that he had succeeded; the refusal to look in the face the bare possibility of failure, that made his genius in the event triumphant.

Gladstone knew the temper of that fastidious assembly, the House of Commons, well before he entered it, for it was reflected closely enough in the Oxford Union of his time. Disraeli, on the contrary, frequently and seriously misjudged it. The story of his first speech has often been told. The late Sir Rupert Kettle, an eye witness, left in his diary an account of the occasion which Mr Monypenny never saw, and it helps to complete the picture in his work. Sir Rupert sketched Disraeli as he spoke, and under the sketch is written: "Disraeli, a little dandy Jew, looks about 18." His hair was long; he was much scented; he was over-dressed. The imagery congenial to his Oriental mind made his style turgid, a quality most repugnant to the taste of the House. His self-confidence was too transparent to be disguised. He could not, therefore, attain to the touch of diffidence which the House requires in a new aspirant for its favour. And he was a Jew in days when that very fact greatly added to the prejudice against him. The words in Sir Rupert's diary are hasty and inadequate as a description, but they have the touch of life that belongs to contemporary notes.

The next thing was young D'Israeli's maiden speech. He began with all the confidence of a bully to claim indulgence for his first attempt. Then said a few words to O'Connell about his rambling speech. " But I'll spare the honourable and learned gent's feelings." (Laughter.) From this time he tried to do the orator so very much that roars of laughter ended a sentence begun amidst coughs and groans. Even his own Party did not cheer after a sentence or two. [We caught such sentences as] " When the bell of our Cathedral announced the death of a monarch," " See the philosophic prejudice of man," " Nothing is so easy as to laugh," " Oh, give me but five minutes by the clock," " I never attempted anything but I succeeded," and lastly he hooted, to be heard above the noise: " Though you won't hear me now, the time will come when I will make you hear me." So much for him. . . .*

In Mr Monypenny's pages we get one or two further details which show the kind of bombastic imagery which the speech contained. One of the sentences which was laughed down alluded to some one as having " in the one hand the Keys of St Peter, and in the other the Cap of Liberty." Dizzy complained in conversation that his enemies would not allow him to finish his pictures—and the " cap of liberty " never got into the speech at all, as the speaker's sentence was broken short by the general laughter. However, far from being discouraged, he appears hardly to have been even ruffled. He only awaited another opportunity and took note of rocks ahead which must be avoided. Ten days later he was on his feet again. He was careful this time to indulge in no imagery. The speech was clear and unpretentious and succeeded. He soon won the ear of the House to some extent, but it was long before he was certain of it. His own account of the dogged persistency with which he pursued a speech in March, 1842, on the Consular Service is a good exhibition of his persevering determination.

The affair last night realized all my hopes; the success was complete and brilliant. I rose at five o'clock to one of the most disagreeable audiences that ever welcomed a speaker. Everybody

* This extract was published in *The Times* of Nov. 29, 1912.

seemed to affect not to be aware of my existence, and there was a general buzz and chatter. Nevertheless, not losing my head, I proceeded without hesitation for ten minutes, though when I recollected what I had to travel through, and the vast variety of detail which I had perspicuously to place before the House, I more than once despaired of accomplishing my purpose.

In about ten minutes affairs began to mend; when a quarter of an hour had elapsed there was generally an attentive audience; and from that time until near half-past seven, when I sat down, having been up about two hours and twenty minutes, I can say without the slightest exaggeration that not only you might have heard a pin fall in the House, but there was not an individual, without a single exception, who did not listen to every sentence with the most marked interest, and even excitement. The moment I finished, Peel, giving me a cheer, got up and went to dinner upstairs.

After the speech Sydney Herbert, as he records, came up to him and asked where he got his mass of extraordinary information. "A most remarkable display," Herbert added, "and it is thought so."

Every move in the game, every sign of success and criticism is recorded in the letters to his sister. In 1842 he realizes that his position is on a new footing. "I already find myself without effort the leader of a party, chiefly youth and new members." The reference is to the Young England party whose most prominent members were the late Duke of Rutland, then Lord John Manners, George Smythe, and Baillie Cochrane. This was a passing phase; but not without its importance. With Disraeli's peculiar temperament, any form of leadership fired his imagination and helped to further success.

I think that Mr Monypenny makes good his contention that those have wronged Disraeli who ascribed Disraeli's virulent attacks on his old chief three years later simply to the fact of Peel's not giving him office when he came to power in 1841. But they cannot be ascribed primary to Disraeli's convictions on the proposed repeal of the Corn Laws. The first attack had nothing to do with this question. But it was such a

brilliant success in the House that Disraeli saw his path marked out for him. His primary motive was neither the indulgence of personal resentment against Peel nor zeal for the retention of the Corn Laws. It was simply that his own gifts and the circumstances of the time made his line of action the best road to the front. The country gentlemen wanted a man of parts to plead their cause and oppose Peel. The effectiveness of his first attack on Peel marked out the method to be chosen—the strong personal element in the opposition. There was spice and piquancy in such personal encounters, and they brought into evidence his most brilliant gifts. They brought also immediate notoriety: and for a man of genius notoriety soon comes to mean success, which was Dizzy's goal.

This most important phase of Disraeli's career is described at length and with masterly power by Mr Monypenny. Its general character has been stereotyped in the cartoons in *Punch*, in one of which Disraeli's incisive criticisms are represented by Dizzy with his teeth dug into Peel's body hanging on to him with doglike tenacity. Mr Monypenny has seen his opportunity in this historic and prolonged encounter, and has taken it. The first assault was in 1845, the occasion being a protest which had been made against the opening by Government officials of certain letters addressed to Mazzini, who was living in England. Peel had defended the Government's action successfully and with great warmth as absolutely necessary with a view to preventing serious international complications. Dizzy, posing as a friendly critic, ridiculed nevertheless the meticulous detail in Peel's account of the inevitable succession of causes and effects which, had the letters not been opened, must have led inevitably at last to the most disastrous consequences. He compared it to the nursery story of the house that Jack built in which "this is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." But he ended with some sarcastic banter in respect of the note of in-

dignant and even angry righteousness which marked Peel's speech.

The right hon. gentleman will pardon me for observing it, but he displayed an unusual warmth. I am aware that it by no means follows that the right hon. gentleman felt it. The right hon. baronet has too great a mind, and fills too eminent a position, ever to lose his temper; but in a popular assembly it is sometimes expedient to enact the part of the choleric gentleman. The right hon. gentleman touched the red box with emotion. I know from old experience that when one first enters the House these exhibitions are rather alarming, and I believe that some of the younger members were much frightened; but I advised them not to be terrified. I told them that the right hon. baronet would not eat them up, would not even resign; the very worst thing he would do would be to tell them to rescind a vote. (Loud cheering and shouts of laughter.)

There was no mistaking the acerbity that underlay Disraeli's speech, although he professed to speak as a friend of the Government. For the moment Peel's retort was extremely effective, as it was dignified.

It is certainly very possible to manifest great vehemence of action and yet not to be in a great passion. On the other hand, it is possible to be exceedingly cold, indifferent and composed in your manner, and yet to cherish very acrimonious feelings. Notwithstanding the provocations of the hon. gentleman, I will not deal so harshly with him as he has dealt with me. He undertakes to assure the House that my vehemence was all pretended, and warmth all simulated. I, on the contrary, will do him entire justice. I do believe that his bitterness was not simulated, but that it was entirely sincere. The hon. gentleman has a perfect right to support a hostile motion . . . but let him not say that he does it in a friendly spirit.

Had Peel stopped there he would probably have scored decisively against Disraeli. But, led on by his good memory and his habit of quotation, he cited in conclusion Canning's famous denunciation of the candid friend:

Disraeli

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe:
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn, the blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, Thy wrath can send,
Save, save, O save me, from the candid friend!

This gave Disraeli a great chance, for Peel's behaviour to Canning in the 'twenties was the passage in his career which his enemies best remembered in his disfavour. Disraeli had to bide his time, for he had already spoken and could not again speak in reply. But he got a friend to bring the subject up again a week later, and began his attack on Peel in good earnest. The speech was a criticism on Peel's whole policy. From beginning to end it is full of brilliant passages. Peel's reference to Canning supplied the poisoned shaft which was discharged at the end.

The right hon. gentleman knows what the introduction of a great name does in debate—how important is its effect, and occasionally how electrical. He never refers to any author who is not great, and sometimes who is not loved—Canning, for example. That is a name never to be mentioned, I am sure, in the House of Commons without emotion. We all admire his genius. We all—at least, most of us—deplore his untimely end; and we all sympathize with him in his fierce struggle with supreme prejudice and sublime mediocrity—with inveterate foes and with candid friends. (Loud cheering.) The right hon. gentleman may be sure that a quotation from such an authority will always tell. Some lines, for example, upon friendship, written by Mr Canning and quoted by the right hon. gentleman! The theme, the poet, the speaker—what a felicitous combination! (Loud and long-continued cheers.) Its effect in debate must be overwhelming; and I am sure, if it were addressed to me, all that would remain would be for me thus publicly to congratulate the right hon. gentleman, not only on his ready memory, but on his courageous conscience.

Mr Monypenny makes the scene more vivid by quoting a description in *Fraser's Magazine* of Disraeli's parliamentary manner.

With his supercilious expression of countenance, slightly dashed with pomposity, and a dilettante affectation, he stands with his

hands on his hips, or his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, while there is a slight, very slight, gyratory movement of the upper part of his body, such as you will see ballroom exquisites adopt when they condescend to prattle a flirtation. And then, with voice low-toned and slightly drawling, without emphasis, except when he strings himself up for points, his words are not so much delivered as that they flow from the mouth, as if it were really too much trouble for so clever, so intellectual—in a word, so literary a man to speak at all. . . .

So much for his ordinary level speaking. When he makes his points the case is totally different. Then his manner changes. He becomes more animated, though still less so than any other speaker of equal power over the House. You can then detect the nicest and most delicate inflexions in the tones of his voice; and they are managed, with exquisite art, to give effect to the irony or sarcasm of the moment. . . . In conveying an innuendo, an ironical sneer, or a suggestion of contempt, which courtesy forbids him to translate into words—in conveying such masked enmities by means of a glance, a shrug, an altered tone of voice, or a transient expression of face, he is unrivalled. Not only is the shaft envenomed, but it is aimed with deadly precision by a cool hand and a keen eye, with a courage fearless of retaliation. He will convulse the House by the action that helps his words, yet leave nothing for his victims to take hold of. He is a most dangerous antagonist in this respect, because so intangible. And all the while you are startled by his extreme coolness and impassibility. . . . You might suppose him wholly unconscious of the effect he is producing; for he never seems to laugh or to chuckle, however slightly, at his own hits. While all around him are convulsed with merriment or excitement at some of his finely-wrought sarcasms, he holds himself, seemingly, in total suspension, as though he had no existence for the ordinary feelings and passions of humanity; and the moment the shouts and confusion have subsided, the same calm, low, monotonous, but yet distinct and searching voice is heard still pouring forth his ideas, while he is preparing to launch another sarcasm, hissing hot, into the soul of his victim.

Then comes Mr Monypenny's own vivid sketch of the scene and its brilliant consequences.

With the aid of this writer we can almost see Disraeli standing with pale face and impassive manner as he delivers his philippic; hear the tone of every sentence as it falls from his lips; and follow

the emotions of his audience as it listens, now perplexed, now expectant, now hilarious. We have first the low, level speaking in no way remarkable that makes the preparation; the gradual development of the theme of Peel's disregard of party . . . the feigned humility of his readiness to bow to the rod, and the seeming compliment to Peel's mastery of quotation; Peel nervous and expectant, the House still puzzled; the stealthy approach to the position from which the spring is to be made; the name which is the keyword, dropped as if by accident—" Canning, for example"; Peel visibly uncomfortable; the House beginning to be excited; the drawling allusion to Canning's fierce struggle with " sublime mediocrity "—perhaps aimed at Peel, though all are still doubtful —and " with—candid friends "—when the pause, the inflexion of the speaker's voice, and the direction of his glance convert doubt into certainty; and then the culminating blow, " Some lines upon friendship written by Mr Canning, and quoted by the right honourable gentleman "! and, where a lesser artist would have spoilt all by some crudity of comment, only the restrained but mordant words: " The theme, the poet, the speaker—what a felicitous combination! "

The effect of the speech on the House [Mr Monypenny continues] was stupendous. " It would have made you cry with delight," wrote George Smythe to Mrs Disraeli, " to have heard the thunders of cheering "; and the excitement at the close was so great that it was some time before Graham, who rose to follow, could make himself heard.

Here for a moment I pause. Before taking a closer view of Disraeli when he became a real power in the country, as he did in the contest between the Peelites and the old Tories, and continued to be thenceforth, it is necessary to go beneath the surface of events and study the temperament and character revealed in these pages. We must say something of Disraeli's moral character, of the ideals which actuated him over and above the one governing ambition for personal success. We must look at the strong and weak elements of taste and temperament and equipment which may be traced to his Oriental blood and the conditions of his early life. In a word, a brief psychological study of the man must precede a further study of his career.

The question has been often asked, Was Disraeli sin-

cere? and it is not so simple as it appears at first sight. It is like asking if an imaginative child of four believes in fairies. To answer "yes" may be untrue; to answer "no" equally untrue. In both cases there is a mid-way state of mind. Disraeli had certain most genuine enthusiasms, and up to a certain point sincere beliefs. Yet, his underlying cynicism prevented their being as absolute or sacred for him as political convictions would be for many another. The question, Is any of it more than a game which must be played successfully? was ever lurking in the depths of his consciousness as he discussed legislative schemes; and this probably helped in concentrating him on his own personal career. Whatever was or was not worth while in relation to the future of the world, to play the game successfully was worth while for himself; and, moreover, if anything *was* great and worth achieving by him in relation to the good of the country or of the race, it could only be effected by his own success in making his powers appreciated. Only thus could his schemes become operative. Therefore I think that there is a greater unity than Mr Monypenny sees between the words I have already cited, in which Dizzy avows so frankly his personal ambition in the speech of 1844, and the apparently higher tone taken up in the passage his biographer quotes from *Coningsby*. In *Coningsby*, when alluding to "that noble ambition which will not let a man be content until his intellectual power is recognized by his race," he associates it with the view of life taken by a hero—with "the heroic feeling . . . that in old days produced demigods; without which no State is safe; without which political institutions are meat without salt; the Crown a bauble, the Church an establishment, Parliaments debating clubs, and civilization itself a fitful and transient dream." It was only by making himself felt and appreciated that he could accomplish the hero's aims, those actions that will live in history as great and beneficent.

His mixture of sincerity and cynicism is visible, I think, in a very different field from that of politics—

namely, in his correspondence with the lady who afterwards became his wife, in which he assures her that while he first thought of marrying her from interested motives, he has come to love her for herself alone. The letter, is not I think, substantially insincere; but the strong expressions calculated to touch a woman's heart have in them something histrionic, which was part of his cynicism. Such expressions were hardly the outpourings of a full heart. He knew them to be very pleasing to a woman: and his feelings as well as his interest prompted him to please this particular woman. " He is to be depended on to a certain degree," is what his wife writes of him after some years of experience, and that is probably about the truth. People have often debated as to whether Disraeli was sincere or insincere, and have taken sides strongly for one or the other position. He was not insincere; he was, to some extent, sincere in most of his enterprises. He was absolutely sincere in his desire for his own advancement, and other sincere aspirations became more prominent after he had secured the satisfaction of this overmastering passion.

Disraeli's sincerity then was real, but with a touch of underlying cynicism, and this undoubtedly told against scrupulous conscientiousness. There were certain great ideals which he meant to realize. If anything was worth while, they were worth while, and, to some extent, the end justified the means. Petty scruples were out of place.

From a very early period his aim was largely the achievement of a democratic Toryism, the development of Toryism into nationalism. He had not been in the House of Commons much more than two years when he wrote to the popular leader, Mr Charles Attwood:

> I entirely agree with you that a union between the Conservative Party and the Radical masses offers the only means by which we can preserve the Empire. Their interests are identical: united they form the nation, and their division has only prompted a miserable minority under the specious name of the people to assail all rights of property and person.

Disraeli

He had first to develop popular sympathies in the Tory party. Later on the Crown and the Empire occupied a large space in the ideal which he placed before his followers. He was also actuated in his method of educating his party by a very permanent conviction that imagination is the weapon whereby great things are achieved.

We are not indebted to the Reason of man [we read in *Coningsby*], for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not Reason that besieged Troy; it was not Reason that sent forth the Saracen from the Desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the Monastic Orders; it was not Reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not Reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.

His own temperament was profoundly imaginative, though his was not imagination of the highest order. It is true that he kindled at some great pictures in history, and had brooding dreams, half true, half purely imaginary, concerning his own Jewish ancestry. But his imagination was also most vividly affected by the passing show of life in its more trivial and even tawdry aspects. He loved the stage effects; the scene-painting of life. A fashionable entertainment delighted him; the number of servants, the liveries, the silver or gold plate, the *cuisine* in its minutest details, the beautiful dresses, the jewels; none of it was lost on him. He loved a gathering of the English aristocracy, and I have sometimes thought that the high place occupied by its countenance in his ideal of his own success, his strong feeling for it, as ranking high among really great things—so far as he believed anything to be great at all—had something to do with his eventually gaining its goodwill in spite of unpromising antecedents. He wooed our aristocracy long and persistently; he touched its heart. He won and even vanquished it at last. His letters would seem to show that his own prominent and often dis-

tinguished position at gatherings of the great was among the keen pleasures of his life. Doubtless it was to him largely the symbol of the success he had achieved. But there was also a strong ingredient of the Oriental love of magnificence. He loved the actual material show. The almost limitless degree of this enjoyment, the comparative absence of fastidious taste in its quality, the love of mere splendour and rich and lavish display are distinctly un-English.

His imagination, indeed, veritably feasted on scenes of splendour, and he described them in his letters with an unwearied pleasure which strikes one forcibly in reading them. This continues long after the first blush of success. To be the centre of or a prominent figure in a showy fashionable pageant seems to be an almost physical enjoyment to him.

I suppose there were several ingredients in this cup of happiness. It was all a new experience to one of his modest beginnings, and where a more refined taste would shrink from the glare of unwonted splendour, his own theatrical nature basked in limelight as in sunshine. Then there was the peculiar pleasure of what we win by hard work. Again, pleasure is always enhanced by previous abstinence. Tennyson once described in a poem the warm glow of full life which came to him with eating a chop after weeks of vegetable diet. " It felt like strong brandy," he once said in speaking of it. The heavenly peace which sometimes comes in convalescence is another instance of the same law—the strain of illness brings this compensation. Given a vivid, but not a refined imagination, small beginnings, a hard struggle for success, an unappeasable appetite for splendour, and many sources of pleasure are combined. The appetite in question will be both stimulated and satisfied as far as it can be. Satisfied, but hardly sated, for such pleasures seem, in Dizzy's case, never to pall.

I would add the suggestion that there is something in external grandeur which appeals to a sceptical mind. Whatever is or is not real, the show is there, and it is real

for the sceptic himself. So far as it meets his eye, it exists for him. Whatever is or is not truly great, this at least is grand to look at and stimulating to the senses and fancy. I have known several cases in which the taste of the unsophisticated and simple mind in this respect is shared—albeit more moderately—by the sceptic. To the simple mind it is all overwhelmingly real, while to the sceptic it is more certainly real than anything else, for at least it appears and makes a great show, which the unseen does not.

Disraeli's literary gift was remarkable, but, like his imagination, it was not of the first order. It proves of great value to his biographer, for it is the absence of the power of self-expression in many great statesmen that is apt to make political biographies so deficient in the play of human life, and so dull except as histories. Both *Coningsby* and *Sybil* are invaluable as pictures of Disraeli's mind. His letters also are highly self-revealing, and his early speeches owe much to his literary power. Indeed, Mr Monypenny tells us that when in later days he had completely caught the House of Commons manner of speaking (not entirely a good manner), his speeches in the House became far less effective as compositions. Those which were made in the days when his literary career was recent and his sense of literary effect keenest are far better monuments of his eloquence.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the very mediocrity of Disraeli's endowment with the qualities of which I have just spoken contributed immensely to his success in politics. A more sincere man or a less sincere man might have failed. One with a more refined imagination would have failed, and one with less imagination could not have done what he did. Again, the finest literary taste almost invariably means the presence of the artistic temperament—a temperament most fatal to success in action. This weakness never attacked Dizzy; yet his powers of expression contributed immensely to his success.

To speak first of his sincerity. There is no doubt that a

mere opportunist fails to reach the highest point in political life. He cannot easily gain followers, or, if he gains them, he cannot continue to inspire them. He stands too fatally convicted of egoism. He can represent no cause. He has no instrument wherewith to kindle enthusiasm. A mere actor must be found out in the long run. Thus a less sincere man could not have " arrived." Yet intense sincerity brings with it depth of principle and consequent scrupulousness, which are often a great drawback in difficult enterprises. And Disraeli's drawbacks were already great enough. His convictions then were strong enough to fire him and to enable him to fire others with enthusiasm—not strong enough to handicap him. His entreaty for office under Peel in 1841, and his subsequent attacks on Peel, presented no difficulty as they would have done to one whose convictions were deeper. Both moves were largely opportunist. Yet there was enough of conviction in his personal admiration for Peel, and in his disagreement with Peel's later views on the Corn Laws; enough of conviction in his criticism of Peel's triple apostacy on Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform and Free Trade to enable him to make each move in some sense sincerely, and in the later attack to take the practical leadership of a party effectively. The same holds good in other great steps in his career. When he " dished the Whigs " by his Reform Bill in '68, though it was a clever move in the game, it also derived some inspiration from his avowed devotion to the popular cause. His sincerity reached its highest point both in itself and in its influence on others in the Imperialist campaign, which was the last in his life.

As for his imagination, a highly imaginative man is apt to outstrip the practical and become a dreamer. Again, a love of splendour like Dizzy's may become enervating and lead to complete inaction. With Dizzy, on the contrary, the love of splendour meant a keen appreciation of the visible symbol of success and stimulated him to further success. His reception at the great social functions in which he revelled witnessed to the position he had won.

In firing his imagination they prompted him to further action. Moreover his imagination, like Napoleon's, helped him in larger fields to conceive and to execute great designs. It was well under the control of his practical ambition.

But lastly, his considerable literary gift never meant that high-strung literary temperament which is so fatal to practical effectiveness. He was never a morbid or hypersensitive man. These are qualities which prove the deadly foe to persevering and consistent action. The literary temperament often means that a man is at the mercy of his moods; that he acts one way one day, another another; that he pursues one line with intense eagerness for a time and then tires of it. None of this was true of Dizzy from the very limitations of his literary genius. It never carried him away. He kept steadily in view the one cherished goal. He was not a man who might in one mood devote himself to Parliamentary work and in another tire of all hard work. He was not one to brood over the attacks of his enemies, or to be brought low by those acute sufferings which attend on thinness of mental skin. On the contrary, his skin was of the toughest. He neither had the piercing insight of the artistic temperament nor was the victim of its paralysing effects on consistent action. His wife said of him that he was very conceited, but not vain; and if the distinction denotes the absence in his self-complacency of undue sensitiveness to the opinion of others, it was entirely just. His literary gifts gave him great facility of expression and of mental movement, while they never reached the point which makes the typical literary man ineffective in action. His gift of expression, his imagination and his sincerity were alike helpful and were never obstacles. They were servants and instruments which he had well in hand, and could use with great skill. They were never his masters.

[*To be concluded.*]

WILFRID WARD

THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY BILL

ONE of the most practical lessons which the philosophy of Newman has taught us is the right evaluation of the kinetic element in the processes of life. St Thomas in his *Summa* has given us a much more complete analysis than Newman of that ultimate judgment in speculation called the illative sense. But the Cardinal has shown it to us in vital action. It is the mind which reasons, not a sheet of paper. The static element has its proper use. But we fail in our appreciation of the process unless we observe the kinetic element also. We must not only look at that which is before our eyes here and now, but we must also note its orientation.

It is according to this principle that we intend to criticize the Bill which is now before the country, and which is named the " Mental Deficiency Bill." Indeed, we cannot criticize it as it stands, for the simple reason that it is in Committee, and has undergone certain alterations, concerning which exact information is not available.* That, however, is of secondary importance. What concerns us more is that movement of thought and action of which the Bill is but a sectional snapshot. The Bill is officially described as one " to make further and better provision with respect to Feeble-minded and other Mentally Defective Persons." But that description is inadequate. There is an ulterior purpose, which may be said to be the improvement of the race by the elimination of certain classes which are considered to be worthless to the State. Or, to put the case less pleasantly, the purpose is to enable the Eugenics Society to make experiment in some of its pet theories. The hand of the Eugenist is in evidence throughout the text.

Moreover the kinetic aspect of the matter is impor-

*See postscript.

tant because of the new relationship which has arisen between legislation and administration. What happened in the education struggle is still fresh in our minds. We have not forgotten how Mr Runciman harassed us by administration when he could not get what he wanted by legislation. We may be quite sure that if the Eugenist fails to obtain his desire as to this or that point in the Bill he will afterwards try to work his way through the many loop-holes which the Bill contains. It is significant that most of the time spent in Committee has been spent, not over the clauses relating to the patients, but over the constitution of the board of control. In America, the laws which were passed by various states legalizing sterilization, were passed quietly, pushed by a few enthusiasts whilst the great body of the people remained apathetic. Afterwards, in some cases, the administrative authority was bound to suspend their use. Let us look at this Bill, therefore, in its Eugenist setting.

First, it may be admitted, and even urged, that there is an enormous need of a Bill of some kind to deal with the feeble-minded of the country. The report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the question is an appalling document. Out of a population of 32,527,843 persons (England and Wales), there are 149,628 mentally deficient (apart from certified lunatics), and of these about one half (66,509), are in urgent need of care and assistance. These urgent cases are such as have been "improperly, unsuitably, or unkindly cared for, or who by reason of particular habits and characteristics are a source of danger to the community in which they live."

Amongst cases quoted by the Commissioners as showing the gravity of the situation, we may mention the following:

"An idiot boy, sixteen years old, who is a repulsive object subject to frequent fits, dressed in a girl's coarse petticoat. He is very destructive, and will smash anything he can lay hands on, and is generally tied up to the leg of a table to keep him out of mischief. The

father is a labourer; the small cottage in which they live is filthy, in an inconceivable muddle, and contains eight other smaller children. In this case, the guardians were willing to take the child into the workhouse, but the parents flatly refused."*

"A girl of eight, an ineducable imbecile, calls for mention. On account of her filthy habits she is quite unfit for school, and she is unmanageable at home. Her conduct has constituted a public scandal for the last two years, into the details of which it is impossible to enter; but, until lately, no attempt has been made to have her put under proper control."†

"An episode in connexion with one feeble-minded woman, who was set to wash a baby; she did so in boiling water, and it died."‡

One of the most pathetic and most scandalous aspects of the question has been the limited powers of the education authority. By the Elementary Education (Defective and Epileptic Children) Act, 1899, this authority could only deal with defective children up to the age of sixteen. After that there was not only no question of compulsory detention, but there was no provision for voluntary care and treatment unless the defective were declared a pauper, and put into the workhouse. A defective boy or girl who had received all possible instruction was turned away just when he or she should have been set to learn some trade or occupation by which to earn a living. With the exception of the Sandlehurst Training Home there was practically no provision whatever. Even now there is no suitable place even for the richer classes who can afford to pay. A professional man, for instance, has seven boys, one of whom is deficient. Everything that can be done for the boy, such as special teaching and particular kindness, is done. Yet he is unhappy, because he cannot compete with his brothers in their studies, games, and recreations.

*Report of Royal Commission, Vol. VIII, p. 4.
†*Ibid*, p. 5.
‡*Ibid*, p. 22.

A home is wanted for him where he can mix with his equals, mentally and socially. But there is none.

So also it is with imbeciles. The voluntary accommodation is woefully inadequate. A poor girl has to wait years before her friends can collect enough subscribers' votes to get her into an institution.

The new Bill shows a decisive intention on the part of the Government to change this scandalous state of affairs. There is a clause which proposes to dovetail the work of the local education authorities with that of the Commissioners for the care of the Mentally Defective. Whatever may be said against the Bill as a whole, this passage must be welcomed as a sign that the country is awakening to a grave responsibility. The duties of the local education authorities are declared to be (*a*) to ascertain what persons within their area are defective children within the meaning of the Act; (*b*) to ascertain which of such children are educable; (*c*) to notify to the local authority under the Act the names and addresses of defective children who are ascertained to be not educable, and of children discharged from special schools or classes provided under the Elementary Education (Defective and Epileptic Children) Act, 1899, on attaining the age of sixteen, or before attaining that age, who are, in the opinion of the local education authority, defective. They may be transferred from the education authority to an institution for defectives, or placed under guardianship.

In appraising the above proposal, it must be remembered that the education authorities have exceptional opportunity of judging which children are educable and which are not. They have already had the children under their care for years, during which specially qualified medical men have had them under observation. Frequently the defectiveness is found to arise merely from such causes as bad eyesight or adenoids. The registration and classification of these cases by the authorities which know them best can only be welcomed as a piece of obviously necessary legislation. When extremists of the

type of Mr J. C. Wedgwood, M.P., denounce the clause as providing for a "black list" they but weaken the forces which may be directed against the really dangerous clauses of the Bill.

We are taking the good points first, and amongst these must be reckoned the intention of the Government to provide funds for the support of the feeble-minded. Hitherto the business has been left to the precarious resources of "voluntary contributions." The Government now proposes to devote to the purpose an annual sum of £150,000. An argument urged against this is that it is a usurpation of the place of Chrisitan charity. The reply is that it is an act of Christian justice, and that, when the State has done all that it is willing to do, or all that reformers have been able to make it do, there will still be ample cases over for the care of Christian charity.

A third and most excellent clause of the Bill is that which provides against the abuse of girls and women who have been certified feeble-minded. From all sides, Eugenist and non-Eugenist, the cry has been loud and long that the ranks of prostitution have been recruited from the defectives. One of the most plausible arguments of the Eugenist for compulsory segregation has been that only by it could the nation cope with the racial poison of venereal disease. On the other hand, those who object to the principle of compulsory segregation urge that the fault lies with the man rather than with the woman, and that the remedy lies in deterring the scoundrel who takes advantage of the woman's weakness. The Bill, at any rate, accepts this conclusion. Clause 53 recites: (1) "If any person, whether employed in an institution for defectives or certified house or not, carnally knows or attempts to have carnal knowledge of any female under care or treatment in an institution for defectives or certified house, or while placed out on license therefrom, or under guardianship under this Act, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, unless he proves that he did not know, and had no reasonable ground for

suspecting, that the female was such a defective as aforesaid. (2) No consent of such female shall be any defence to an indictment or prosecution for an offence under this section or for the offence of an indecent assault upon such a female. (3) If on the trial of an indictment for rape the jury are satisfied that the defendant is guilty of an offence under this section, but are not satisfied that the defendant is guilty of rape, the jury may acquit the defendant of rape, and find him guilty of an offence under this section."

The more contentious parts of the Bill are those which affect the question of segregation. The segregation proposed is compulsory, and may be lifelong. Moreover, this most serious proposal is rendered dangerous in the extreme by reason of the very loose definition of what a feeble-minded person is, by reason of the ease with which a person may be certified, and by reason of a certain unlimited power granted to the Secretary of State. The proposed segregation also encroaches unduly on the natural law concerning marriage. These clauses would appear to have been drafted almost solely under a materialistic conception of race betterment. They would appear, too, to have been drafted with a view of giving a wide command to the officials who should be appointed under the Act. In a word, individual rights are minimized, whilst State rights are exaggerated.

The manner in which an order for dealing with a defective may be obtained, is as follows. Any relative or friend of a person alleged to be a defective, and subject to be dealt with under the Act, or an officer of the local authority authorized in that behalf may make a private application by petition to a judicial authority. If the petition is presented by a friend, and not by a relative or officer of a local authority, the reasons must be given why he acts instead of them. So, too, must the officer of the local authority state that he is acting either at the request of the relatives or in consequence of the failure of the relatives to present a petition. When a petition is presented it must be

accompanied by two medical certificates and by a declaration signed by the petitioner and by at least one other person. This other person, however, may be one of those who give the medical certificate. Thus the testimony of three persons is sufficient to obtain an order. The declaration must state the circumstances of the case, so as to show that the alleged defective comes within the meaning of the Act. He must also state whether there has been a previous petition, and what was the result of it. Should the defective refuse to submit himself to medical examination, then a certificate to that effect may be substituted for the two medical certificates. When an order has been obtained the defective is sent to an institution or placed under guardianship for one year. If at the end of that time the medical authority says that he ought to be detained longer, then further orders may be made for successive periods of five years. The system of visitation will be similar to that under the Lunacy Acts 1890 to 1911, the same persons, in fact, being appointed.

Under normal circumstances the above method might be workable. But what might happen if a few enthusiastic Eugenists set to work to segregate those whom they believed to be wanting in civic worth? It would be quite easy for them to find a "friend" and two doctors to make the necessary declarations. And if the alleged defective refused to see the doctors, then two "friends" would be enough to carry the petition through. This we contend is dangerously loose, considering the intentions and activity of the Eugenists.

The definition of a defective person has always been a stumbling-block to reformers. Professor Ladd, of Yale University, in his *Philosophy of Mind* says: "Between the wildest vagaries of a pathological sort, and the most regular operations of the sanest mind it is possible to interpolate an innumerable series of gradations, so as to shade up or shade down from the one to the other."*

* Page 167. London: 1895.

So no matter how scientifically exact the definitions and gradations are made, there must be questionable borderland cases.

But the wording of the Bill is so unfortunately vague and inclusive that we can hardly recognize any borderland at all. It divides the defective into five classes:

(1) *Idiots*, persons so deeply defective in mind from birth, or from an early age, as to be unable to guard themselves against common physical dangers;

(2) *Imbeciles*, persons who are capable of guarding themselves against common physical dangers, but who are incapable of earning their own living by reason of mental defect existing from birth or from early age;

(3) *Feeble-minded persons*, those who may be capable of earning their own living under favourable circumstances, but are incapable, through mental defect, existing from birth or from an early age (*a*) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows, or (*b*) of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence;

(4) *Moral Imbeciles*, persons who, from an early age, display some mental defect, coupled with strong vicious or criminal propensities, on which punishment has little or no deterrent effect;

(5) *Mentally Infirm Persons*, those who, through mental infirmity arising from age, or the decay of their faculties, are incapable of managing themselves or their affairs.

We need not delay over the Idiots. No one wants to marry them, and there is no need to forbid them to marry. With the Imbeciles and the Mentally Infirm, however, the difficulty of classification is almost acute. Hear, for instance, the Commission evidence of Mr Helby, now Chairman of the Metropolitan Asylums Board: "Since Tooting Bec Asylum has been opened the Boards of Guardians appear to send all the senile decay people to us, certifying them as imbeciles—a most cruel thing. Our Tooting Bec Asylum is practically

nearly full of what are termed imbeciles of that character, nothing more nor less than old men and women suffering from senile decay. One of the guardians is a justice of the peace, who calls in a couple of medical officers, and they certify this poor old soul because she is troublesome and dirty, and so forth, and thus she becomes an inmate of an asylum. To my mind it is very cruel; not only so, but it is a great mistake, because in congregating this class of patient together the expenditure is so greatly increased. In my opinion the proper place for this class of patient would be an infirm ward in the workhouse infirmary, where the relatives could visit them. The cost would also be less."*

Indeed, one witness, Sir John McDougall, went so far as to say: "As far as I can judge there is no line between a lunatic and an imbecile of later age, except that a very tiresome imbecile is a lunatic; a very quiet lunatic is an imbecile—that is the practical result of it."†

So, too, with the children. The Commission reports the case‡ of a child who was rejected from the special schools of the education committee as being an imbecile. The guardians thereupon tried to have him certified under the Lunacy Act. But the medical practitioners who were called in refused to certify for permanent detention as a lunatic. "In London," says the report, endorsing the words of Mr Helby, "very much depends on the difference between the different medical officers in the different districts."§

We may now pertinently ask: If these things can happen in the green wood, what may not happen in the dry? What practical use is that definition of a feeble-minded person which so far begs the question as to set up "normal fellows" as a standard? What is a normal fellow? And what is ordinary prudence?

The definition of Moral Imbeciles introduces an en-

* Report of Royal Commission, Vol. viii, p. 67.
† *Ibid*, p. 68.
‡ *Ibid*, p. 73.
§ *Ibid.*

tirely new element into the question. We must read the Commissioners' report to see its drift. It is here not a question of the intellect, but of the will. The Government proposes to legislate for the morally infirm. Dr Mercier, for instance, in explaining why certain feeble-minded people, who are "socially dangerous," are not certified, said he thought it was due to "the prevalent opinion that insanity is necessarily a disorder of intelligence, that it means delusion, or it means intellectual disorder or intellectual defect, and that it is recognized by a comparatively small number of medical men, and by a still smaller number of magistrates, that insanity may be manifest in conduct alone, and that a person may be free from delusions and may be intellectually extremely acute and clever, and yet insane on account of conduct alone."* Dr Savage gives an instance of this which he certified. "A girl at ten years was a thief and a liar to an extraordinary degree. When she came to about seventeen lust developed to such an extent that there was no controlling her. Her parents, who belonged to the good middle class, were refined, nice people. She slipped away from her home and led the life of a prostitute for a night or two. She is brought back, and on the first opportunity she again slips away from home. When I see her she says, "Oh, yes!" She admits she has done this, that, and the other. "Are you not sorry?" "No." "Suppose we let you go into the country, what will you do?" "Come back to town and do the same thing again."†

To those who have had experience in dealing with moral cases, the possibilities of what might happen were such power placed in the hands of men, unskilled in moral science and unskilled in psychology, are too awful to contemplate. The danger which is present in the want of definition of the intellectually weak is multiplied indefinitely in the case of those who are morally weak. The proposal, when worked out to its

* Report of Royal Commission, Vol. VIII, p. 189.

† *Ibid*, p. 190.

own logical absurdity, means that every member of the community must be established as an authority for the segregation of every other member.

To pass on to the consideration of the morality of segregation, we may say at once that there is nothing in the doctrine of the Church against segregation as such. The difficulty lies not in the principle itself but in its application. The purpose of the State is to secure public prosperity. This public prosperity consists in an arrangement of conditions and circumstances in which all the organic members of society may, as far as possible, enjoy perfect temporal happiness subordinate to man's final end. Of these conditions, the first and foremost is the juridical order. That comes before even a sufficiency of things needful for mind and body. From the necessity of preserving right government the juridical power has the right of punishment. If a unit is criminally dangerous to the welfare of the community the State can imprison him and even hang him. From the same necessity of preserving the common welfare, it has the right to segregate dangerous members of the community. No one questions the right and the duty of the State to take care of lunatics in asylums. The question before us is as to what grade of mental deficiency constitutes a danger to the community.

The question has arisen so recently that the Holy Office, which is the practical guide for Catholics in ethical matters, has not yet spoken. Rome moves slowly, and only after sifting all available evidence. We are not able, then, to say at present what grade of feeble-mindedness should be considered sufficient grounds for compulsory segregation. In so far as the Holy Office is concerned, the question is open. In the absence of positive legislation on the point, we must infer what is the mind of the Church by looking at what she has done in the case of other defectives. In forming our judgment, however, we must bear in mind that the aim of the Bill is not merely to take care of the feeble-minded, but to hinder them from contracting marriage. Clause 50 reads

as follows: " If any person intermarries with, or attempts to intermarry with any person whom he knows to be a defective within the meaning of this Act, or if any person solemnizes or procures or connives at any marriage knowing that one of the parties thereto is a defective, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

It is an admitted theological principle that the laws laid down for lepers may be applied to other infectious diseases. Hereditary feeble-mindedness may be classed with infection as being transmissible. Now the Church has never forbidden lepers to marry, even though they should transmit the disease to their children, thus implicitly asserting that they had the right to matrimony. The Church did approve of the segregation of lepers, but not in the sense in which it is now proposed for the feeble-minded. They were segregated from the rest of the community. They had their own church and their own priest. A decree of the third general Council of Lateran blames the hardness of certain ecclesiastics who would not permit the lepers to have churches of their own, although they were not received in the public churches, and ordained that everywhere where there were lepers in sufficient number, living in common, they should have a church, a cemetery and a priest of their own, and no one should make a difficulty in permitting it.* The bishop used to recommend the husband or wife of a leper to live with, and take care of, the victim in the lazar-house. But this was not obligatory.

From the above we can gather that the principles of Christianity shrink as much as possible from interfering with the marriage relationship. Marriage is the foundation of society. Its end must be kept well in view when legislation is made concerning it. Two things have to be considered, first the material well-being both of the defective and of the community, and secondly the spiritual well-being both of the defective and of the community. And the material must be subordinate and ministrant

*André. *Dictionnaire de Droit Canonique*, Vol. II, p. 512.

to the spiritual. Now the whole trend of our moral theology is to discourage the marriage of defectives. But it is quite one thing to say: "I strongly advise you not to marry," and quite another to say: "I forbid you to marry." The chief end of marriage is the procreation and education of children, and unless that end is quite precluded, marriage is lawful, even though not expedient. If a man, therefore, is unable, through mental defect, to keep himself, his wife and family in reasonable and frugal comfort, if he is incapable of attending to the spiritual, mental, and bodily education of his children, then, and then only, in the interests of the community, may the civil power prevent him from marrying.

In pursuance of this principle the Church allows much freedom in the dissolution of betrothals. Thus one party may break off an engagement if disease or crime has been detected in the other party. Again, if one party knows that he has some secret defect or disease which will be harmful to the other in case of marriage, he is bound to make it known, and give the other party an opportunity of breaking off the engagement. But both parties are free to take the risks if they mutually choose to do so. There is another end of marriage besides that of procreation and education of children. Marriage is also a remedy for concupiscence. Thus the principles of moral theology admit, and even urge, the undesirability of certain unions, yet they assert that there are greater evils than defective children. Sin is the greatest of all evils. If, therefore, sin can be prevented by marriage, the Church stands for the right of the individual to marry. If she would not enforce celibacy for lepers, we must infer that she would not enforce it for the feeble-minded who are not obviously an immediate danger to the community.

That there is no obvious and immediate danger to the community may be proved by Galton's "law of regression towards mediocrity." That at least ought to be a provisional justification to the over-zealous Eugenists to stay their hand pending more mature evidence. According to this law the members of the

lower stratum of society frequently produce offspring superior to themselves. Some may be as bad as themselves, and others worse. But, on the whole, the stratum tends to recover itself and to retrace its steps toward mediocrity. If this is so, wherein lies the danger of the race becoming a race of defectives? At the worst, it must retain a standard of mediocrity.

But there is much medical science to support the prudence and caution of moral theology. Such authorities, for instance, as Prof. Bateson, Prof. Thompson, and Prof. Karl Pearson are most insistent on the inadequacy of present evidence to justify any serious change in the constitution of society. One of the most recent and most illuminative studies on the subject is a lecture on "Heredity in Relation to Insanity," given to the members of the London County Council by Dr F. W. Mott, pathologist to the London County Asylums. In this he shows what grave anti-eugenic results may occur through rash tampering with the marriage relationship. His opinion is all the more weighty because he is such an ardent supporter of segregation, provided only the right people are segregated.

Dr Mott's chief contention is that before we can decide which of the defectives we ought to segregate we need to make a much wider study of insanity and of its causes. "Every insane patient should be regarded as a biological study. To say merely that one of his ancestors was insane, and that therefore he has a bad heredity, and to label him thus, as is the common custom, is absurd. What we should aim to ascertain is, what he was born with—'Nature'—and what has happened to him since birth—'nurture' . . . What we want to know is, did the patient come from good stocks or bad stocks? Was there physical or mental defect both in maternal and paternal stocks? The fact that a cousin was insane, or even several members of a large stock, does not mean necessarily a bad heredity; often with several insane members there will be found men of talent, even of genius, besides numbers of members, men and women,

of average civic worth."* The inference from this is that if feeble-minded persons are prohibited from marriage, irrespective of their ancestry, it may produce, not race betterment, but race degeneration. "Are we to say," asks Dr Mott, "that because a person is insane that therefore the children must necessarily be insane or useless to the race? God forbid!"† And if this can be said of the insane, much more truly can it be said of the feeble-minded.

Most pertinent, too, are this specialist's conclusions about women. After examining 3,118 cases, made up from 1,450 families, he gathered that in the insane offspring of insane parents, daughters are much more numerous than sons; and that amongst insane members of the same family (brothers and sisters), sisters are more numerous than brothers. It is also a fact that there are more women in the asylums than men. Why should this be the case? Dr Mott thus summarizes the causes as "the physiological emergencies connected with reproduction, together with the fact that there is a more unstable equilibrium in women." "I would also add," he continues, "as an important, and perhaps the only cause in many instances—the enforced suppression by modern social conditions of the reproductive functions and the maternal instinct in women of an emotional temperament, and mental instability."‡ From the foregoing opinion it would appear that for many of the feeble-minded marriage is an actual remedy.

Closely connected with the question of segregation is that of sterilization. The Bill does not propose this in so many words. But there is a clause so loosely worded that it might provide an opening for enthusiasts who might wish to introduce the practice. Amongst the persons with whom the Act may deal, are those "in whose case it is desirable, in the interests of the community, that they should be deprived of the opportunity of pro-

* *Heredity in Relation to Insanity*, p. 12.
† *Ibid*, p. 18.
‡ *Ibid*, p. 23.

creating children." In a previous article* I endeavoured to show, and both the Catholic and non-Catholic Press have endorsed the contention, that sterilization was wholly unwarranted because whatever good result might be obtained from it could equally well be obtained by segregation. Since that article was written, further evidence has been brought to light tending to confirm the opinion. In the State of California, so it was reported at the International Eugenics Congress,† 220 cases have been operated upon, of whom 94 were women. They were taken exclusively from the State hospitals for the insane. They were not, however, forced. If the patient was sound enough mentally, his permission was asked. If not, that of his relations was taken. A number of persons, not legally detained, also underwent the operation voluntarily. The Committee of the Eugenic Section of the American Breeders Association made the following conclusions tentatively:

"1. That the sterilization of the adult male by vasectomy is a simple, practical method of preventing procreation by him, without otherwise interfering with his sexual functions. *But that it is not certainly permanent* in this respect.

"2. That sterilization of the adult female is never wholly free from danger to life or disturbance of other bodily and *mental* functions. Modern surgery and hospital care have greatly reduced these dangers, but they still exist.

"That sterilization of adults by any of these processes does not appear greatly to modify previous sex characteristics and habits. In females, sexual passion is sometimes increased. In males, more often somewhat mitigated."

Indeed, the whole question of sterilization in America appears to be in a state of suspense. There is grave doubt whether it is not unconstitutional. Certain States passed laws in its favour rashly, and now they are afraid to use

* Dublin Review, July, 1911.

† *Eugenics Review*, October, 1912, p. 251.

them. They see that the public conscience is being awakened to the evils of the practice. So it behoves us in England to take a lesson from the States, and beware lest a Bill should become law which tends towards the disruption of society and towards racial degeneracy.

So far we have pointed out the vague definitions of the Bill and the need of further information and further classification before any scientific system of segregation could be adopted. But there is a clause in the Bill which renders nugatory even such classification as appears. There is a section of Clause 17 which gives the Secretary of State power to segregate anybody he chooses. Lest the previous sections shall have left any loophole, this one includes all those persons "in whose case such other circumstances exist as may be specified in any order made by the Secretary of State as being circumstances which make it desirable that they should be subject to be dealt with under this Act." We readily admit that extremists have harped too much on the phrase "liberty of the subject" and have brought it into some disrepute. Nevertheless it does enshrine a principle worth fighting for. A Bill which would give such unlimited authority to a Secretary of State is simply intolerable to the mind of any member of a free community.

Again, the Bill is intolerable on account of the assumption all through that it is to be applied only to the poor. It is astounding how Eugenists and non-Eugenists alike have taken this for granted. Thus the Bill says that the following persons, and *no others*, shall be subject to be dealt with under the Act, that is to say, those who are defectives and (*a*) who are found wandering about neglected or cruelly treated; (*b*) who are charged with the commission of any offence, or are undergoing imprisonment or penal servitude or detention in a place of detention, or a reformatory, or industrial school, or an inebriate reformatory; (*c*) who are habitual drunkards within the meaning of the Inebriates Acts, 1879 to 1900; (*d*) who have been declared defectives by the local education authority. If a rich degenerate therefore

is only kept quiet and prevented from exposing his mental weakness to the public and the education medical officer he may retain that freedom to propagate his kind, which is denied to his poorer brethren. Apart from the evils which arise immediately from this arrangement it would be a most prolific source of class hatred. We Catholics, indeed, have special need to watch this aspect of the question. The peculiar circumstances which urge Catholics to observe the laws of Nature and to avoid mixed marriages, render the poor amongst them especially liable to be victims of the proposed legislation. Dr Mott, who, it may be noted, by the way, is a member of the Council of the Eugenics Education Society, rather gives the case away in his endeavour to show the difference in fertility between the worst and the best parts of the community. "At the present time," he says, "in Great Britain restriction of families is occurring in one-half or two-thirds of the people, including nearly all the best, while children are being freely born to the feeble-minded, the criminal, the pauper, the thriftless casual labourer and other denizens of the one-roomed tenements of our great cities. The poor alien Jew and *the poor Irish Roman Catholic** who, owing to their religious teaching, do not restrict their families, may also be included. Prof. Karl Pearson keeps warning us that 25 per cent of our population, made up largely of the before-mentioned poor types, is producing 50 per cent of our children, and if this goes on must lead to racial degeneracy."†

Nor does it seem to have occurred to the framers of this Bill that in so far as a defective is curable, educable or improvable, it is in proportion as he can be got to put his will into harmony with the process of improvement. He may not have that full strength and guidance of will which moral theology requires for mortal sin, but he has some will, and it is upon this modicum that his educators have to build. If, however, he is forced into detention

* The italics are ours.

† *Heredity in Relation to Insanity*, p. 14.

against his will, then his chance of improvement is destroyed at the beginning.

So, too, with the question of religion. Everybody who has had experience of homes for defectives knows that religion has an enormous influence in improving the mind. And the reason is not far to seek. When the mind is weak the animal passions are particularly liable to escape control. But religion provides a powerful sanction and motive for keeping the passions under control. On this count, too, we object to the Bill which is before us. It makes no provision whatever for the religion of those whom it proposes to segregate.

This brings us to the foundation principle which we, as Catholics, are bound to apply in the appraisement of all reforms which touch upon the rights of the family, and the liberty of the individual. These are sacred trusts, and in all changes concerning them due care must be paid to eternal and divine law. So far we have dealt more at length with the evils in the natural order to which the Bill exposes the community. These tell more effectually with those who adopt a naturalistic view of life. But we Catholics acknowledge a higher law than that of Nature, and believe in a higher sanction than that of Nature's retribution.

Through the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, the whole question of feeble-mindedness is related to the world of spirit. Through the cardinal virtues of fortitude, temperance, justice and prudence, virtues which have their root in faith, hope and charity, we obtain supernatural guidance and strength for the right ordering of racial improvement. The law of charity obliges us to look upon the feeble-minded as the children of God, with immortal souls to save, not as mere hindrances to the muscular and mental development of the race. The cardinal virtue of justice obliges us to respect their right to live, and to enjoy all such liberty as is not a menace to the country. The cardinal virtue of prudence restrains us from rushing headlong into legislation with insufficient data and with a risk of grave

injury to the very source of life and the foundation of society. The cardinal virtue of fortitude enables us to bear with some of the inconvenience that the presence of the feeble-minded amongst us may entail. Nay, the very energy which we put forth in so doing is a racial asset, a real intrinsic promotion of race-betterment. The cardinal virtue of temperance is the radical cure of some of the factors which make for feeble-mindedness, namely, alcohol and impurity.

But, says the naturalistic reformer, that doctrine is only for the perfect man. Is it not futile for men as we find them? Which is more likely to be effective, a detention home, or gentle advice to abstain from marriage? The answer is that the detention homes, education authorities, feeble-minded commissioners, and all material and natural helps come within the scheme of the Church for the renovation of society. They must be used. But they must take their place as part of a wider plan than themselves. They must be informed and vivified by the virtues we have mentioned. Certainly we aim at producing a sound body and a sane mind. But that is only the natural foundation. On that has to be built a spiritual superstructure, through a knowledge of the Son of God. Only thus can we be developed into the perfect man, "unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ."

THOMAS J. GERRARD

Postscript.—The latest news to hand is that the Government cannot proceed with the Bill this session, but will bring in a new Bill next session, remodelled on the present one as amended in Committee. The Committee has shown itself sensitive to most of the points raised in this article, but the changes proposed are rather verbal than substantial. The definitions are a little more definite, but there is still room left for the possibility of much abuse. We think that even in its amended form the Bill has exactly the same tendencies as we have described.—T. J. G.

THE RELIGION OF MAZZINI*

IT is with the greatest reluctance I venture to touch upon this subject, especially in the case of one who is dead and who can no longer speak for himself. Nevertheless, religion was the very breath of life to Mazzini; it pervades and animates all the immense bulk of his writings, and has already been made the subject of much analysis. He speaks for himself in these writings, and the only motive that could induce me to say another word on the subject is this fact: I have too much reason to believe that at this time in Italy many who call themselves his followers, and others who sincerely believe themselves such, are speaking and acting in a manner that would have been acutely painful to him, and with a violent and active animosity to Christianity in general and the Catholic Church in particular which is as far as possible from his own character.

First, I will collect some observations on Mazzini's religious views from persons of different opinions—Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Deist, Freethinker.

I quote the words of Joseph Nathan, Syndic of Rome, a Jew by race, from *The Italian Gazette*, March, 1911: Florence. The editor remarks: " Signor Nathan is a fervent disciple of Mazzini and accepts his noble and elevated writings as a gospel, *to a degree which the great teacher himself never contemplated.*" The Mayor pointed out what he called the new revelation of his writings, duty as opposed to right, *we* instead of *I*. " And truly he preached and practised. No one has like him, in every action of his life, lived up to his faith, faith in God, origin and first

*We have consented to publish this very interesting account of Mazzini's religious position, confident that readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW will welcome an article on the subject from one so exceptionally competent to deal with it as Mrs Hamilton King. At the same time it must be understood that the REVIEW does not endorse all Mrs King's own views therein expressed.—EDITOR, *D.R.*

cause, in the law of eternal ascending progress, in association, and immutable faith in religion."

Madame Venturi, Deist and Anti-Christian, says (Introduction to Memoir, 1875): "Mazzini's whole life was consecrated to the duty involved in these words, God and the People—the summary of his religious and political faith, the outward and visible manifestation of his soul. Mazzini's whole existence was a living religion."

Next I quote a Protestant, Dr Stubbs, late Anglican Bishop of Truro: "It is hardly necessary to point out that Mazzini's creed, the expression of a very noble Theistic creed indeed, must yet, for the Christian, remain incomplete, until these fundamental clauses can be added in their due relation: We believe in Jesus Christ the only Son of God; We believe that Jesus Christ revealed to Man the Divine Order under which he was living; We believe in the Holy Spirit of God as the acting organ of civilization."

Next I quote Mr Bolton King (who may apparently be denominated a Freethinker) in his *Life of Mazzini*: "Such was Mazzini's criticism of Christianity, not always consistent with itself, sometimes confounding Christ's thought with other perversions of it, sometimes failing to recognize how many-sided a phenomenon is Christianity, sometimes inaccurately tracing its actual results in history and modern life. . . . There is a more unerring interpreter of God's law, known imperfectly to Catholicism, but neglected by Protestantism—the consciousness of the race. And in some undefined way the authority of the Church was to be supreme in the State. Gregory VII's principles, he says, were right, but erred in the application" (p. 233).

The last authority to be quoted is Farini, Catholic and Royalist, of great political eminence. In early youth he was an ardent associate of "Young Italy," but went far beyond Mazzini in the direction of violence: "There are working men still living in Bologna who well remember Farini loudly preaching massacre in their meetings, and his habit of turning up his coat-sleeves to the elbow, saying

'*My lads, we must bathe our arms in blood.*' " (*Mazzini*, vol. I, p. 314.) When he published his *History of the Roman State* in 1850, he was already a rising politician, and of strongly monarchical opinions. He detested alike the Austrians, the Papal Government and the Republican Party; but towards Mazzini his animosity appeared to be that of a virulent personal hatred. Re-reading this *History*, it amazes me how the true image of Mazzini could have emerged for my mind out of this torrent of abuse and mis-representation, and I can only attribute it to an extraordinary intuition. I quote merely some observations on his religious views: " The authorities [i.e., Mazzini] took heed to the administration of religious services [during the siege of Rome, 1849], because the whim of being the Anti-Pope, or Patriarch, or Prophet, or I know not what other high priest of I know not what other religion, was constantly fermenting in Mazzini's brain, and he now wanted to celebrate after his own fashion the festival of Corpus Domini." (Farini's *Hist.*, vol. IV, p. 184.) This is absurd to the point of being grotesque, but it illustrates Farini's state of mind towards Mazzini. He was, however, compelled to admit the virtue of his private character (*Hist.*, vol. II, p. 207). Here is his most moderate judgment on Mazzini's religious teaching: " In theology Mazzini is a Deist, a Pantheist, and a Rationalist by turns; or a compound of all. He might seem a Christian, but none can tell whether Catholic or Protestant, or of what denomination. . . . He talks much of an apostolate and priesthood; and, in fact, he has the nature of a priest rather than of a statesman; . . . it is a Saint, it is one inspired who speaks; he curses and prays, he blesses and hurls anathemas, he is Pontiff, Prince, Apostle and Priest." (*Hist.*, vol. III, pp. 304–306.)

Now, in these two last estimates—one from a true admirer, Bolton King, the other from a bitter enemy, Farini—there is one striking note of agreement, namely, that Mazzini's religious utterances were inconsistent, confused and contradictory. Mazzini himself sometimes apologized for his " seeming inconsistencies." These incon-

sistencies were not merely "seeming," they were very real, though I believe unknown to himself; and they have never been seriously considered, because they have never been examined, except from one side. They arose from the very various elements in his nature, his character, his life and his associations. In one respect—the greatest—he never varied. God was to him the beginning and end of all his life, and he never swerved from "the first and great commandment." "God and the People" was his first published watchword. "Si! si! Credo in Dio!" was the cry with which he died. But below this supreme allegiance there are innumerable differences, amounting sometimes to contradictions. After his early boyhood he lived with none but ultra-Protestants, or Freethinkers, and since his death he has (generally) been commemorated and followed by these alone. That inseparable part of him which was Catholic and Christian has never been noticed by them; they could not, in fact, recognize it, and no one who was not actually a Catholic could do so; nor any one who was not sufficiently enlightened by study and contemplation to perceive something of the underlying mysteries of the Catholic Church.

Mazzini was, by heredity, birth, baptism, early training, and lifelong devotion to his mother, a Catholic; he was also one by temperament, as Farini could perceive, and a mystic. But by early persecution, proscription, exile, cruel massacre of friends, repudiation by the hierarchy, and by the Temporal Power of the Pope (an obstacle to United Italy), he became thoroughly alienated. When, surrounded by friends and followers all anti-Catholic, he frequently spoke against the Catholic Church itself, it was always without bitterness, and with a deep and tender reverence for the past; yet (as Bolton King remarks) with an ignorance of actual facts which shows how very little he had ever learnt of Catholic theology. Nevertheless, the *inborn* Catholic survived, and uttered strange contradictions. Moreover, from first to last in his teachings there runs a constant stream of Catholic doctrine, although expressed in an entirely different terminology; so that both

to himself and others they appeared entirely new, whereas it was really the pouring of old wine into new bottles. They *were* new, as regarded his generation: but it is not now necessary to dig very far down to discover the true source.

I have no intention of claiming Mazzini as a Catholic, for he declared that he was not; nor even as a Christian, for he did not profess to be one. But at the present time, when Europe is full of non-Christians, professed and otherwise, I would say that Mazzini was much more a Christian than any of them, especially of that increasing number of Catholics who call themselves Modernists. That he has never before been presented under this aspect proceeds from the fact that he has been claimed as a leader exclusively by non-Catholics. What I have to set forth on this subject is from two authentic sources only—firstly, the public actions of his life; secondly, his own published writings.

There is a great difficulty as to the latter, owing to their enormous bulk, their journalistic character, their constant repetitions, and their bad editing. I am obliged, therefore, in the main to confine myself to the six volumes of the English edition.

I will now proceed with some undisputed facts of Mazzini's life. He was born at Genoa on June 22, 1805. His father was a physician of considerable repute, democratic in creed and life; his mother, Maria, a woman of Spartan fortitude and simplicity, and a devout Catholic. Giuseppe was the only son, and the idol of his mother, though there were three daughters. As an infant he was extremely delicate, but of precocious intellect: he grew, however, stronger with years, though always of frail appearance. He was brought up by his mother in devout religious observance. The first impression of the wrongs of Italy was made upon him when he was sixteen, and walking with his mother. They met a group of Genoese patriots sentenced to exile, on their way to embarkation, and completely destitute, asking for alms. This piteous spectacle sank into his heart, and he brooded hence-

forth perpetually over the image of Italy, her wrongs and her miseries. He made a resolution always to wear mourning for his country, and he kept this vow till his death.

Already, at the age of fourteen, he had entered the University of Genoa. " He shed his orthodoxy, indeed, as soon as he began to think; he went sometimes to Mass as a lad, but he refused to go to Confession as soon as he understood its meaning—the one thing in all his life, apparently, that pained his mother." (B. King, *Life*, p. 8.) " To the last he refused to attend the compulsory religious observances, not because he disliked them, but because they were compulsory; and the authorities, tolerant for once, shut their eyes to the insubordination." (B. King, p. 4.) It is said that he inspired with an extraordinary affection every one in the University, professors and students alike, and that he was held in veneration by all because of his saintliness of life and character, which nowise detracted from his charm and gaiety. This may account for the singular indulgence with which he was treated. His favourite books were the Bible and Dante, Shakespeare and Byron, and the study of Plutarch deepened his patriotism. For a brief period he was touched by the shadow of the scepticism of the eighteenth century, but it soon passed away. " The study of history and the intuition of conscience soon led me back to the spiritualism of our Italian fathers." (*Mazzini*, vol. 1, p. 9.)

Mazzini passed a very happy and innocent youth, in study, in an intense family life, in youthful friendships based on exchange of noble thoughts, in botanical rambles, always returning to his father's austere household before ten o'clock. His dearest friend and companion was Jacopo Ruffini.

His mind expanded, and with it his patriotism: and he sought for others to share his views. He became initiated into the secret society of the Carbonari; but was much disappointed by his experience; he found its methods futile and unpractical. But he was now arrested on suspicion; and though nothing was proved against him he

was imprisoned in the fortress of Savona for several months: being at this time twenty-five years old.

His imprisonment was a time of solitude and peace, in which his soul rapidly matured. From his cell, high up in the tower, he could see nothing but the sea and the sky; and the books allowed him were a Bible, Tacitus and Byron. " It was in these months of imprisonment that I conceived the plan of the Association of 'Young Italy.' " (*Mazzini*, vol. 1, p. 14.) He added these words in 1861: " Such were my thoughts in my little cell at Savona; and I think the same thoughts still on broader grounds, and with maturer logic, in the little room, no larger than that cell, wherein I write these lines."

In February, 1831, he was released, but exiled from Italy. He went to Lyons, where there were already many Italian exiles, who shortly transferred their headquarters to Marseilles. Here he soon became the acknowledged leader and champion of Italian Unity. He began by founding the Association of Young Italy (" La Giovine Italia "). He opened it with a long manifesto, having for its watchword " God and the People." Mazzini had always a genius for organization, besides a perfectly indefatigable zeal. Writing, printing, packing, distributing pamphlets and papers occupied his time and that of his friends; and his words soon ran like wildfire through the length and breadth of Italy, and had accomplished a secret revolution.

This was a time of hope, of ardour, of almost superhuman activity and supernatural happiness. In Mazzini's own words: " I never saw any nucleus of young men so devoted, capable of such strong mutual affection, such pure enthusiasm, and such readiness in hourly, daily toil, as were those who then laboured with me. We were immersed in labour the whole of the day and the greater part of the night. We lived together, brothers in one sole hope and ideal: very often we were reduced to the extreme of poverty, but we were always cheerful, with smiles of faith in the future upon our lips. Those two years, 1831 to 1833, were two years of young life of such pure and glad de-

votedness as I could wish the coming generations to know." (*Mazzini*, vol. 1, p. 185.)

Mazzini's name was now well known throughout Italy, and there was indeed cause for the happiness of which he speaks. "Young Italy" was by now a living nation, conceived, quickened, and born of Mazzini's soul, and though only in its infancy, too young and weak for action, yet alive, a resurrection unique in the annals of the world. By 1833 Mazzini reckoned 60,000 affiliates, and his writings, passed secretly from hand to hand, had kindled and kept alive an unextinguishable flame. To realize their passionate fervour, and their intense religion, it is necessary to refer to the writings themselves; they cannot be illustrated in this brief space.

But this spring-tide of promise could not last. In the spring of 1833 the Government of Piedmont became aware of a conspiracy in Genoa and in the army towards a national movement. The vacillating Charles Albert took the side of reaction, and terrible scenes took place—executions, almost amounting to a massacre, as well as imprisonments, and flight. Jacopo Ruffini committed suicide in prison, and the memory of these courts-martial is still execrated in Italy.

When the news came of the Genoese executions, so terrible was Mazzini's anguish that his mind nearly broke down, and he was hardly saved from insanity or death: for in Jacopo Ruffini he had lost his dearest friend. This was the first great tragedy of Mazzini's life, and he never entirely recovered from it.

Space cannot here be given for his beautiful tributes to the memory of his early friend.

Before this catastrophe, in 1833, Mazzini had published an article in which for the first time he came into any collision with the Catholic Church. It was entitled "Thoughts Addressed to the Priests of Italy." This article is terribly diffuse, and somewhat incoherent. It is full of anger against the Pope, and contains for the first time the often-repeated phrase: "The Papacy is extinct, and Catholicism is a corpse." (Vol. 1, p. 246.) By the

Papacy Mazzini invariably meant the Temporal Power. As to Catholicism being dead, he explains that the unity of Christendom had been gradually broken up, and that Christianity was divided into a number of different Churches and sects, and was no longer Catholic and One.

But the main purport of the Epistle is quite different. It is a fervid appeal to the Priests of Italy to join in the liberation of their country. Here are some extracts: " It is not a question of destroying the Church, but of emancipating and transforming it in those points now governed by aristocracy and arbitrary rule. . . ." " The priests know that our doctrines are eminently spiritual, that our party has ever advanced with the gospel in one hand and the tablet of duties in the other." " Priests of my country, would you save the Christian Church from inevitable dissolution? Would you cause religion to endure strong in its own beauty, and the veneration of mankind? Place yourselves at the head of the people, and lead them on the path of progress. Aid them to regain their liberty and independence from the foreigner, the Austrian who enslaves both you and them." " Have you not, too, a country, and the heart of a citizen? Do you not love your fellow-men? Emancipate them and yourselves. Remember that a priest led the hosts of the Lombard League against the German soldiery. Do you, in your turn, guide the hosts of the Italian League to plant the banner of Italian freedom upon our Alps." " This land, now trampled beneath the feet of the Teuton, God created free. Obey the decree of God. Raise the war-cry of Pope Julius II. Use your power to restore the grandeur of your native land, to obtain the full and free exercise of their rights for your fellow-men, to found a new pact of alliance between yourselves and the peoples, between Liberty and the Church." " Priests of my country! the first among you who, strong in the purity of a stainless conscience, shall go forth with the Gospel in his hand and utter the word Reform will save Christianity, re-constitute European unity, extinguish anarchy and put the seal to an everlasting

alliance and concord between society and the priesthood." (*Mazzini*, vol. 1, pp. 262–205.)

These words cannot be said to express hatred towards the Church; and, in fact, many priests responded to his appeal, and some laid down their lives for their country.

In spite of his mental anguish, Mazzini did not relax his efforts. He passed into Switzerland, and there collected the nucleus of a volunteer army, and by almost superhuman efforts supplied them with arms and money. They were intended to enter Savoy and co-operate with part of the Piedmontese army in a national movement. Through the treachery or incompetence of the military head, General Ramorino, the enterprise came to a disastrous failure in February, 1834. Indignation, grief and disappointment combined to throw Mazzini into a dangerous illness. Everything was lost for the present. In his own words: "So ended the first part of Young Italy."

And now began for him "a hunted life." He was obliged to live in hiding, in bitter cold, semi-starvation and numberless miseries, while supporting out of his own scanty means his fellow-exiles, who returned him only complaints, reproaches and unkindness. Yet he still persevered, and remained the mysterious soul of Italy, his very name a magic to conjure with.

At last, in the winter of 1836, the heroic, solitary spirit broke down, and entered upon the terrible crisis of his life, that spiritual conflict and night of the soul which has been known only to the highest and saintliest souls, but through which alone can be achieved the greatest heights, the greatest victories. He has himself left a touching record of this terrible time; but, as it extends from page 161 to page 175 of the English edition, it is impossible to transcribe it here, however much it is to be desired. It was a tempest of horror, darkness, doubt, despair, and remorse, haunted by the spectres of those who had perished in following him. It lasted almost to the point of madness and suicide. After months of agony, he awoke one morning suddenly tranquil and composed, as if an angel had healed him during sleep. He recognized, he

says, that his sufferings had their root in egotism, and that his life henceforward must be one of utter renunciation even of love or hope of love, on the path of duty alone. " It was, as Dante says, a passing through martyrdom to peace."

Thus issued Mazzini from the Wilderness of Temptation, and thus he remained through life unshaken. But his horror of doubt and temptation was in a region far above that of differing creeds and churches. It was a struggle for God, for immortality, for his own soul, and he was alone face to face with God and the Tempter. God and His angels alone sustained him through, and he remained henceforth always much alone with God, yet not in enmity with any creed.

In the early part of 1837 Mazzini came to England, which alone afforded him an asylum, and settled in London, with the two brothers Ruffini dependent upon him. Here for nearly two years, without friends and without means, they suffered the extremity of poverty and misfortune. In miserable lodgings, their food, when they had any, mainly potatoes and rice, sharing their clothing, and for lack of it seldom able to go out of doors by daylight, they subsisted on the small amount of literary work Mazzini could find, his small income having been forestalled in his Italian work. Frequently he took his waistcoat and boots to pawn on Saturday night, in order to obtain a meal for Sunday. But all this Mazzini took lightly, and it disturbed him not at all. The really bitter drop in his daily cup was caused by the incessant ill-humour and reproaches of the two brothers whom with so much self-sacrifice he was maintaining. Mazzini could do little work at this time; but he was at least putting into practice the highest form of Christian charity. In 1841 the two brothers left him, and he was relieved of this burden. His circumstances gradually lightened, he found literary work in writing for reviews, and little by little he made friends, both Italian and English. One of his earliest acquaintances was Carlyle, who in after years said, " Mazzini is the most *pious* living man I ever knew." (B. King, p. 87.)

The Religion of Mazzini

Mazzini was profoundly distressed by the irreligious state of Europe, both Catholic and Protestant. At all times there have been hidden saints; but, looking only from the outside, it is apparent that this was one of the darkest ages of religion. There has since been a wonderful revival, side by side with the increase of infidelity; but at that time Mazzini seemed to stand alone, like a prophet crying in the wilderness. At least, he did not stand still in active Christianity and charity. As soon as he emerged from absolute destitution, he began his hidden works of mercy, various and heroic, both in labour and self-denial. What he accomplished was extraordinary: some of it may be found in his *Life*. Mazzini made many friends, and has recorded especially " the name of the dear, good, sacred family of Ashurst, who surrounded me with loving cares that—but for the memory of my own dear ones who died without me by their side—might have made me at times forget even exile." (*Mazzini*, vol. III, p. 130.)

The Ashurst family, thus intimately connected with Mazzini, necessarily occupy a large place in his life. The family consisted of father and mother, son, and three daughters. The eldest daughter, Caroline, married James Stansfeld, well known as Mazzini's defender in Parliament; the youngest, Emilie, married Carlo Venturi, an Italian patriot. Mazzini did not reside with them, and always maintained his independence; but he was constantly in their society and hardly ever passed a day without meeting one or the other. The parents were Unitarians, but the younger generation were bound by no form or creed, except belief in God; and though in practice they were examples of Christian charity, they were anti-Christian in opinion. The family grew up as younger brother and sisters to Mazzini, and so remained till his death. Most of the friends who gradually gathered round Mazzini were Freethinkers, and this circumstance contributed no doubt to alienate him still further from those Catholic doctrines and practices in which he had been brought up.

I am not now writing of what Mazzini taught, but of

how he *acted* in matters of religion; but I cannot pass over one remarkable pamphlet which he published during this time, and which was certainly an attack on the Papal Government. It is in connexion with some Ecumenical Council, and is remarkably similar, even word for word, with that which he wrote later on the Vatican Council of 1870: it contains for the first time the identical words of his last manifesto: " I appeal from the Council to God."

Mazzini continued to be the life and soul of Young Italy; it was as if the live fire of his heart coursed secretly through the veins of the people; but in England he was not popularly known, though he was watched by every Government, and a price put upon his head everywhere out of this country. In 1844 the tragedy of the Bandiera brothers and the opening of Mazzini's letters at the post-office by the Government caused a great outcry, and brought his name into public prominence. Henceforward he was recognized as one of the forces of Europe. It is not certain whether during these years he did not contrive to visit Italy. From his earliest days he had been dominated by his passion, not only for Italy, but for *Rome*, which he had never seen. He dreamed and wrote always that Rome, twice mistress of the world, should be for the third time mistress, and that from Rome should issue some new word which would revive and transform humanity.

And suddenly it appeared as if this dream were to be fulfilled. In 1847 Mastai Ferretti was elected Pope, under the title of Pius IX. He was a man of singular sweetness and saintliness of character, overflowing with charity and benignity. In every way he fulfilled the ideal of an Apostolic Pope; and in government he introduced reforms and proclaimed a political amnesty. He lived in primitive simplicity; his every word and look was a benediction. Here Italy had found at last, it seemed, her Patriot Pope, who would be her head and defender, as well as the Head of Christendom. There was a rapture of enthusiasm and joy, a tumult of love and praise, and all Italy looked towards her promised peaceful deliverer.

Mazzini, too, was carried away in the rush of hope,

love and desire; and yet he was held back by doubt. And now comes a most important episode in Mazzini's religious history.

To clear the ground, he wrote and published a letter to the Pope in September, 1847. This very remarkable document occupies eight pages of the Italian edition, and therefore cannot be transcribed whole: but is too important to be passed over lightly. It opens thus:

TO THE SUPREME PONTIFF

Most Holy Father (Beatissimo Padre).

London, September 8, 1847.

Grant to an Italian, who for several months has studied your steps with an immense hope, to indite to you, in the midst of applause too often servile and unworthy of you, a word that is free and profoundly sincere. Turn away, in order to read it, for a few moments, from your infinite cares. . . . I write to you with so much love, with so much emotion of my whole soul, with so much faith in the destinies of the country which may through you re-arise, that surely my thoughts must be true.

First, it is necessary, most holy father, to tell you something of myself. My name has probably reached your ear, but accompanied with all sorts of errors, calumnies and inventions. I am not a subverter, nor a communist, nor a man of blood, nor a hater, nor intolerant, nor an exclusive adorer of a system or a form imagined by myself. I adore God, and an idea which seems to me from God—Italy One, an angel of moral unity, and of progressive civilization to the nations of Europe. I have written as best I could against the vices of materialism, of egotism, of reaction, and against the destructive tendencies which contaminate many of our party. If the people should arise in a violent insurrection against those who have misgoverned them, I should probably be the first to die in stemming their excesses and their vengeance. I profoundly believe in a religious principle, and in the design of Providence. I have studied the Italian tradition, and I have found Rome, twice the directress of the world, first through the Emperors, next through the Popes. I believe in another manifestation of Italian thought: I believe that another European world will develop itself from the Eternal City which had the Capitol, and which has the Vatican. And this belief has never abandoned me, through years, through poverty, through

deceptions, and through sorrows which are known to God alone. In these few words consists all my being, all the secret of my life. My intellect may err, but my heart has always remained pure. I have never lied, either through hope or fear, and I speak to you as if I were speaking to God on the other side of the grave.

I believe you to be good. There is no man, I do not say in Italy, but in Europe, who is more powerful than you. You have, therefore, most holy father, immense duties. God measures them according to the means which He concedes to His creatures.

Europe is in a tremendous crisis of doubt and of desire: faith is dead: Catholicism is lost in despotism: Protestantism is losing itself in anarchy. We have no longer a heaven, therefore we have no longer a society. Do not deceive yourself, most holy father, this is the state of society. But humanity cannot live without heaven. The social idea is only a consequence of the religious idea. Therefore we shall have, sooner or later, religion and heaven.

The spirit of God is descending upon many, gathered together in His Name. The people have suffered for years upon the Cross; and God will bless them with a Faith.

You are able, most holy father, to hasten this moment. I do not speak my individual opinions on the religious developments of the future; they are of little importance. Whatever may be the destiny of the actual creeds, you can place yourself at their head. If God wills that they shall revive, you can make them revive. If God wills that they shall be transformed, and that, moving from the foot of the Cross, dogma and cult should be purified and exalted towards God, Father and Educator of the world, you are able to place yourself between the two epochs, and to guide the world into the conquest and practice of true religion.

. . . I call upon you to make yourself the *Servant of All*, to sacrifice yourself it may be, *that the Will of God may be done as in Heaven so on Earth;* to be ready to glorify God in victory, or to repeat with resignation, should you succumb, the words of Gregory VII: *I die in exile, because I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity.*

. . . Be a believer. Abhor to be a king, a politician, a statesman. Take no counsel but with God, with the inspirations of your own heart, and with the imperious necessity of rebuilding a temple to truth, to justice, and to faith. Ask of God, recollected in an enthusiasm of love for humanity, and regardless of all else, that He may show you the way: then place yourself upon it, with the confidence of triumph, with the irrevocable decision of the martyrs. Look not

to right or left, but straight forward, and up to heaven. What are the quarrels of princes, or their opinions, compared with one syllable of the eternal Evangel of God? . . . God will protect you. God will spread around you such an aureole of love as neither the perfidy of men nor the suggestions of hell shall be able to break through. Give a new, unique spectacle to the world; the results will be new and incalculable. Annunciate a new era; declare that Humanity is sacred, and the child of God. Bless those who suffer and struggle; blame and reprove whoever causes suffering, without regard to name or to position. The peoples will adore in you the best interpreter of the divine designs; and your own conscience will give you prodigies of strength, and of ineffable comfort.

Unite Italy, your own country. And for this there is no need to act, only to bless whoever may act for you, and in your name. . . . [Here Mazzini recites at length the steps which he proposes, only begging the Pope's blessing and sanction.] We will found a Government unique in Europe, which will destroy the absurd divorce between the spiritual and the temporal power, and in which you will be chosen to represent the Head. . . .

Nor, most holy father, do I address these words to you because I have any doubt as to our destinies, or because I believe you to be a sole and indispensable means to the enterprise. Italian unity is the affair of God, and it will be accomplished with you or without you. But I address you because I believe you to be worthy of your own conception; because your being at the head would much abbreviate and diminish the dangers, the harm, and the bloodshed which must accompany the struggle, because with you this struggle would assume a religious aspect, and would deliver us from many risks of reaction and of civil crime. . . .

If I might but come near to you, I would invoke power from God that I might convince you by my voice, my attitude, my tears: as it is, I can but entrust coldly to paper the skeleton, as it were, of my thought; nor shall I even have the assurance that you have read or meditated for a moment on what I have written. But I have eased my conscience towards Italy and towards you.

Believe most holy father, in the sentiments of veneration and of high hope, professed to you by your most devoted

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

This letter speaks for itself. It shows Mazzini truly anxious to put the Pope in the place of honour, while retaining the real leadership himself. The Pope never

acknowledged the letter, nor could he, with self-respect, for it was written in the tone of an equal. Yet there is abundant evidence that he read it, meditated on it and acted upon it months afterwards; but it was then too late. If he and Mazzini could have met face to face, the history of Italy might have been different.

With the New Year 1848 the Revolution swept all over Europe. In Lombardy and Venetia the Austrians were driven out, except from the fortresses. Milan was held by the patriots, and Charles Albert crossed the frontier in open war against Austria. The Pope himself sent his small army to defend the country, and blessed the banners of the Roman Volunteers as they left. Pius IX was now at the very height of his popularity. There was a perfect delirium of enthusiasm for the Patriot Pope, who continued his reforms.

Mazzini was summoned to Milan by his compatriots. There he found himself acclaimed as the Founder and Leader of Italy. His had been for many years the magic name which had pervaded and unified all Italy; now that he was among his own, in flesh and blood, there were no bounds to the veneration and enthusiasm with which he was greeted. His mother came to Milan once more to see and to bless her son. One of his first actions was to summon Garibaldi and his veterans from South America. They were coldly received by the Government, and placed at great disadvantage, but they soon proved their value and quality.

The war continued with varying fortunes, but finally came to an end at the disastrous battle of Novara. Charles Albert, broken-hearted, abdicated in favour of his son, Victor Emanuel.

Mazzini, seeing that all was lost in Milan, joined Garibaldi's legion, in its retreat to Como and Switzerland. He was appointed standard-bearer by general acclamation, and this office he fulfilled to the end. " In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity and decision which Mazzini possesses in such a high degree never failed, and were the admiration of the

bravest among us. His presence, his words, the example of his courage animated our young soldiers, who were, besides, proud of partaking such dangers with him: and all decided, Mazzini among the first, to perish to the last man for the faith of which he had been the apostle, and for which he was ready to become the martyr. This resolute determination contributed much to maintain that order and that firm attitude which saved the rest of the division." (*Mazzini*, vol. v, p. 145.)

Amid this general defeat the Pope's attitude entirely changed. It is impossible to say what was in his mind. He sided with the party of reaction, and ordered his soldiers to return to Rome. The Roman Volunteers did not obey, but retreated into Venetia, which still held out, together with Romagna, and part of Tuscany.

The Pope had now lost all popularity, and the dissatisfied people considered themselves betrayed. Disorders and tumults arose; and on November 15 the Prime Minister, Rossi, was struck down by an unknown assassin. The following day there were armed riots, shots were fired against the Pope's Quirinal Palace, and a priest within was killed. It is impossible to say what the Pope saw, or foresaw. He fled from Rome secretly and in disguise and put himself under the protection of the King of Naples, who secured him in the fortress of Gaeta. He left Rome without any Government at all.

But after his flight, Rome remained perfectly tranquil. The National Assembly continued sitting, a Provisional Government was appointed, and there was no disturbance of order.

Mazzini was at this time in Tuscany. From thence he addressed a remarkable letter to the Roman people. This letter is quoted more at length in *The Disciples* (p. 168). Here I can only quote these passages: "I listen in the hope of hearing from your city some free and manly utterance worthy of Rome. . . . Yet, had you but the will, it might be yours to create a new moral world. Forgetful men! you know not the potency of those four letters conjoined that form the name of your city,

Amor. You know not that that which elsewhere is but a word becomes, if uttered by Rome, a *fact*, an imperial decree *orbi et urbi.*

" I do not think that God has ever so plainly declared to a nation '*You shall have no God but God;*' no interpreter of His law but the people. . . . Providence has made a voluntary fugitive of your Pope, has removed every obstacle from your path, and you remain hesitating and uncertain. You have no longer any Government; you are, then, *ipso facto*, a Republic." (*Mazzini*, vol. v, p. 185.)

On February 9, 1849, the Republic was proclaimed in Rome, the Government remaining as before. A short time afterwards Mazzini was elected a Deputy to the Assembly and received an invitation to Rome. Mazzini writes: " Rome was the dream of my young years, the generating idea of my mental conception, the keystone of my intellectual edifice, the religion of my soul; and I entered the city one evening early in March with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me, as she still is, the Temple of Humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity in Europe. . . . As I passed through the Porta del Popolo, I felt an electric thrill run through me, a spring of new life. I shall never see Rome more; but the memory of her will mingle with the thought of God and my best beloved; and wheresoever fate may lay my bones, I believe they will once more know the thrill that ran through me then, on the day when the Republican banner shall be planted—in pledge of the unity of our Italy—upon the Vatican and Capitol." (*Mazzini*, vol. v, p. 194.)

On March 6 he entered the National Assembly and uttered a noble speech (Farini, vol. III, p. 302.) The same day he was made a citizen of Rome. In a few days more the Executive Government of Rome was vested in a Triumvirate composed of Mazzini, Saffi and Armellini. The two latter were worthy coadjutors of Mazzini; but, in fact, he was the sole Dictator of the Republic, and so remained to the end. His enemy, Farini, writes: " In the

end of March (1849) began the absolute sway of Mazzini. The Revolution of Rome now passes to a new form, or takes its proper, its preconceived and essential one; it is incarnate in Mazzini." (Vol. III, p. 349.)

The history of these extraordinary months has been told many times, best of all by George M. Trevelyan. I am only concerned with Mazzini's actions in regard to religion. The whole dream of his life was now realized: Rome was free and a Republic, and, what he had never dreamed, she had made him her absolute ruler. Mazzini ruled by love alone. This was a moral miracle. The turbulent and corrupt Roman people under him became orderly, docile and heroic. There were at first some slight disorders. There was a strong feeling against the priests, and some were attacked; but Mazzini firmly and effectually protected them. He was particularly careful not to shake the people's one religious creed. His deep religious feeling, old memories and friendships, respect for men who were witnesses to the spiritual, made him always tolerant to the clergy. He tried to win them now, improving the stipends of the poorer ones, and many were the priests and monks who gladly rallied to the Republic. Religious services and processions went on uninterruptedly: "It is the duty of the Government," said the Triumvirs, "to preserve religion uncontaminated."

Once the mob took some of the confessionals out of St Peter's, intending to burn them. Mazzini commanded them to replace them, reminding the crowd that from these confessionals had come "words of comfort to their mothers." It is a convincing proof of his grip of the people's hearts that the confessionals were put back. "With the Pope himself he was ever ready to compromise, and his attitude went to the extreme of conciliatoriness." (B. King, p. 120.)

"The draft of the Constitution was laid before the Assembly, April 17. The fundamental principles were that . . . the Catholic religion is the religion of the State." (Farini, vol. III, p. 377.)

Proclamation of the Roman Republic, April 18, 1849:

The Religion of Mazzini

"The Roman Republic has decreed the Pontiff's independence, and the free exercise of his spiritual power, and has thus demonstrated to the Catholic world how deeply sensible it is of the right to liberty in religious action that is inseparable from the Headship of the Church. To maintain it intact, the Roman Republic will add to the moral security supplied by the devotion of all our Catholic brethren the material guarantee of whatever force is at her disposal." (Farini, vol. III, p. 381.)

"In May, 1849 (during the siege), the Government ordered that at the first sound of the tocsin the Holy Sacrament should be exposed in the churches, to implore the salvation of Rome." (Farini, vol. IV, p. 48.)

I will cite no more examples; but these actions cannot be ascribed to hostility to the Church, nor to anything but love and reverence.

After the fall of the Roman Republic, Mazzini, in spite of the sentence of death and the price everywhere put upon his head, remained on the Continent till November, 1850, when he returned to England. In the interval he published several articles of a religious-political nature. I can here only indicate those of action rather than of teaching. He was bitterly disappointed, and his bitterness sometimes finds expression. Here are some extracts: "You wished to rebuild a throne and give new lustre to the Papacy: . . . and you have killed the Pope, destroying the moral prestige which surrounded him by the force of your arms—degrading in the eyes of Europe him who is the sole arbiter of the religious question, by foreign support, and separating him from his people by a torrent of blood. In that blood the Papacy was stifled." (*Mazzini*, vol. V, p. 252.)

What more could be said in the present day by the most orthodox Catholic after witnessing the wonderful revival of the Papal influence since the loss of the Temporal Power and the glorious Pontificate of Leo XIII?

A letter dated 1850, called "From the Pope to the Council," contains this passage: "It was for *all* men that Jesus died upon the Cross. And you, who honour the

name of God, and murmur unceasingly the name of Jesus Christ, what have you given, what do you give, for all men? For whom do you die? For whom do you dare martyrdom? . . . And here recurs to me the idea of the unholy divorce which has taken place between earth and heaven. This divorce is one of the characteristics of the existing Protestant agitation, and stamps upon it another marked inferiority as compared with the Catholic propaganda." (*Mazzini*, vol. v, p. 299.)

" Thoughts Addressed to Priests," a frequent title, also belongs to this time. " Ours is the cause of God. The walls and stones of Rome may, through the force of foreign arms, be yours for a time, but the soul of Rome is with us. The thought of Rome is ours, the holy ark of our faith, enclosing the seed of a certain future. We bear it with us, and will preserve it intact in exile, as the first Christians bore with them the Idea of Jesus, now betrayed by you, into the silence of catacombs and prisons. Priests of Italy, our words are grave. As you value the salvation of the world, and of your faith, give ear to us. Are you not our brothers? Are you not born, you also, on this Italian soil which we are endeavouring to sanctify in love and faith? Are you not sons of this people, now filled with anger and mistrust, and whom we would fain unite in a single family? In the name of God, and for the love of our country, we ask you, are you Christians? Do you comprehend the gospel? Do you regard the word of Jesus as a dead letter, or do you worship its spirit? Are you believers, or idolators? And what, O Priests of Italy, is the desire of our, of your, country? We desire to unite the twenty-six millions of men who people the land of Italy into one family, under a single law, under the shadow of a single banner. We ask for the food of the soul, education for all; for the bread of the body, work for all; that ' Thy will be done, O Lord, on earth as it is in heaven.' But the regeneration of religion, the purification and transformation of the Church, which, with your aid, would be peacefully and solemnly achieved, without it will cost humanity many struggles, and the blood and tears of many martyrs.

And then only, the world being conquered by His teaching, Jesus will be able to repeat to His Father, with an ineffable smile: 'I have manifested Thy Name unto the men which Thou gavest Me out of the world; Thine they were, and Thou gavest them unto Me; and they have kept Thy word. (John xvii, 6.).'" (*Mazzini*, vol. v, p. 350-362.) The whole of this letter is beautiful, though I cannot here transcribe it.

The next ten years, 1850–60, were perhaps the most active and powerful of Mazzini's life. He was no longer the Utopian dreamer, or the secret conspirator, but the man who had achieved miracles, who had ruled the Roman Republic, who had sustained a glorious siege, and imbued a whole people with his spirit. He was not only the equal of Kings and Emperors, but feared and hated by them as one endued with almost supernatural powers; while in Italy his personal presence had been known and loved; and all the oppressed peoples in the world looked to him as their Deliverer.

But I do not think that Mazzini himself ever fully realized his personal achievement, which he had never either designed or desired. The aim of his life had been to see Italy United, One and Free; and she was again divided, enslaved and groaning under the yoke. He had first stirred her sleeping, and then aroused her to life and action; now she was indeed awake and alive, but agonized and quivering in every nerve. To Mazzini it all spelled failure akin to despair. But he went back to his former quiet and obscure life, and worked on incessantly and vigilantly, writing, organizing and directing, and kept the fire of hope still burning in Italy.

I do not find much trace of his religious activities during this period, except the publication of *The Duties of Man*, the most complete of all his writings. This is almost entirely a religious book, exceedingly beautiful, and might have been written by any Christian, except a few brief phrases, hardly to be noticed.

In 1852 his mother died. This was an irreparable loss, and left him without family ties. "'My mother,' he wrote,

'seems to me to be present, perhaps nearer than she was in her terrestrial life. I feel more and more the sacredness of duties which she recognized, and of a mission which she approved. I have now no mother on earth except my country, and I shall be true to her as my mother has been to me.' So intensely actual was she still to him that once afterwards, when he was in hiding and deep dejection, he thought she came to him in veritable presence to strengthen and console him." (King, p. 144.)

But during this decade there silently grew up an influence parallel to Mazzini's, but counteracting it, that of Cavour. Cavour was a great man, and a great statesman, a greater statesman than Mazzini, but without his moral and spiritual exaltation. Cavour's ideal of government was monarchy, Mazzini's a Republic, and their methods were different. But when the moment came Cavour made use of Mazzini; he found his volunteers ready to his hand; and in fine, Cavour reaped the harvest which Mazzini had sown.

In the wars of 1859, and Garibaldi's expedition of 1860, Mazzini remained in Italy and did good service behind the scenes, but was somewhat ungraciously dismissed at the close.

Speaking of the Unity of Italy in 1860, Mazzini says: "This unity of man has been felt by the Pope; the very foundation of his doctrine implies it. Pope and King are indissolubly connected; the one completes and defends the other. The Protestantism of to-day denies human unity, the link between earth and heaven." (*Mazzini*, vol. v, p. 301.)

Throughout his writings Mazzini's conception of an ideal State was one in which the State should be subordinate to the Church, and the Head of the Church the supreme authority, thus giving to the Pope an unlimited power which he has never either claimed or exercised. I perceive myself the substantial idea underlying all these contradictions and inconsistencies, but space does not permit me to unravel it.

It was in August, 1862, that I entered into his life, and from that time till his death his life and thoughts are out-

lined in the correspondence I have already published. (*Letters and Recollections of Mazzini*. Longmans.)

It is with reluctance that I refer to Mazzini's last public manifestos on religion: " From the Pope to the Council " and " From the Council to God "; and yet, for the sake of truth, they must not be passed over. They have indeed been given greater prominence than any of his other writings, having been posthumously published and circulated by the most irreligious of his followers, and have given a false impression of his whole life. This is much to be regretted, for they are in contradiction to the bulk of his writings, are not up to the mark even as literary documents, and are the only ones among his multifarious writings in which he expresses himself with violence and even malediction. But though published in April, 1870, while the Vatican Council was in session, they were written in preceding years (Bolton King, p. 213), and had nothing to do with the actual Council.

Many pamphlets had been published previously under the same titles, but these were the last. They are very long and very tedious, and it is impossible to review them briefly. They are an attack on the Catholic Hierarchy, but remarkable not so much for opinions as for facts; and these facts are mostly inaccurate, and have no foundation in history, or anything but prejudice. There is also a system of ethics, very excellent; and the ethics are those of Christianity and the Catholic Church. But the conclusion is unmistakable, and, however painful, I must transcribe it: " Descend into the tomb yourselves have dug. You, if you had loved, if you had forefelt the future, if you had adored in time the Spirit which Jesus in dying announced to you, might have made of this tomb an altar. To-day it is too late. The Angel of Death will write, I fear, upon your tombstone the condemnation which you have forgotten: ' Whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come ' (Matthew xii, 32)." (Scritti, vol. xviii.)

God alone can be the judge of these sad and tremendous words.

The Vatican Council closed on July 18, 1870, and shortly afterwards the French troops left Rome, and Victor Emmanuel entered as King. The Pope retired to the Vatican. Mazzini was arrested and imprisoned at Gaeta. But from this time forth he never breathed a word against the Papacy or the Catholic Church. The Temporal Power was at an end, and that was all he had fought against. His resentment was transferred to the Monarchy, which had superseded his ideal Republic. But his resentment was passive: he fought no more, and sorrowfully accepted the fact. " I see the body of Italy, but where is the soul? " was his cry, while yet to the last he clung to the vision of some future splendour. After his release, he had no longer the physical or mental vigour to undertake an active leadership. He was, in fact, a dying man, prematurely worn out. After he quitted England, in February, 1871, he made his headquarters at Lugano, passing now and then into Italy, unmolested, but unacknowledged.

He still wrote on, and founded a new paper, the *Roma del Popolo*. In his last letter to me he speaks of fighting the socialism of the time. In the fragment of a letter (*Letters*, etc., p. 97) he speaks still more strongly of his opposition to the International Socialists. But he says more: he complains that his own followers reproach him with being " a reactionary in religion," and attribute his attitude to " the fears of old age." Undoubtedly there was a change; he no longer regarded as an enemy the Church of his childhood, of his father and mother. In his last letter to me (October 31, 1871) he seems to have had a prophetic intuition that I should later become a Catholic, when he says that he shall not esteem me less should I seem to deviate from his ideas.

In 1871 died Giuditta Sidoli, the widow to whom for a short period in his youth he had been engaged. " ' Did she die a Christian? ' he inquires (to him Christian and Catholic were synonymous). Any faith, even though imperfect and spoilt by false doctrine, comforts the pillow of

the dying better than the dry, thin, gloomy travesty of science which is called nowadays Freethought or Rationalism." (Bolton King, p. 220.)

The following incident of his last days is little known: it must have occurred in the winter of 1871–72: " He had wished to end his days in his well-loved Genoa, and he had come there to die, hiding his name and race. The doctor who took care of him was astonished—he had taken him for an Englishman—when he heard him speak in so pure an Italian. ' Look you,' replied the dying man, ' no one has ever loved Italy so much as I loved her.' " (*Life of Friedrich Nietzsche*, p. 200.)

The last of Mazzini's published writings is a beautiful letter to a young bride on her marriage, dated September 7, 1871. In it he speaks of himself as " one who has done little, but loved much." (Scritti, vol. XVIII, p. 242.)

Mazzini died at Pisa, March 10, 1872. After a brief and terrible agony, the victorious cry broke forth: " Si! Si! Credo in Dio! " and with this word upon his lips he expired.

In a subsequent number I hope to complete my sketch by setting down extracts from the writings of Mazzini which give a fairly complete account of his religious opinions.

H. E. HAMILTON KING

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA

THE military aspect of the Revolution in Cuba during the spring and summer of 1912 does not call for any lengthened notice. The fact that American soldiers were landed and that American battleships occupied the large ports is well known, and the details of the revolt can be read in contemporary newspapers or in the official report shortly to be published by the American Government. It is sufficient to say that the revolt was successfully suppressed, and that at the present moment there is no active hostility to the Government. There remains, however, the underlying feeling of racial hatred made more fierce and bitter by the manner in which the victors have celebrated their success, and by the enthusiasm with which the Cubans have responded to these celebrations. But behind what is generally known, or what will become accessible, there are problems and forces with which few can be acquainted outside the island. It is to these that we must turn, if we are to arrive at the true state of affairs, and obtain a just view of the Revolution.

These forces or problems are, broadly speaking, the state of the Church, the state of education, and the state of political life. It is necessary to refer to these three in some detail, and in doing so I do not intend to go beyond personal observation and personal experience. This limitation must curtail the width of the estimate; but if the picture be less complete, it will at least be truer within its limits than a broad survey based only on hearsay or second-hand evidence.

Cuba is professedly a Catholic country, and it is the greatest insult to the nation and to the individual to call this in question. Protestantism is so weakly represented as to need no consideration. Now, when one begins to examine this profession of loyalty to the Catholic Church, one discovers that the Church has lost all real touch with the life of the people, and that its influence is purely tradi-

tional sentiment. The clergy are in no way respected, the sacraments are neglected—I have only seen a few Confessions and Communions—the obligations of the Church are wholly disregarded, few men are ever present at Mass, and there are few signs of piety and reverence in church. The sermons usually take the form of glowing panegyrics on the life of some saint; they lack almost entirely the personal touch of sincerity, and are wholly without practical application to life. These were first impressions, which I hoped time would modify. But, unfortunately, the longer my experience the deeper the disappointment. The situation can be summed up in one word—apathy. The great routine of Church life goes on from season to season, but to the people it brings no reality, no moral energy, and no strengthening of the national character. An American priest of twenty years' experience in the island said to me recently: "The Cubans have no religion, and the Church in Cuba is dead."

In trying to account for this state of affairs, it is hard to arrive at anything tangible or convincing. However, one reason emerges to which, I think, much of the deplorable state of affairs can be put down. The ethos of the Church here is Spanish. During the long struggle with Spain for liberty the Cuban Church uniformly sided with the stronger power, and deliberately went against the age-long aspirations of the people. Hence she lost her prestige. Cuban patriotism is no idle affair of sentiment or words. It is one of the most real things in the country. It has added to the history of liberty names—Céspides, Maceo, Agramonte, Palma, for example—not unworthy to stand beside the greatest there. In standing outside the nation, and by upholding explicitly or implicitly the power of Spain, the Church here proved singularly blind, because experience must have pointed out to her that it was certain that the Cubans would ultimately be free, and that a people who had bought freedom by almost incredible self-sacrifice, would give little respect to anything which had held aloof in the struggle. Thus then, when face to face with the recent Revolution, the Church

was utterly helpless to guide a nation professedly Catholic. She had given no stimulus formerly to the national ideals; she had lost her opportunities for standing beside a young country as it reached the threshold of national life, and for guiding, by her divine wisdom, the actions of a hot-blooded people intoxicated with success; she had blundered in her Spanish adherence and had made no effort to rectify her blunder. When Cuba faced the most difficult problem in her history, the Church had failed to give her any example of wisdom and any principles of self-control.

In reviewing the state of education, I refer particularly to the secondary schools. During the Spanish control of the island they were almost entirely in the hands of the Church, and they shared the Church's decay. Religious instruction occupied such an important place in the school life that the schools provided almost no secular instruction of any value, while at the same time the religious teaching failed in practical results because, firstly, it was too excessive, and secondly because it was distasteful to the pupils. Thus it happened that the men on whose shoulders fell the burden of the future were little prepared either morally or intellectually for their work. Efforts have been made by the religious orders to improve matters, and the Augustinian Fathers have met with a certain amount of success, but I think it must honestly be confessed that education in Cuba is a failure. I have had exceptional opportunities of studying this national question, and the conclusion to which I have been driven is that the real problem is the home. Examples might be multiplied of parents who by foreign education have some vague ideas of discipline and instruction, who have sent their children to English and American schools here, and yet who finally have supported them against every attempt to control, tame and refine. In fact, in the Cuban home there is only one ruler—autocratic and tyrannical—and that is the child. He shares the secrets of the family life. His every whim is gratified. His passing fancy regulates the domestic

arrangements. Passing thence to school, no system which I have yet seen here has produced any effect on him. The parents talk about ideals and training of character, but individually and as a nation they will not support modern methods in school life. For religious instruction they have no interest except sentimentally, and they are largely indifferentist. For punishment, however well deserved, they have no word of advice or encouragement, and for learning they have little respect. The crowning result of such an education was seen during the recent revolution, when the young men, including the students of the University, were prepared to shoot down at sight any black man in Havana. Torrential tropical rain alone averted a general war, for once Havana gave the lead, fire and sword would have been let loose all over the island.

Such being the condition of the Church and of secondary education, it can easily be imagined into what depths of corruption the political life of the country has descended. Cuba began her national life full of enthusiasm for clean hands and fair dealing, and not a few of her patriots were men against whom no one could point the finger of scorn. Unfortunately, this enthusiasm was not deeply based on any moral principles, and within recent years the system commonly known on the American continent as "graft" has entered into the entire administration. In this connexion personal experience is of no value, as the decay is well known throughout the island, and is regularly attacked in *La Lucha*, the most important newspaper, and a supporter of the present Liberal Government. Indeed, things have become so bad, and the corruption so grave, that serious words have been uttered with regard to Cuban affairs by both Mr Taft and Mr Roosevelt, and the American Government has officially called the attention of the Cuban people to the state of their administration, and warned them that the November elections must produce a deep and permanent change if the independence of the country is to be guaranteed. On every side corruption reigns supreme. Private ends are the

standard of administration, and the national good is sacrificed to personal gain. It is impossible to rely on any official papers issued by the Government. Men grow rich in a few months. The dollar is the test of truth, morality and friendship. Money alone means place, honour and power, and it is difficult to believe that the recent revolution was not a part of the debased political life, and in its origins a party move. With a corrupt Government, a hopeless system of secondary education, and a dying Church, the secret history of that revolution must be painful reading. The outside world will know the broad facts of revolt and suppression, but I think few will be prepared to find that behind all lay something of the " graft system " which has flourished luxuriantly among a people alienated in their character from the creed which they profess. Before turning, however, to the closer history of the revolution, it must at once be conceded that there are men in Cuba who are prepared to do their utmost for the future of the country quite regardless of political parties. For example, the National Association of Veterans —those who fought for and founded the Republic—have at last made an appeal to the nation asking it to decide in favour of a new era. Among my own friends I can count men who have resigned Government appointments of position and worth rather than be named in any corrupt connexion, and these are men who have sacrificed all in the War of Independence. There are not a few strong practising Catholics and earnest single-minded priests. But all these only make my conclusions more convincing, as they stand out in such violent contrast with the life around them, and by their evident honesty show up the darkness of the national decay.

Up to a few months ago patriotic unity was always a note of Cuban life. White man and black man fought side by side against Spain, and some of the best patriots have been negroes. The recent revolt has broken that union and created a problem which perhaps only America can solve. There can be little doubt that the whole question

must rise again and in a more intense form. How then did the Revolution, with such grave consequences, originate? Looking back over the entire episode, it is clear that the Government made the political movement among the negroes the occasion for a political move on their own part, and that before they knew where they were the whole thing got out of hand, with the final result that the old peaceful national life has been for ever shattered, and that the complete supremacy of the white man over the black must henceforth be maintained. At the outset the President honestly enough told the American Government that only a few negroes had risen, that American aid was unnecessary, and that he could deal with them. These "few negroes" however, soon began to outrage women, burn property and create general terror in the province of Oriente. The nation was called to arms, foreigners were told to protect themselves and a fierce race-hatred grew up with alarming rapidity. Nor was it long before thinking people, in analysing the problem, brought home to the Government itself the origin of the revolt. The President sought re-election—the political history of the first weeks after the Revolution was over, entirely confirms this—and he knew that it was extremely doubtful if he would be able to obtain an immediate majority, spontaneous enough to prevent him from having to defend his administration in detail. He was losing the confidence of the whites, and ill-educated negroes held Government positions. In spite, however, of this catering for them, the negroes began a national organization and attempted to form the "Independent Negro Party." Now, if the negroes became an independent party and abandoned the Liberal platform, the President knew from the experience of the last election that he could not hope for a second term of office. He therefore urged a negro Senator, and one of his greatest friends—Morua Delgado—to hurry through a law forbidding under penalties any such organizations. This law was eventually passed, and is known in Cuban history as the

Morua Law. However, Generals Estenoz and Ivonet (I call them "Generals" because they headed the negroes in the last Revolution) continued the organizations, and though they had been officers of the Cuban army against Spain in the War of Independence, they went through the island encouraging the negroes in their protest, and by their work, disintegrating the nation. Finally they were thrown into prison and kept there until the President thought that the Independent Negro Party was a thing of the past and had ceased to exercise any influence. However, when Estenoz and Ivonet were liberated, they were treated in a most extraordinary manner for political prisoners. Various positions of worth were offered to them, and the repeal of the Morua Law was also suggested. Within a short time these two leaders began to renew their propaganda up and down the island. Meetings were held, speeches delivered, and the organization of the negroes became an established fact. In many places the local authorities attempted to interfere, pointing to the illegality of the proceedings as being contrary to the Morua Law; but Estenoz and Ivonet publicly asserted that they had full permission from the Government, and they even went so far as to report the local authorities to the Secretary of Justice for attempting to enforce that law. Indeed, it was openly stated in Havana, and has never since been contradicted, that the wife of Estenoz wondered why her husband had gone off into the provinces in order to organize a revolt, as she knew he was on terms of friendship with the President at that time.

The President had always failed to carry the newspapers with him when some of his own schemes would not bear the light of close examination. He now began the game of "bluff," announced some incipient revolution, and at once called on all true Cubans to rally round him and save the fatherland from another American intervention. Every Cuban knows, for example, the amusing story of "The Great Trunk Mystery." When the newspapers were

on the eve of showing up some special effort of the "graft system," a story was spread that a large box had been found full of arms, etc., for revolutionary purposes. Subsequent investigation, however, proved that a Government official had prepared an old trunk and filled it with out-of-date muskets. It is the standard "graft" joke in Cuba, but it fulfilled its purpose. So, too, in connexion with the recent revolt. The Press was regularly complaining that the historic Liberal party was split up into several factions, each with a candidate, and the Government became restless under the pressure and fearful for the future. To start a Revolution—it began on Independence Day, May 20—on a small scale at an important moment of national sentiment appeared quite natural. The Government believed that it would last only a short time or as long as the Government allowed it. Then during the months preceding the November Presidential elections they would triumphantly suppress it and proclaim the President once more as the saviour of Cuba and fully worthy of a new term of office. Unfortunately for the President, and still more unfortunately for Cuba, a political move developed into a fierce racial war. Estenoz and Ivonet had done their work well, and the Government found themselves face to face with two competent generals and 4,000 well-armed negroes. It was a real Revolution.

To-day the whites and blacks hate one another, and national unity has been destroyed. America has warned the President against seeking re-election, and an American Governmental Committee is to visit Cuba and inquire into the only too evident origins of the Revolution, and apportion the punishments. It is a pitiable picture, and one could hardly believe in its possibility without being in the country and seeing the great "graft" machine at work.

What of the future? That is darker than ever, and the opening of the Panama Canal will doubtless complicate

matters. But as far as it is possible to foresee, the thorny racial question has now become too serious to be settled by argument. Only strong government can do it, and I personally doubt the national ability to provide it. The forces of corruption are too strong. Too many have tasted the forbidden tree. Moral decay is evident everywhere. So evident that the Government, as we have seen, risked the very existence of the nation on a political revolution. The Conservative party is well organized, with an excellent candidate, but Conservatism is contrary to Cuban instincts. There seems, therefore, to be no way by which Cuba can work out her own salvation, and I feel that some time in the future she must become American.

W. M. KENNEDY

JUDGEMENT

ONE came bareheaded, having sable wings—
Or so it seemed—but as he nearer drew
I saw the o'er-arching points were that same hue
Young nature wears, in that first hour of Spring's
New motherhood, and Love's awakenings:
And being come at length nigh whereunto
I sate, he beckoned me: "They wait for you
At the judgment-hall," and all unlike a king's
Dread messenger kiss'd me, while his eyes did brim.
But when I came there, very tristfully,
Christ spake: Ephphatha! Then no longer dim
Mine eyes beheld the love He bare to me;
They saw the love which I had borne to him:
And perfect sight was perfect misery.

C. SPROXTON

The LOUVAIN CONFERENCE & COMPARATIVE RELIGION*

WE should scarcely be rash, we fancy, were we to surmise that the scientific study of religions is about to enter upon a new phase of its development.

Our reason for saying this is that we believe ourselves everywhere to be discerning symptoms of a profound dissatisfaction with the systems from which so much was once expected. Each of these offered itself as the universal solvent of the enigma of religion; each was to tell us its origin, its destiny, and its value. Their champions came forward, *magna et præclara minati*, as the supreme liberators of human thought and action. But so far from any of these new keys having been found to fit each and every lock, many of them have been discarded altogether, while others have been found useful to open the ante-chambers only of the Presence.

Antiquity was familiar with the construction and criticism of systems. The Porch and the Garden each had its theory; Euhemerists had theirs; the Syncretists, passing into the noble dreams of Neo-platonism, had theirs. Even the early Christians were not absolved from the duty, if not of explaining the universal problem of religion (for they had their dogmas), at least of giving some account of the religious phenomena around them; and, like all systematizers, they too laid themselves open, on their side, to the charges peculiar to the devotees of method. Sometimes, according to them, the pagan religions were wholly bad—that case was easy for rhetoric to plead; sometimes the similarities of alien worship with the Christian were too striking to be disregarded—then it must be devils who, in pagandom, imitated the Church's ritual, or, by scanning prophecy, anticipated it; or it was Philosophy, and not devils, who plagiarized from Moses; or the divine Religion had itself conde-

* We have to thank the Rev. Fr C. C. Martindale, S.J., for much personal assistance, and, in many passages, collaboration.—C. M.

scended to human needs and had veiled its spirit in anthropomorphic guise. In fine, the Λόγος σπερματικός, the fragmentary Word which in Christianity is fully uttered, had in all the world found a partial echo; or had so been stammered that its syllables should yet tend to coalesce; its Christian perfection would be thus at once a new, yet no new thing.

The Reformation and the tendency to connect Roman worship and belief with the pagan world, but still more the sudden renaissance of Greek studies and the advent of humanism generally, and more than either of these causes, the shrinkage of the globe, which missionary and political and commercial enterprise now girdled, gave new vitality to problems which for centuries had seemed dormant, if not dead. From the origin of the Roman Church and her creed and ritual, a rapid transition was made to that of Christianity and of religion itself; systems were hastily put together; the rationalism of the eighteenth century was only abandoned for the agnosticism of the nineteenth and of our own.

But with the enormous increase of material, new syntheses became imperative; new organic ideas were required to reduce to order the chaos of acquired facts. Let us (with an increasing number of students) designate the three necessary stages of collection, systematization, and final interpretation of facts, as *Hierography*, *Hierology*, *Hierosophy*. It is with the Hierologies we are for the moment concerned. One of the "systematizers" of the earlier modern rationalism was Dupuis, and his solar-myth system has had an intermittent popularity ever since; it has been especially recrudescent in its generalized astrological form quite lately. Creuzer's system of "symbolism" has been popular even with Christian writers, who found in the myths they no longer decried, the lower analogues of their own faith. The Traditionalists, again, regarded these as the distorted reminiscences of a primitive revelation. But not until the era of Evolution, and the advent of Max Müller, was "comparative religion," in the modern

sense, created. Of his "philological system," which reduced all myths to language gone awry, at least the notions of comparing myths, and of utilizing philological data where possible, remain. Into the area already thus occupied, the anthropological school made its invasion; the study of savages, or of "low-grade" civilizations, rose to the front rank of importance; and here the systems again bifurcate, this time towards the psychological and the sociological methods. It were impertinence to catalogue the names where all are so well known.

But at this point the historians protest. They declare that they alone are free from the perversities of system. Their hierology is to emerge spontaneously from the facts that they gather pell-mell. Yet even history must start with some vague notion of "religion"; else, how know what facts to collect? and of "values"; else, how judge these facts when collected? And further, how much "system" is there not implied, if the exact relations are to be defined between the history of religions, and ethnography, prehistoric archæology, and folk-lore? And what need is there not of self-control, if the author is never to yield to that temptation which bids him classify facts too stubborn to classify themselves; to force into a framework recalcitrant incidents, customs, or traditions? Dr Frazer puts magic at the back of all religion; others see everywhere the Corn-spirit, or Dioscurism, or Animism generally. Others are in love with *taboo;* and who is unaware of the excesses to which M. S. Reinach allows himself to be carried by his devotion to *Totem?* "Prometheus *is* the eagle: Actæon *is* the hound." And he deduces from a wholly re-constructed account of a Syrian fish-cult, at once the Friday "abstinence," and the Eucharist. And he tells us that where in ancient documents no totemistic traces are discernible, that is because, at one period or another, they have been erased.*

* Fr Lagrange, O.P., in his incisive review of Reinach's *Orpheus* (*Quelques remarques sur l'Orpheus de M. S. Reinach.* Paris. 1910), which appeared first in the *Revue Biblique*, then was published separately, and has been

M. Goblet d'Alviella also frankly assures us that the comparative method is *essential* in Hierology, as supplying the insufficiency of the information which is at our disposal with regard to the continuous history of a belief or of an institution in one race or in one society, by facts borrowed from other places and other times.*

It is not, perhaps, astonishing that a certain pessimism has been created by this surrender of the boast, that the historian has, by sheer impartiality, caused a system to reveal itself, according to which all religions may be codified and explained. It is felt, on the one hand, that no theory, if candidly applied, is sufficient for the requirements of its advocates; and that, on the other, the advocates implicitly admit this, by applying their theories in so violent a fashion. Thus each theory is at first to maim its predecessor, and then to try to cut its own throat. But this pessimism is, in fact, ill-founded. To begin with, it is well to recognize that each of these theories does indeed contribute to solve some subordinate problem presented to us in history. Certain areas will remain unintelligible if we throw totemism wholly overboard. At certain levels of culture, and of cult, it is imperative to apply the theory of animism. Magic enters into much religious ritual; astral worship is the beginning, or end, of certain chapters in the spiritual history of many folk in many lands. Again, all these later theories have assumed, almost unconsciously, the doctrine of "Evolution" as applied to religion, and also that "miracles do not happen." Now, here, there has been give and take. In the crash of the scaffolding, some structural elements yet remain uninjured. First, it is becoming acknowledged that "evolution" (as observed) can rarely be used to explain even proximate

translated into English by C. C. Martindale, S.J., did full justice to these childishnesses. M. Loisy (*A propos d'Histoire des Religions.* Paris. 1911), was even more cruel in his criticism.

† *Transactions of the Third International Congress for the H. of R.* Oxford. II, 365.

origins; ultimate origins, never. "Evolution" (as a theory) is already a general notion and all but sheer philosophy. With "origins" only pure philosophy, or revelation, have to do. On the other hand, "evolution" (as a fact), has been observed within certain areas and certain epochs; but it is not, or at least has not yet been proved to be, constant, and everywhere (sooner or later) identical. In the Christian religion, it has long been admitted, in theory, under the name of "development," or "explicitation of doctrine," and, as we said, leaves the question of origins untouched. And as for miracles, while the "orthodox" party has learnt care and criticism and ἐποχή generally, its opponents are becoming slower and slower to deny the facts, and ever readier to invoke to their aid the theory of "psychic forces," of "vital action" yet unanalysed, and of "hidden laws."

We think that at this moment of dissatisfaction, enquirers may be prepared to receive new orientations, even should these be more chary of any method or theory rigorously evolutionist, and even should they refrain from the initial dogma, that miracles cannot be. And in consequence, we think that what is known as the Louvain *Semaine d'Ethnologie Religieuse* should receive the closest attention, not least in England, where study is at present fervent, and minds (we like to think) relatively open and benevolent.

A number of representative Catholics met in 1911 at Louvain to discuss, both theoretically and practically, the whole question of the study of religions. What had dogma to say on the subject? What was the present action of Catholic theologians, or seminary professors, or Universities in its regard? What was the effect on Christian thinkers in general, and on Catholics in particular, of the distinctly non-Christian (if not anti-Christian) tendencies of nearly all existing manuals, or professorial teaching of the "Science" or History of Religions? What were the results in the various countries of Europe, and in other continents, of the frankly anti-Christian pro-

paganda among the uneducated, or, at any rate, non-expert classes? What measures could be taken to neutralize it, or, better still, to create a wholesome literature for those who felt a quite natural and legitimate curiosity in this direction? And, in fine, could not Catholics offer some contribution—perhaps unique—to the building up of a true and valuable "science" (in some sense) of religion?

At this preliminary meeting, an all-but unanimity was in favour of instant, concerted, and thoroughly scientific action. The enormous need felt, both by the expert and by "the man in the street," for Catholic guidance was abundantly recognized and emphasized. The duty, too, of Catholics to be not only abreast of their contemporaries, but, if possible, in advance of them, here as elsewhere, was vigorously proclaimed. Mgr Le Roy, Bishop of Alinda, and superior of the Missionary Congregation of the Holy Ghost, himself a missionary of very long experience, pointed out with extraordinary force, the quite exceptional position which Catholic missions held, and the almost unlimited services they might render. A sort of "Summer School," a *Semaine*, was at once resolved upon, consisting of courses of lectures, and of classes, and of discussions covering ground previously defined.

We may here interpolate that the *Semaine* is by no means meant to be a popular entertainment, or a reunion of dilettantes. There was some weight in an objection which just succeeded in making itself publicly heard: "That the Catholic people have no need of instruction on this topic; that they are unaffected by the only 'science of religion' which does, or can, exist, and which is atheist." There is indeed no obligation upon us to formulate in the ears of the "faithful" all the latest objections lodged against their creed, nor to bewilder them by suggesting, in order to refute them, difficulties which would never else have crossed their minds. But apart from the hard facts concerning the vicious popular propaganda (even in Belgium) which were ruthlessly

driven home, it remains that the *Semaine* is not, and never was, intended to be "popular," but is an affair wholly for—if not specialists, at least serious students; for present and future missionaries; for authors, and professors in seminaries and elsewhere, who, we presume, are sufficiently case-hardened to be able to discuss and study with freedom the topics which it is their profession to teach.

The *Semaine* therefore consists of two parts, one general and fixed, and to be repeated with but slight changes yearly; the other, specific and variable, and, in fact, to be different each year. We had better state at once the outline of these two parts as it was observed in 1912. There were four conferences daily, 8.30–9.30; 10–11; 11–noon; 3.30–4.30 p.m.; and an evening "reunion" from 5–6; (on the first day of each part this reunion was resolved into a committee meeting; and on the last day it was a *réunion d'adieu*). The first part lasted from Tuesday, August 27, to Saturday, August 31; on Thursday, August 29, there was a half holiday! After an address of welcome had been read on the first day, Fr Schmidt, S.V.D., the well-known editor of *Anthropos*, lectured twice on the general subject of ethnological study, its end, and its instruments. Fr Pinard, S.J., also lectured on the Study of Religions from the same point of view. On the 28th Fr J. Van Ginneken, S.J., spoke twice on Language (the distribution of languages and the philological method generally); the Abbé A. Bros dealt with Tylor's and Spencer's systems of Animism and "Manism," and the indefatigable Fr Schmidt with lunar and solar mythology. On the third day FF. Stratmann and Hestermann, S.V.D., lectured on the material culture of the lower civilizations (dwellings, food, clothing, ornament, arms, industries), and Fr F. Bouvier, S.J., on Magic and the systems of Frazer and of MM. Hubert and Mauss. On August 30 Mgr Le Roy lectured twice on the Supreme Being as considered by and among the lower civilizations, and Fr L. de Grandmaison, S.J., on the relation of "religion" to social

worship and to personal "piety." On Saturday, Fr Lemmonyer, O.P., spoke on the relation of religion to ethics, and on beliefs in a "beyond" (*l'au delà*); Prof. J. Schrijnen spoke twice on Sociology, laying down general notions as to family, tribe, and state. The evening reunions were mercifully practical, and were concerned with *how to collect evidence* of linguistic, religious, and sociological facts relative to the main topic of the preceding conferences. These were addressed by FF. F. Colle (of the White Fathers) and Nekes, P.S.M., by Fr L. Cadière, of the Missions Etrangères, and by Fr H. Trilles, C.Sp.S., respectively.

The second part—which is to vary from year to year—occupied from September 2 to 4, and was almost entirely devoted to Totemism. Thus, on September 2, Fr Schmidt dealt in the morning with the Totemism of the Oceanic area, and in the evening with certain generalities and theories concerning Totemism, to which we shall afterwards return. Fr Trilles spoke of African Totemism, and Prof. E. de Jonghe of American. On September 3 Fr Schmidt lectured twice on the Ethnology and Religions of Oceania, and Fr Cadière on the religions of Annam. On September 4 Prof. Capart considered Totemism in Egypt; Prof. de Jonghe, Fr Schmidt and Mgr Le Roy divided among themselves the subject of the Ethnology and Religions of Africa. The evening reunion on September 3 dealt once more, under the guidance of Fr. de Clercq, and C. de Scheut, with the means of collecting "religious" evidence.

It has been absolutely necessary to give this bald outline of the actual work done at Louvain, and its arrangement, in order to make clear in how business-like a manner the field was mapped out in the first part, and to suggest how valuable a contribution might be made to a set subject like Totemism by the converging erudition of the second. It will also be a rule that in the second part of the *Semaine* one or two groups of religions be studied, as in 1912, those of Annam (a highly original and important contribution was that of M.

Cadière). In 1913, Islam and Indian religions will probably be discussed. We certainly think that a far better result is likely to be thus achieved than by the deliberate lack of order and concentration observable in the Congresses for the study of religion, held at Oxford in 1908, and at Leyden in 1912.

We are now at liberty to enter rather more into detail, and to apply all this to what we originally said about method and system.

Directly the *Semaine* was authoritatively sanctioned, an international committee was formed under the honorary presidency of H.E. Cardinal Mercier, the joint secretaries being Fr Schmidt and Fr Bouvier, Professor of Apologetics at Ore Place, Hastings. This committee included many well-known names, such as the Bishop of Salford and Mgr Ladeuze, Rector of Louvain University. The cost of membership tickets was kept low, especially for missionaries; and Louvain was hospitality itself. Yet measures were taken to ensure and maintain the high level of work which was expected. In spite of this the attendance so far exceeded the most sanguine hopes that the hall originally chosen for the meetings had to be abandoned for the large amphitheatre of the Chemical Institute. The majority, of course, were French and Belgian, but there were many Germans and Austrians, and a sprinkling of English, Italian, and even Mexican representatives. A highly picturesque gathering it was too; for all the members of Missionary Orders, and others, wore their distinctive religious or academic robes.

It would be out of place to detail any one lecture, or group of lectures, though it is tempting to relate the extremely careful discussion of magic and "pre-magic" by Fr Bouvier (to whom, with Fr Schmidt, the *Semaine* owes almost everything); his paper was overweighted by no German minuteness of erudition, but to strict loyalty to his evidence he added a charm of *bonhomie*, and a simplicity of manner by which his audience were at once captured. They were fascinated,

too, by the treasures which Mgr Le Roy brought out from the stores of his immense experience, and which he knows so well how to invest with a halo almost of romance, and they were wholly enchanted by the exquisite courtesy and felicity of address which we have learnt always to expect from Fr de Grandmaison. Nor can we describe the often highly amusing reunions of the evenings.*

But what we wish to dwell on for a moment is the fact that at Louvain was popularized that new non-evolutionary "system" which Fr Schmidt is making famous. We refer, of course, to the "Culture-Cycle" Theory.†

This is the ethnological method connected with the names of Ratzel, Graebner, and Schmidt. It may be said to have had its origin in the epoch-making work by Ratzel upon African bows. This careful ethnographer showed that each tribe uses bows of only one, or at most of a very few perfectly determined shapes, which differ from one another in characteristic accidentals. The same peculiarities are found in tribes widely separated from each other; yet the similarities are so striking as seemingly to preclude the possibility of their being chance pro-

* Ex-missionaries had many tales to tell of the scientific expert, who sails serenely from Europe to catechize—often through interpreters—the natives of savage countries. "What is the name of this mountain, and of this river?" enquires the expert. He notes down the answer, and soon afterwards, an elaborate chart is produced, full of native names. In time this chart reaches the missionary, who finds with glee that the river has been dubbed "You-are-a-nuisance," and the mountain "Go-and-see-for-yourself." Even the missionaries cannot control the native's peculiar sense of humour. "You answered the white man correctly?" enquired a missionary of a native who had just been interviewed by a distinguished ethnographer; "O Father!" he cried, "the things I told him!" Infinite patience; years of close association; fellowship in life and language—these may in time win the confidence of the negro, whose major premise is nearly always, that sacred things are secret.

† We say "non-evolutionary" in the sense that he refuses to premise that the higher must mechanically have been evolved from the lower. The more complicated may well have succeeded the more simple. A coherent chain of "cycles" may ultimately be established, but as probably—*more* probably—Fr Schmidt thinks, degenerating, not ascending.

ducts, or merely the creation of like mentalities, and forcibly to suggest the hypothesis of a common origin. So that these tribes, which now occupy regions so widely separated, must, in the distant past, have been grouped together, and in the course of ages have been dispersed and have carried with them these types of bow from their place of origin. This bald statement of the premises may scarcely seem to warrant so important a conclusion; there is just the bare possibility that so useful an invention as the bow may have spread from tribe to tribe, and that, in the process, some strange law of selection may have operated to bring about the survival of certain characteristics in tribes widely separated spatially, but of a like psychological temperament. When, however, it was discovered that the tribes who had a predilection for the same peculiarities in the make of their bows agreed in a multitude of customs equally peculiar, Ratzel's conclusions were enormously strengthened. Indeed, the tribes in question were shown by Frobenius to possess not only a like material civilization, but also similar social institutions, similar mythological themes, similar forms of religion. The groups of tribes thus determined form one whole, and the mass of ideas, customs, and institutions of this whole is a "Culture-Cycle." Unfortunately the work of Frobenius was marred by so many rash statements and over-subtle deductions that its real value was obscured. It was reserved for Dr Graebner, of the Museum für Völkerkunde of Berlin, to set the theory of Culture-Cycles on a scientific basis by his studies on the peoples of Oceania, published in 1904.

Fr Schmidt, who early perceived the possibilities of the theory, welcomed these researches, and it was in the pages of *Anthropos* that Dr Graebner published his further results.* This new Ethnology has made remarkable progress on the Continent, and museums have been re-arranged in accordance with its principles.

* *Die melanesische Bogenkultur* (*Anthropos*, vol. iv, pp. 726 sqq. and 998 sqq.)

It is no longer lawful to assume the evolution of a weapon or custom or belief from a similar but more rudimentary weapon, custom or belief which is not, however, found in the same people. The connexion may exist, and may be proved historically, but this must be done without any evolutionary presuppositions. The facts must be grouped as they are observed, according to the order imposed by a purely objective study, without stopping to enquire to what this process is likely to lead. Then only may the lines of diffusion be connected with their source. When the whole earth has been thus put under observation we shall have all mankind grouped into " culture-cycles."*

We cannot detail the work done in regard to the configurations of each grade of culture. Suffice to say that the first result has been to show that primitive man, as objective study alone reaches him, cannot be said to have had no ideas, or even low ideas, of God, of religion, or of social duty.† Speaking generally it was with the advance of his material development that his moral and religious degeneracy set in. Religious cult becomes indeed more elaborate, but serves to obscure the fundamental idea of the Deity, which may often be draped, curiously enough, by reflection and increased powers of abstraction, in fashions ever more bizarre and indeed disgusting.

It will be seen at once that a great deal of the temptation to over-systematization is in this manner eluded. We shall nowhere be asked to " supply " what is lacking to our proof; we must nowhere assume that evidence has been destroyed. The possibility of a process will never take the place of an historical proof.

Need we point out of what practical service this method is to the missionary? He must, above all, understand the mentality of the people that he is called upon to

* How completely Fr Schmidt hopes to " hierologize " his mainly *unwritten* data is clear from the fact that he calls his system " Die Kultur *Historische* Methode."

† We do not identify " low " ideas of God with " anthropomorphic."

evangelize; but if he can once place it in the "Culture-Cycle" to which it belongs, he has every reason to hope that he can gauge that mentality. For just as in geology, any given stratum is at once identified by characteristic fossils, so here there are "characteristic fossils," be they weapons of a special form or prevalent mythological themes, which relegate the people in which they are found to its proper "Culture-Cycle," and so indicate, without further inquiry, the mass of beliefs and superstitions in which it further participates.*

Dare we, however, formulate a fear that here is precisely the point at which an over-rigorous application of the "cycle" theory may be expected, and a lapse into the very fault which we so deprecate in others, namely the supplementing of observed facts from the stock of what we hold to be necessary, and therefore ubiquitous, in a given "cycle"? And, in practice (certainly not in theory and intention), is not Fr Schmidt conceivably inclined to regard (unjustifiably) the savages of our day as in *all points* identical with "primitives"?

However, his astounding erudition and lucidity captivated the audience, both in his general and in his more specialized discourses. A number of students recommended the organization of an exhaustive study of African ethnography, which should be a lasting memorial of Catholic enterprise in the twentieth century.†

* v. *Voies Nouvelles en Science Comparée des Religions*, p. 26, by Fr Schmidt (reprinted from the *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques*. vol. v, pp. 46–74).

† One result of Fr Schmidt's investigations is that much light may have been thrown upon the origin of Totemism. In the Oceanic area he diagnoses the existence of two mutually independent formations; one patriarchal and totemistic, the other matriarchal and non-totemistic. He proceeds to verify this same double formation in the other three totemistic territories, Africa, India (e.g. totemistic patriarchal Dravidians and non-totemistic matriarchal Kolarians), and North America. He concludes that totemism is (as the schoolmen say), *idem numero et natura* wherever it is found, and is the result of pre-totemistic economic conditions in which the male sex was occupied with the rearing of animals, whence arose genuine totemism, while the women, who monopolized all that had to do with planting and sowing, caused agriculture to develop,

and Comparative Religion

It is very much to be regretted that for lack of funds it has proved impossible to publish in any form similar to the magnificent *Transactions* of the Oxford Congress, papers which are likely to prove at least as valuable a monument of research and as powerful a stimulus to study. An analytical summary is all that can be hoped for.*

After one more meeting at Louvain, to place the whole enterprise upon a firmer basis, the *Semaine* will migrate to the various large centres of Europe. In fact, since the official languages are already German, French, and English, it has actually been proposed that the meetings be held simultaneously in different countries, at which the papers, translated, might all of them be read with equal fruit to the audience. But, after all, a paper is never the same when read by another than its author, and Catholics must learn to be as good linguists as their non-Catholic fellows; and finally, the expense of a multiplication of centres would certainly be great.

To sum up; the systems, hitherto accepted, have so signally failed, at any rate as far as their claim to universal applicability goes, that the time seems to be favourable for the advancement of some newer method which shall not start exclusively from the postulate of evolution (in the rigorous sense of that word).

Fr Schmidt's version of the "Culture-Cycle" theory has now been brought into prominent notice, and ought to be taken up and worked at by Catholics especially.

An admirable focussing of Catholic talent and erudition, and of that unique asset of ours, missionary experience, has been arranged. The creation of the *Semaine d'Ethnologie Religieuse* is, perhaps, the most important event of our time in the world of science and religion.

It must be made better known to Catholics and better

and a succession to land-property in the female line to be established. Fr Schmidt is careful not to impose his conclusions on the unwilling, nor to insist on their being better than probabilities.

* This should appear about March, and will consist of some 200 pages.

supported by them, and by Englishmen in particular. And, indeed, we frankly believe that many a civil servant, or many a business man engaged in commerce with native states and populations, might do far worse than to preface his activities there by a study, such as the *Semaine* can offer him, of the *milieu* in which he may have to live, and of the mentalities with which he will have to deal.

As for the missionary, it is indispensable. We have no right to assail the souls of men without previous examination of their spiritual possessions. Or if we have the right, at least sound policy forbids that we should profit by it.

And, finally, it touches the honour of Catholics that their professors should be the equals, in knowledge and enterprise, of those "not of the household"; and it were our disgrace did we not in every way welcome each new method of establishing the transcendency of our religion, which will, in fact, appear the better with each clearer realization of how profoundly its roots are planted in humanity.*

C. MELI, S.J.

* Haec testimonia animae, quanto vera, tanto simplicia, . . . quanto communia, tanto naturalia; quanto naturalia, tanto divina. (Tertullian: *de testimonio animae*. c. 5).

THE TERESA *of* CANADA
(1599-1672)

MARIE GUYART was born in France in 1599, about the time that St Teresa died in Spain,* and that Mlle Le Gras, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity, was born. Likened to the former for her sanctity, with the latter Marie's history is also doubly connected by the similarity of their life stories, and in our own day by the processes for their beatification which are going on together in Rome.

According to nature Marie was destined to be one of those great women, so numerous in the France of her day, capable of ruling a convent or, if need be, an Empire, a good business woman, versed in temporal affairs, but above and beyond all this a truly devout soul, living her life in the world, as daughter, wife, mother, for Almighty God, and ever aspiring to one of complete sacrifice and perfection to which she felt herself to be called, but to which she attained only when she was about thirty years old.

It is this blend of the highest spirituality and of practical capabilities which gives a peculiar interest to the story of her life and offers encouragement to those who labour, as she did, for souls in the world. Here we are chiefly concerned with Mère Marie's work in Canada and with the historical side, so to speak, of her life during a period of much historical interest.

Her parents belonged to the *haute bourgeoisie* of Touraine. François Guyart, her father, was a silk merchant, "one of those honourable artisans who, being also fervent Christians, exercised a good influence over a large circle." Jeanne Michelet, her mother, was related to the Babou de la Bourdaiserie, a family illustrious in the annals of Touraine. Her great grandfather held a high

* Vers le même temps qu'en Espagne Thérèse de Jésus, appellée à juste titre, le Seraphim du Carmel, emigrait vers le ciel, Marie de l'Incarnation prennait naissance en France."—Procès de Béat.

position at Court, and two of his daughters, as well as his granddaughter, *Madame l'Abbesse Anne*, had become nuns in the Benedictine Abbey of Beaumont-lez-Tours.

Marie had three sisters, and it appears as if they were entirely educated at home. In her writings she speaks of the excellent education she had received and the pious examples she witnessed in her parents, and in a letter to one of her sisters she alludes to her mother in these words: " I remember that our dear mother, if she found herself alone for a moment, in the midst of her work, would profit by her leisure to make fervent ejaculatory prayers. I used to hear her speaking to our Lord about her children and all her little needs. . . . I cannot say what an impression this made on me." Marie's grandfather had had the privilege of knowing St Francis of Paul, the Apostle of Touraine, and he was the subject of many interesting conversations when the family was gathered together of an evening. " My grandfather," she says, " and one of my aunts, his sister, often related to us what they knew of this incomparable man, so that it might be kept in remembrance after they were gone. Their father, my great grandfather, had been sent to Italy by King Louis XI to beg the holy man from the Pope and to bring him to France. He had the happiness of being with him throughout the journey, and the good saint in gratitude became very much attached to him and to his children, who were often taken to visit him at Plessis."

Marie very early showed signs of unusual piety, and she was but seven when our Lord began to bestow special graces upon her. She delighted in spending hours in church, and love for the poor took deep root in her heart. " I so loved them," she says, " that I preferred their company before all others. They inspired me with such compassion that I would have given myself entirely for them. . . . I felt the same love for the sick, whom I took care of as well as I could; the time flew when I was with them, and sometimes I willingly ate what they left." But, in addition to those essential works of mercy, little Marie was impelled to pray ardently for souls. She saw and heard of the

ravages of heresy at home, and she heard talk of the distant lands of the infidels to whose succour missioners were pressing forward in the footprints of St Francis Xavier. "From my childhood," she says, "it seems to me that God was preparing for me the grace I now possess. My thoughts dwelt more in far distant countries, following those who were so generously working and suffering for Jesus Christ, than at home."

Like other holy women, she was destined by Providence to experience the joys and sorrows of the world before attaining her wish, and her parents having decided that she should marry, she humbly accepted their decision and the husband they chose for her. In reply to Mme Guyart's words on this occasion, she said, "My dear mother, as the matter is settled and it is my father's absolute wish, I consider myself bound to obey his and your wishes, but if God does me the favour of giving me a son I now promise Him to dedicate him to His service, and if, later on, He restores to me the liberty I am about to lose, I engage myself to consecrate myself also to Him." These words were prophetic and were to be exactly fulfilled.

Claude Joseph Martin, who was privileged to be Marie's husband, belonged to an excellent family of Tours, and was the head of large silk works in the town. The marriage took place in October, 1617, when the bride was nearly eighteen, and was a very happy one. Marie continued her life of good works as before. "Your father was so good," she said later to her son, "that he allowed me to follow all my devotions, in which indeed he took pleasure, because he was a good and God-fearing man."

Young Mme. Martin's appearance at this time is graphically described for us, and it is easy to understand the influence she seems to have exercised on all who knew her. "There was in her whole appearance such a mixture of dignity, simplicity and modesty that the mere sight of her reminded one of heavenly things." She was tall and majestic in bearing, and her face was beautiful in feature and expression. Her son relates that "when she walked through the streets of

Tours people would interrupt their work to follow her with their eyes, as is done for princes and great ones of the world." Two years after her marriage Marie's son was born, on April 2, 1619, the feast of St Francis de Paul, the special protector of the family, and was christened Claude. But the child was only a few months old when, by the early death of his father, his mother and he were left alone and in poverty.

Like St Jane Frances, Marie, having waited till Claude was of an age at which she could safely leave him, made the heroic sacrifice of her much-loved son, in order to fulfil the vocation to which she had felt she was called from her infancy.

On January 25, 1631, she entered the Ursuline Convent at Tours, where the next eight years were to be passed. These years witnessed her continual advance in holiness and mortification. Here she received great graces and many supernatural favours, and, like all who are to be prominently great in holiness, she also suffered much from interior trials. Among the miraculous graces bestowed on Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, as we must now call her, the vision of the future field of her labours is of special interest for us. Her love for souls and desire for apostolic work had grown more fervent as time went on, and though she was far from foreseeing to what great things she was destined, she had a secret presentiment that she was to be given some special grace.

The great Champlain, the founder and Governor of Quebec, had died in 1635 and had been succeeded by M. de Montmagny, who was in all ways worthy of the position. With the exception of a few French families established in the town, the whole country of the St Lawrence was still in its wild and primitive state—"great forests as old as the world itself, and in the midst of the lonely woods the nomad Indians were living on the produce of the chase and on the fish they caught." The Algonquins and Montagnais in the North, in the South the Iroquois, and in the lake district the Hurons, a gentle race and destined to reap the first fruits of religion and

civilization. The Jesuit Fathers had been labouring for twelve years among them, and already two or three Christian villages had been formed. A few converted Algonquins and Montagnais families and about five hundred other Indians were encamped near Quebec. The different tribes were continually at war among themselves, and the French colony, numbering about two hundred, forced by circumstances to take the part of the united Hurons and Algonquins, had to be continually on the alert against the crafty Iroquois. Still, in spite of these dangers and the rigours of a severe climate, the French lived happily at Quebec in this golden age of its foundation. M. de Montmagny had drawn up plans for the building of the town, and religion was the link between all hearts. The rules of the infant colony, besides " supporting and sanctioning the laws of the Church, forbade the townsmen to swear, to get drunk, to miss Mass on Sundays and on Feasts."

The Jesuit Fathers, who were the first to evangelize Canada, tell us in their reports that " exactions, thefts and assassinations " did not exist and were only heard of in the papers which came from Europe once a year. During the hard winters Quebec was entirely isolated, shut in by the ice and snow, but once May came, " the cherry trees begin to bud and to show their leaves, the wild raspberries and all vegetation begins to grow," says Champlain in his *Mémoires*, and, as we may add, the heat of summer equalled the winter's cold in intensity.

Such was the country to which Mère Marie was bound, and by the May of 1639 every preparation was complete. The mother was to be accompanied by Mme de la Peltrie, and three other nuns, and three *Hospitalières*, or nursing sisters, who were about to found a hospital at Quebec, were also to travel with them. The Society of the *Cent-Associés*, which at home was charged with the interests of Canada, had reserved for Mme de la Peltrie and the Religious the use of the " Saint Joseph," the best ship in the small squadron about to set sail, and Père Vimont, S.J., who, with four other Jesuits, was also going out, was to

be their chaplain on board. After passing through Paris and having an interesting audience with Queen Anne of Austria and the infant Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIV, the party of the Ursuline nuns and Mme de la Peltrie reached Dieppe, where they were lodged at the Ursuline Convent.

They sailed from Dieppe on the 4th of May and after a voyage which had lasted over two months the travellers sighted the shores of Canada. On July 15 they anchored at Tadoussac, which is situated about 150 miles below Quebec, and was then the first stopping-place for all ships coming from France. The other vessels of the little fleet here joined the "Saint Joseph," and Mère Marie and her companions had the joy of setting foot on Canadian soil and of seeing some of the Indians for whose sake they had come so far. "This meeting," she says, "gave us great joy. As they had never seen women like us, they were much surprised and placed their hands over their mouths in sign of admiration. They were told that we were the daughters of captains (as it was necessary to speak according to their ideas), who for love of them had left our country, our relations and all delights of France. This charmed them, especially when they heard we had come to teach their daughters so that they should not be burnt in the eternal fire. They could not comprehend how this could be, so they resolved to follow us by land to Quebec." This incident redoubled the travellers' wish to reach their "promised land," and they embarked on a fishing vessel, as their own was not ready to proceed. Here the journal of the *Sœurs Hospitalières* gives some interesting details. They tell us that the boat was laden with cod fish and was pervaded with its odour, and as the bread fell short they could only get crumbs left by the rats, to eat with the dry cod. After three days' sail the party reached the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, which was then still uninhabited. Here the travellers landed for the night, which was passed in hastily erected huts. "We felt a joy I cannot describe, to find ourselves in those great woods, which we made to echo to our hymns,

giving immense praise to our Lord, who had brought us so happily to this spot." At break of day on August 1 the travellers went on to Quebec.

As they approached the town a barge adorned with tapestry and bearing refreshments was sent to meet them by the Governor, while the guns of the fort and the soldiers' trumpets resounded in honour of the happy occasion. " The first thing we did on landing," says Mère Marie, " was to kiss the soil of the country to which we had come in order to consume our lives in the service of God and of our poor savages." The excellent Governor, M. de Montmagny, desiring to show the importance he attached to the coming of the religious, was on the shore, surrounded by the principal members of the French colony and all the inhabitants of Quebec. " M. le Gouverneur received us and the reverend fathers," continues Mère Marie, " with demonstrations of very great kindness, assuring us that he would care for us. Every one was so pleased to see us that in testimony of the public joy all work was stopped for the day."

The religious now went, surrounded by the crowd, to the Chapel of Notre Dame de La Recouvrance, which had been erected by Champlain on the rocky heights near the Fort Saint Louis. Here the *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted by all present while the cannon pealed forth. Mass was then celebrated, and afterwards all the nuns were entertained to dinner by the Governor and received the felicitations of the chief persons of the colony. They were then escorted to their respective dwellings: the *Hospitalières* to a large, new house in the *Haute Ville*, which belonged to the *Cent-Associés*, and the Ursulines to a small house lent temporarily until their convent should be built. It was at the foot of the hill, close to the quay and the river. Nearly all their possessions were still at Tadoussac and there was no furniture in the house. The Governor sent the nuns their supper, and, after making themselves some beds of pine branches, they " went to rest happier than queens."

Next day Père Vimont and the other fathers conducted

them to see the Indian village of Sillery, close to Quebec, where, says Mère Marie, " we were greatly consoled to hear our very dear brothers sing the praises of God in their native tongue. Oh! how enchanted we were to find ourselves with our good neophytes, and they on their side were no less pleased to see us."

One of the priests present, Père le Jeune, thus describes the scene: " The good nuns could not restrain their tears. They also visited the families in their cabins, Mme de la Peltrie at their head. She embraced every child she met with such signs of kindness and affection that these poor children were quite surprised, being by nature cold and indifferent."

As Mère Marie became acquainted with the main features of Canada she was filled with joy and astonishment. " I recognized," she says, " that it was certainly the country that our Lord had shown me six years before: the great hills, the vast forests, and the immense horizons were the same I had seen and which were clearly present to my mind as at the time of the vision, except that I found less fog and mist. All this renewed the fervour of my vocation and led me to abandon myself to suffer and to do all that our Lord wished of me in this new foundation."

After this little expedition to Sillery, the two communities said adieu to each other. The *Hospitalières* soon had more patients to nurse than they had room for, and the Ursulines found six little Indian girls as boarders and a number of day pupils, both French and Indian, awaiting their zeal.

The venerable Mother thus describes the modest convent in which the great work began: " Our lodgings are composed of two rooms—one, which is perhaps six feet square, serves for choir, parlour, cells and refectory; in the other we teach the French and Indian children; a sort of gallery we have had made of planks gives us a chapel, an outer sacristy and a kitchen; but we consider we are better lodged than if we were in the Louvre, as we have with us the treasures we came to seek, I mean our dear pupils."

The Teresa of Canada

The Indians became more and more dear to Mère Marie as time went on; she identified herself with all their joys and sorrows, and years later we find her declaring: " the greatest sorrows of my life were those in connexion with our neophytes—Algonquins, Montagnais and Hurons—who for the last years have been the prey of their enemies. I will not go into particulars," she adds, " for I could never express the grief and anguish I have endured for them."

The tiny community was assisted in every way by Mme de la Peltrie. She shared their poor rooms and insisted on being the servant of the house, while at the same time acting for the nuns outside, and associating herself with all the good works of Quebec. The six little Indian girls, who were the foundation stones of the work, at first gave many opportunities for the unbounded charity of their teachers. " Every day," relates Mère Marie, " we found hairs, bits of coal and other horrors in our cooking pot, sometimes an old shoe. Our visitors could not understand how little we minded this, nor how we could embrace and take on our knees the little Indian orphans, who were covered with strong smelling grease. In spite of every care and frequently changing their clothes, it takes long to rid them of the vermin caused by this grease, but each one wishes to undertake this duty; the one who obtains it considers herself privileged, and she who does not humbly considers herself unworthy." The Indians of Quebec were greatly impressed by the sight of the nuns' charity, and the good news soon spread abroad that " holy virgins " had come to instruct their children.

The little convent had hardly been arranged when, in August, a violent epidemic of smallpox carried off many of the Indians, and among the victims four of Mère Marie's pupils. The nuns escaped the infection, although they nursed the children day and night. This was the first of the many temporal misfortunes which befell the growing community in the long years to come. When at last the Ursuline convent was built, it was soon burnt

down, and again in 1586 the building fell a victim to the flames. Cold and hunger were often the portion of the brave nuns, who gave all they had in the way of provisions to the children and to the crowds of Indians who soon began to flock to them for food and instruction.

The history of Quebec at this time may be said to be also the history of Mère Marie and her companions, so intimately are they connected. Her letters home are very valuable to the historian, and her literary style is worthy of the great period in which she lived. Mère Marie kept up an affectionate correspondence with her sisters, the nuns at Tours and other friends, but, above all, with her son, whom she was never to see again in this world. In 1641 Dom Martin entered the Benedictine Congregation of Saint Maur, and became distinguished for his great virtues and learning. His mother's joy when his vocation was decided was intense, and it was owing to her maternal love and respect for his priestly character that we possess some record of her interior life and the great graces bestowed upon her. Dom Martin would not be gainsaid in his desire for her confidence and under obedience to her Confessor, she complied with his wishes.

Among the Venerable Mother's general correspondence we find interesting references to current events in France, and even to those in England. For instance, on one occasion she speaks of her prayers for Charles I and his family. She and her community prayed and did penance, she tells us, for Louise de la Vallière, whose aunt had been one of Mère Marie's novices, and there is a letter of thanks to Mère Angèlique Arnauld, for her gifts to the Quebec convent, and an affectionate allusion to the late " precious death " of St Jane Frances de Chantal.

It is difficult in the limits of an article to know which incidents to select for illustration of the work in Canada, but perhaps the friendship which united the venerable Mother and the famous Jesuit missionaries and martyrs, Père Jogues and his companions, is one of the most interesting features, and her letters give us vivid details of what they endured. In September, 1640, we find her

writing thus: " The persecution is severe among the Hurons too, and our fathers were near to martyrdom. Père Ragueneau went to a cabin to baptize a poor woman, but her husband opposed it and endeavoured to cut his head open with an axe, and Père Chaumont, who was outside, ran in crying, ' I must have a share,' but God saved them both." In another letter to her son, she says, " I am delighted to see the saints here, it is thus I name our missionaries, in such great destitution, and truly the words of the Apostle can well be applied to them, *You are dead and hidden with Jesus Christ in God.* I have no words to relate what I know. . . ."

In the Jesuit *Relations* about this time occur these words, written by Père Lallement: " It is a great blessing to see the ardour and courage of these good fathers who are going among the Hurons. Joy is so visible on their countenances that one would think they were going to take possession of a throne and a crown. ' The more I foresee crosses awaiting me,' confessed one, ' the more my heart longs for them.' What happiness to see nothing before one but Indians, crosses, and Jesus Christ." And what crosses! It is difficult even to read of the horrors perpetrated by the Indians, and of the long-drawn agonies of their victims!

Père Jogues, the story of whose heroism is well known, was an intimate friend of Mère Marie's. She had seen him a few days before the news of his first capture brought dismay to Quebec. After his escape, she writes to her son as follows: " Père Jogues has returned here. He is a living martyr, who bears in his body the livery of Jesus Christ. He told me what Almighty God permitted him to go through during his captivity. Certainly millions of martyrs have died with less suffering," and after alluding to some of the horrors, such as fingers burnt, cut off, or bitten off, the torture of fire applied to all parts of the body, she adds, " This apostolic man, in the midst of his tormentors, found means to send many souls to heaven by baptism. Now that he is back from his martyrdom, one can see he belongs to the next world, his humility is so

deep that no other assurance of his sanctity is required. During his sojourn with the Iroquois, this great modesty impressed even them with admiration and convinced them that he was more than human." After Père Jogues's return to the missions in 1846 and his glorious death, Mère Marie writes, " We honour him as a martyr. It looks as if God had promised him this great favour, for he wrote prophetically to a friend, ' I go and I shall not return.' He awaited death with holy impatience. Oh! how sweet it is to die for Jesus Christ." In truth Mère Marie longed for this privilege, of which she thought herself quite unworthy. " We now have our holy martyr in heaven," she writes again, " praying for us, and we feel the effect of his intercession by many perils escaped and so many conversions obtained since his blessed death."

When Père Bressani visited Europe Mère Marie sent a note by him to her son. " You will see in the bearer," she says, " a living martyr of whom you have no doubt heard, especially of his captivity among the Iroquois. Without showing what you are doing, look at his hands, which are all mutilated and have hardly one finger entire. This year, too, he received three wounds on his head from an arrow, which all but gave him his crown and the end of his labours. He has also lost an eye in consequence of other blows received."

These are only a few instances of the heroism of the missionaries, and although the nuns, in spite of many alarms, were spared by Providence from the fury of the Iroquois, they were equally ready to be sacrificed. At a moment when the hopes of the colonists were very low, Père Lallement, writing to his Provincial, says, " One of the motives of consolation that I perceive in this poor desolate country is the courage and generosity of our religious, *Hospitalières* and Ursulines. It is one of the guarantees I rely on for the safety of the country, as I cannot think that God will abandon such holy and charitable souls. It seems to me that all the angels of heaven would come to their assistance if man failed to protect them in this new world."

The Teresa of Canada

The Venerable Mother's letters home give us some charming pictures of the Indians who flocked to the convent. We see the " chiefs and captains," who kneel before her and ask her to teach them how to pray. To one of them who had forgotten his good resolutions she said, " Well, are you going to give up your faults? Do you love God? Do you believe in Him? Do you wish to obey Him? " " Oh! that is settled," was the reply, " I love God, and I wish to obey Him in future. . . . I am exceedingly sorry to have offended Him Who made us all." Some of these poor men were most fervent. " When I hear the good Charles, Pigaronich-Noël, Négabamat or Trigalier speak," she says, " I would not leave them to listen to the first preacher in Europe. I find in their discourses such a confidence in God, such a faith and ardour, which causes admiration and devotion. They are even ready to give their lives for Jesus Christ, though Indians fear death exceedingly. Some time ago Pigaronich said to me, ' I do not live now for the beasts as I did before, nor for fur robes, I live and I am for God. When I go hunting I say to Him, " Great Captain Jesus, Jesus, do what You wish with me. Even if You stop the game and it does not come within my reach, I will always hope in You. If You wish me to die of hunger, I am content." ' "

One spring, when the St Lawrence was still covered with ice, it served as a bridge for the Indians. " On Holy Saturday and Easter Morning we had the lively satisfaction of watching them rushing over to be in time for Confession and Holy Communion. And they cried, ' Tell us, is this Easter Sunday, the day Jesus rose from the dead? Have we rightly understood our *Masanaigau*? ' (which is a paper on which the days and moons are marked for them). . . . They were longing for Holy Communion after being deprived of it for four months. They could be seen coming in groups to our church to say their prayers and visit the Blessed Sacrament before going anywhere else, begging us to help them to thank God for giving them great success out hunting."

The good native Charles, before mentioned, became

quite a missioner to his own people; he went from place to place preaching about our Lord, and obtained more by his sermons than a hundred other preachers, says the Venerable Mother. Victor was another who constantly visited the convent parlour for instruction, and he shared with Charles the defect of a very bad memory. Although, according to Mère Marie's testimony, he had a special gift of prayer and union with God, he thought he was doing nothing, if he could not do what the other native Christians did. He would come and say to the first nun he met, "Alas! I have no memory, make me pray to God," then he would ask to have the same prayer repeated ten or twelve times and go home thinking he knew it, only to forget it again, but nothing daunted, he would return to beg instruction afresh. A poor woman who suffered from the same affliction got quite indignant with herself and threw herself on the floor by the nun who was instructing her, saying she would not rise that day till she knew her prayers. She spent the whole day with her face on the ground and her perseverance was blessed, as from that time she remembered everything she was taught.

When the first convent was burnt and the community were reduced to the greatest privations, the poor Indians showed their sympathy in touching ways. "Our Huron Christians," says Père Ragueneau, "held a council, and, as they possessed nothing but two necklaces of china, of twelve hundred beads each, they went to the Ursuline nuns, who had taken shelter at the *Hôtel Dieu*, and presented the necklaces to them. The harangue pronounced by one of the chiefs in the name of all is too long to give in full. 'You see before you, holy women,' it began, 'the remains of a nation which was once flourishing, but is so no longer. In our country we have been devoured by war and famine. We are only alive because you feed us. Alas! the terrible accident you have suffered renews all our sorrows and makes our tears flow afresh.' The oration ended by imploring the mothers to employ the second necklace for the foundation of a new 'House of Jesus, House of

Prayer,' in which the little Huron girls should continue to be instructed."

Among the young girls there are two whose histories stand out in the convent annals: Agnes and Thérèse. "Agnes," writes Mère Marie in 1640, "was given to us at the same time as Marie Négabamat. The name of Agnes suits her well, for she is a lamb in gentleness and simplicity. A little while before she came to us she met Père de Quen as she was cutting firewood in the woods. As soon as she saw him she dropped her axe, saying, 'Teach me.' To satisfy her, he brought her to us with two of her companions. All three were soon ready to be baptized. Agnes, who is only twelve years old, has made great progress in the knowledge of our holy faith, in good manners and in needlework. She can read, play the viol, and has many little accomplishments." Two years later, Agnes and her friend had to join their parents for the hunting season. The nuns provided the poor girls with necessaries as far as they could. Their chief duty was to lead the prayers and devotions of the tribe, which is considered a great honour. Later on Agnes, who had returned to the convent, and longed to be a nun, wrote to her home to announce her wish. "My brother," she said, "I am resolved not to leave here. It is certain that I wish to be a religious and to love and serve Him, who made everything, in this house. I desire, I repeat, to remain here all my life to teach the daughters of my nation. Once I know how to read and write I shall be better able to teach them how to love God. Be appeased, then, my brother, and pacify my sister. . . . Adieu! I shall be your servant as long as I live and will pray God for you in the House of Prayer." Little Agnes, however, was not to realize her wish on earth. When she was about sixteen she died, in a native hut far from her dear nuns and the succours of religion. So she consoled herself by singing her favourite hymns till the last.

Thérèse la Haronne is a well-known figure in Canadian history. She came of a "family of saints." Her uncle, Joseph Taondechorin, in whom Mère Marie took par-

ticular interest, brought her to the convent at the age of thirteen. She learnt quickly and soon became an apostle in her turn, helping the nuns to instruct others. After she had been at the convent for two years her relations came to fetch her in order to marry her. Everything for her marriage was provided for Thérèse by the charity of the nuns and their friends, and they parted from her with mutual sorrow and regret, and a secret uneasiness on the part of her mistresses, which events justified. Thérèse sailed in the same Huron fleet as Père Jogues, and they had not long been embarked when the party was attacked by the Iroquois, and Père Jogues, two Frenchmen, Thérèse and her family were taken prisoners. The poor girl remained in the hands of the enemy for three years, and witnessed some of the atrocities inflicted on the martyr. Her Uncle Joseph escaped before she did, and on his return to Quebec went to tell the nuns about their protégée. " She is not ashamed of her faith; she prays to God publicly; she often confesses to Père Jogues and speaks to him whenever she can see him. Thérèse often spoke of you, my mothers. ' Hélas,' she would say, ' if the holy virgins could see me in this state among the bad Iroquois, who do not know God, how they would pity me!' " Thérèse was afterwards restored to her friends, and the story of her life has been published.

In 1654 an era of prosperity seemed opening for the colony: peace was signed with the implacable Iroquois, and their ambassadors, who had heard much of the nuns from the Huron captives, lost no opportunity of visiting the convent when they came to Quebec. Mère Marie had thus the consolation of hearing of the influence exercised by her community. " The Iroquois chiefs have been to see us," she writes, " they admire our pupils educated *à la française*, but what touched them most was, that, although they do not belong to us, we think so much of them and love and caress them as mothers caress their children. As Indians love singing, they were enchanted to hear the children sing God's praises in their languages, and as a mark of affection they sang for us in

return *à leur mode*." After this treaty of peace had been signed five Iroquois *capitainesses* were sent to the convent to be trained. " These are women of quality who have a voice in the Indians' councils. It was they who sent the first ambassadors to treat for peace," says the Venerable Mother. " Ah, how I long to have a troop of little Iroquois among our pupils," she adds.

But we must not linger over the Indian records. In one of her last letters, addressed to Père Poncet, who had come to Canada with the infant community, Mother Marie draws a picture of the past and the present. " You would see," she writes, " the little children who in your time were beginning to read now wearing cassocks and studying theology. Your college is flourishing, and our school, which is worth nothing in comparision, turns out excellent pupils. You saw little girls there who now wear our habit, and others to whom we are about to give it, all as choir sisters. You would weep for joy over the happy progress that has been made and a moment of reflection over the state of things as they were and as they are would make you forget all your labours. We were three religious when you knew us, and we had the honour of making the voyage in your company: to-day we are twenty and are asking for several more from France."

The Venerable Mother's life was one of unceasing work, as long as her health permitted and when she was ill all her sufferings were offered for her beloved Indians.

By a signal grace the multiplicity of temporal anxieties and duties in no way interfered with her continual union with Almighty God. Although she confesses that she greatly disliked business matters, it would have been difficult to know this by her manner. " Whether she conversed with great personages, with the governors of the colony, or with the merchants, or taught her sisters the ways of perfection, she had always the right word." She could direct the workmen, sculptors, and painters in the decoration of the altar in the chapel with perfect taste, and she herself excelled in artistic painting and embroidery as well as in more mechanical work. One of her

favourite maxims was, that the nearer one gets to Almighty God the more light one has for temporal affairs, and her life illustrated this saying. In the words of the Jesuit fathers, " It seemed as if Mère Marie de l'Incarnation had two souls, of which one was united to God, as if she had nothing to do but contemplate Him, and the other was occupied with exterior matters as if they were the whole object of her solicitude."

In 1671 Mme de la Peltrie went to her reward amidst the sorrow and regrets of the community and of all Quebec. No one felt the loss more than the Venerable Mother, but the two friends were soon to be reunited. Two months later Mère Marie was taken ill and appeared to be dying. During this illness a little Algonquin girl was brought to the nuns, and the mother, hearing of this, sent for the child to caress her and took occasion to excite in her sisters a great esteem of their vocation and of love for the little Indian children, whom she called the " delight of her heart." Mère Marie was restored to health for a time, but in the April of 1672 her last illness seized her, accompanied with great sufferings. Her love for the Indians was strong in death. Inspired by Almighty God, she had offered herself as a victim for them, and when the sisters asked for a share in her prayers she replied smilingly, " I possess nothing now, everything is for the Indians."

On Saturday morning, April 29, she gave the children her last blessing, and spoke beautifully to them in their language about the faith, and of the happiness of serving God. The same evening she gently expired. Immediately after death her countenance became radiantly beautiful, as is attested by all who were present. The community were so deeply impressed by this favour that the memory of it has never faded, and to this day the nuns of Quebec sing the *Te Deum* to commemorate it on their mother's blessed anniversary.

M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT

DIGBY DOLBEN

THE name of Digby Dolben was known for many years in a circle, ever diminishing, of men associated with the religious and poetic life of Eton and Oxford in the seventies. Manuscripts headed "Poems," and followed by the initials D. A. S. M. D., were handed from friend to friend, and usually copied out. There were lyrics of Greek inspiration of which Mr John Addington Symonds prognosticated that they would find a place in every anthology of English verse. And there was a Catholic hymn, of which the author of "Ionica," then a master at Eton, spoke with astonishment. And there was always heard with the name of Dolben a query—"What would have been his place among the poets had he lived?" The tragedy of his death by drowning, at nineteen, was the one fact known about the boy-poet. The accident occurred in the afternoon of Friday, June 28, 1867, whilst he was bathing in the River Welland, at South Luffenham, Radnorshire, with his private tutor's child, after the close of his Eton schooldays, and before going up to Christ Church, Oxford. It was confidently expected that the literary fragment left would be published and brought to the judgment of critics. Yet forty-five years passed. The silence that surrounded Dolben's name was unbroken. Till at the close of last year a volume appeared, beautifully printed at Oxford, a Memoir with some fifty poems, and notes on the poems from the biographer, no less considerable a master of poetry and prose than Mr Robert Bridges. The Memoir contains recollections as fresh as the humours and fire of the boyhood they portray. And the judgments on the poems claim equal attention for the lyrics of Greek thought and those inspired by Catholicism, the palm generously given to the latter. The response of *The Times* to Mr Bridges did even more for Dolben's name. In a fine literary leader it lifted the poet's name into a region above the mere circumstance of youth, and dwelt only on the

originality and beauty of the fragment and the spontaneous character revealed.

It is this character which is of interest to the readers of THE DUBLIN REVIEW, and must occupy them in these pages. But first the question will be asked, "Why was the fragment withheld from publication? Why the silence after death?" The unwritten history of many a dignified English home contains blanks made by narrow prejudice, but none could be so unjustifiable as that which jealously guarded a poet's name from poetic celebrity for forty-five years, and severed him from his contemporaries in art. Religion was the motive and cause.

Digby Dolben's home was Finedon Hall, in Northamptonshire. Hall and vicarage stand at Finedon beneath the shadow of a noble fourteenth century church. A refined piety was long represented in the two homes of the family of Dolben. Digby's grandfather had been both Vicar and Squire at Finedon. But whereas in Digby's time a saintly Vicar maintained the wide and cultivated temper of Anglicanism, the religion of the Hall was set in the narrow evangelical mould. Digby was a catechumen of the Catholic Church before he died, and every hymn and religious poem of his anticipates this issue. Wherefore the family at the Hall, against the advice of the Vicar, called in "low church" clerical advisers, who were certain to be of their opinion and prejudice, with the result that Digby's name remained in obscurity. The last owner of the Hall gave tardy permission in the last years of her life to Mr Bridges to publish her brother's Memoir and Poems. She did not live to see the publication.

In following the Memoir before us the poems must be carefully studied side by side with the letters and narrative, to find the main issue of Dolben's thought. The issue was nothing short of a complete vision, in her wholeness, of the Catholic Church; of her imprint from her Founder, of her sacramental fullness and her discipline for himself. Through what slender oppor-

tunities often frustrated, through what deliberate choice, through what unretarding, although soothing, counter-influences he came to his clear vision, the record permits us to follow.

The Memoir begins at Eton, but in quoting from it the present writer must necessarily dwell on that part of the story which comes into her own knowledge. And it is to Digby's mother, so loved and often pictured by him, that memory first returns. She was the gentlest of beings, silent and touching in resignation as I saw her twenty years after Digby's death. She lived to mourn the loss of her three sons. The eldest in the Royal Navy was, by a strange fate, drowned at sea:—

> in the old house Shall be for aye the murmur of the sea.

And the second son, also in the Navy, died after Digby. The Hall was the inheritance of Mrs Dolben. Her father was the "Squarson" of Finedon alluded to above, and when she married Mr Mackworth he took the name of Dolben. In Digby's lifetime

> Mrs Dolben was a fine example of one of the best types of English culture [writes Mr Bridges], the indigenous grace of our country-houses, a nature whose indescribable ease and compelling charm overrule all contrarieties and reconcile all differences with the adjusted and unquestioning instinct that not chaos itself could have disconcerted or disheartened; such a paramount harmony of the feminine qualities as makes men think women their superiors.

The same gentle being is pictured in Digby's poem entitled "The Shrine." Strange that we must connect Mrs Dolben with the iron determination which withheld fame from her lost son. Sensitiveness and humility, unknown to the temper of to-day, may be pleaded for this refusal. But we are bound to record the narrowness which dictated a will leaving Finedon Hall to be sold rather than that it should pass to the next-of-kin, whose opinions were not of the same colour as her own, or the portrait would be incomplete.

Digby's father was an active country gentleman who

considered himself too busy with county business in Northampton to hunt with the Pytchley. In private life he posed as a busy squire who had scholarly and poetic *velléités*; he showed condescension to his son's verse. He had passed away from the Hall when I knew it, but his imprint upon it was left, with some vague suspicion of vanity about literary things. There was a suggestion of display of intellectual taste at the Hall. The library had been given up to Digby. It was left untouched after his death. The carven chair and table at which he read had been placed so that his vision rested on the vista of the noble avenue of the Hall. The room was panelled, and the oak bookshelves were richly carved. Of all these solid satisfactions to the mind let it be said that Digby hated them from childhood. Of his home it too much appears that it was regarded as a prison, because it was remote from his chosen friends, and he was harassed by the barriers raised by his father to intercourse with them. As a gifted son Digby was certainly tantalizing. His father took great pride in his garden. Long before gardening became the fashion Mr Dolben, who considered himself a pioneer, and his garden as a work of art, requested his son to write a poem about his pleasance. It was then that the garden at Finedon became peopled with saints who called to austerity and martyrs to martyrdom, and a dreamer who promised himself to join them.

Always at her mother's side, and acquiescing in her decisions, lived Digby's sister Ellen. She stood alone at Finedon till her recent death. Miss Dolben had a beautiful face, framed, when I knew her, by smooth silver-grey hair. She ever loved to speak of Digby. She was his confidante of the eager school-friendship inseparable from his story. The passionate outpouring of his verse on this subject sometimes reached an Elizabethan rapture. But here he was capable of returns upon himself.

He would over-indulge poetic sentiment and afterwards condemn the extravagance. "He would often laugh at himself as if he saw that his poetry had got out of hand," Miss Dolben wrote to me, (says Mr Bridges).

It would seem that his sister tempered his naturally absolute mood, and made Digby more pliant. And all bear witness to his humour and loveableness. The soberly judging minds at the Vicarage watched the rapid maturing of his mind from his early saintliness, when flashes of St Francis-like devotion won his school fellows to Our Lord, and through the young asceticism, which was a reaction from the excitements of Eton. But of narrowing tendencies they saw no trace. The wonderful boy, who discovered at sixteen in antique beauty that which corresponded to his own genius, but was ready to sacrifice all to Christ, had found a stable love in their view. Nor did he show at home any monkish rejection of friendship with minds opposite to his own. In a poem called " The Treasury " he summed up his expanding sense of the goodness of home and sober friendship. We see an excellent intelligence at work.

With the home-picture before us we come to Eton life. Needless to say, Mr Dolben had secured as his son's tutor a scholarly cleric of staunch Protestant bias.

According to old-fashioned custom Digby boarded in a " Dame's " house. The " dame " in this case was a very kindly, fair-minded housemaster, universally known as Dominie Stevens. The old red brick house still stands at the corner of the playing fields. In this house, it is true to the letter, that Eton was " the world " for Digby; he entered it a few days before he was fourteen. The external record shows us a fairly happy school life. His friend (and cousin) Mr Bridges was in the house, and soon to be in the Eleven. Digby made friends outside his house with boys who were, some of them, conspicuous in the school, and though his eyesight cut him off from games, and even boating, he was a swimmer, with a poet's love for the river. He knew every corner of it, where the moorhen builds still, where it catches the reflection of the chapel. But the undercurrent of the inward life was violent. That the boy who had been so good, so happy at his preparatory school, who had made religion there the joyous ground element of his life,

and that of his school fellows, should have begun at Eton the long penitence which stamps his mind as a monk's, is significant of the shock of mental temptation of which there is a retrospect and utterance in the poems written later.

At Eton it was his fancy to join a "brotherhood," sanctioned by Pusey and Liddon, which provided him with the habit of some unknown "Third Order," clad in which he made excursions in the neighbourhood of his school. Folly and extravagance accompany the record at this point. But saving humour comes in. There was an authority at Eton—his Tutor—named "John" by Digby, with a respect not followed by other boys who named the same authority "Johnny." He was the arbiter of Dolben's school studies and ultimate fate of having to leave Eton on account of a visit paid to the Rector of Beaumont College to ask questions concerning the Catholic Faith. Digby's notes on the subject (after leaving Eton) to Mr Bridges are full of common sense. He confessed he had done wrong. He may have been aggrieved that his clerical tutor prepared him for confirmation without any knowledge of the "Third Order of St Benedict." This was inexcusable. But if "John" taught him his Greek without the least discovery of his aptitude for its literature, it was nothing to Digby. The life of Hellas, the sunny image of Athens, filled his mind at Eton, but assuredly not in connexion with school studies. He enjoyed "wholesome neglect." There seems to have been plenty of reading time for boys so inclined in their rooms at "Dominie Stevens'." Mr Bridges was already an Elizabethan there. And Digby read Tennyson, and the Brownings. Swinburne's name was not so much as known. The "life poetic," as Sir Henry Taylor calls the joys and sorrows which find expression in verse aiming at perfection, may have been fostered at Eton, but self-criticism came in too. Nothing is droller in the Memoir than the conversations in a boy's room overlooking the Slough Road. Digby's school "burry" had a guarded drawer containing the life poetic and metric in

the shape of his first manuscript verses. The conversations were varied by boy-humours which both thought funny, by enthusiastic agreement about most poetry, but divergences about hymn-writing (Mr Bridges indiscriminately sending all hymn-writers to confusion). The Eton converse forms a perfect picture of immaturity in genius, but a holocaust of unripe verse followed. Dolben was sixteen. "One evening when I was sitting in his room, and moved to pull out the drawer where he kept his poems, the usual protest was not made. The drawer was empty; and he told me that he had burned them, every one. I was shocked, and felt some remorse in thinking that it was partly dislike of my reading them that had led him to destroy them."

Four poems written at Eton were saved, of which this Hymn was written at fifteen.

HOMO FACTUS EST

Come to me, Belovèd,
  Babe of Bethlehem;
Lay aside Thy Sceptre
  And Thy Diadem.

Come to me, Belovèd;
  Light and healing bring;
Hide my sin and sorrow
  Underneath Thy wing.

Bid all fear and doubting
  From my soul depart,
As I feel the beating
  Of Thy Human Heart.

Safe from earthly scandal
  My poor spirit hide
In the utter stillness
  Of Thy wounded Side.

* * *

Show me not the Glory
  Round about Thy Throne;
Show me not the flashes
  Of Thy jewelled Crown.

Digby Dolben

Hide me from the pity
  Of the Angels' Band,
Who ever sing Thy praises,
  And before Thee stand.

Hide me from the glances
  Of the Seraphin,—
They, so pure and spotless,
  I, so stained with sin.

Hide me from S. Michael*
  With his flaming sword:—
Thou can'st understand me,
  O my human Lord!

* * *

Only Thee, Belovèd,
  Only Thee, I seek.
Thou, the Man Christ Jesus,
  Strength in flesh made weak.

Dolben has often been described at Eton. He had a finely proportioned head, set on a tall, slight, and very boyish figure. He looked extraordinarily absorbed and absent. He had a pale skin and fine eyes; their far-away look owed something to short sight, but he never wore spectacles. Mr Walford, then a young master in the school, gave me the following description:

It was in chapel on a half holiday at Eton; three o'clock chapel in those days followed dinner, and was compulsory on half holidays; it was a very drowsy or very impatient matter for the boys; "dry bobs" and "wet bobs" were held in leash for half an hour between dinner and play. On that afternoon the air was sultry and I was in desk. Long habit could not prevent my noticing the indifference and deadness of all around, till my eyes fell on a boy who was praying. His whole attention was absorbed. His detached face made him look like a being of

* William Cory (then Johnson) reading this stanza in his study, where he was copying the hymn, exclaimed in my hearing: "What an imagination! Newman's nothing to it. Listen to this—'Hide me from St Michael!'" and he quoted the whole verse.

another and a spiritual world; indeed, the face once seen could never be forgotten. It was Dolben. I made his acquaintance, and found that he knew other boys in the school who were my friends.

No doubt Mr Walford alluded to some boys not very conspicuous, yet popular and long-remembered at Eton, who at that time made something like a High Anglican movement in the school. Dolben was in the heart of it.

In a school of eight hundred [writes Mr Bridges], we were of course not the only High-Church boys, and there were some ten or twelve who, though we in no sense formed a "set," were known to each other, and united by a sort of freemasonry. Scattered among the different forms and houses, and with different recreations and tastes, we seldom met; and I could name only three or four with whom I was on actual terms of friendship. Among these, Vincent Stuckey Coles—lately Principal of the Pusey House at Oxford [now Honorary Canon of Christchurch]—was pre-eminent for his devotion to *the cause*,—for that was one incidental aspect of our common opinions; he was indeed the recognized authority, and our leader in so far as universal esteem and confidence could give any one such a position amongst us: and I no sooner discovered Dolben's predilections than I introduced him to Coles, who quickly became much attached to him.

A list of boys' names follow. We must only dwell on that of Gosselin,* afterwards Sir Martin le Marchant Gosselin, British Minister at Lisbon. "Marchie" Gosselin, as he was universally called, with an exquisite amateur gift for the piano, was conspicuous and popular in the school, and gave a share in his friendship to Dolben his contemporary. Whoever knew Sir Martin Gosselin in any relation will remember the goodness which stamped all his beauty, and can readily picture him the ideal friend of a sensitive and shrinking boy. Indeed, he was to Digby at school

the heart and hinge
Of all his learning and of all his loves.

* In the Memoir the friend of Dolben's verse receives the fictitious name of Manning. This is according to the fitness of things where a friendship is so idealized.

Digby Dolben

The parting of the ways at the end of a public school life is very wide, the scattering of friends who have been equals at school is proverbially sad. How many doubtful Au Revoirs does the following sonnet echo:

A boyish friendship! No, respond the chimes,
The years of chimes fulfillèd since we parted,
Since " au revoir " you said among the limes,
And passed away in silence tender-hearted.
I hold it cleared by time that not of heat,
Or sudden passion my great Love was born:
I hold that years the calumny defeat
That it would fade as freshness off the morn.
That it was fathered not by mean desire
Of eye and ear, doth cruel distance prove.
My life is cleft to steps that lift it higher,
And with my growing manhood grows my Love.
Then come and tread the fruits of disconnexion
To the sweet vintage of your own perfection.

A great upheaval followed for Digby. Absence, self-humiliation, and the persisting image of the ideal friend bring him to the verge of despair in a sequence of poems written after leaving Eton. A thought from St Francis brings relief to the tension.

SISTER DEATH

My sister Death! I pray thee come to me
Of thy sweet charity,
And be my nurse but for a little while;
I will indeed lie still,
And not detain thee long, when once is spread,
Beneath the yew, my bed:
I will not ask for lilies or for roses;
But when the evening closes,
Just take from any brook a single knot
Of pale Forget-me-not,
And lay them in my hand, until I wake,
For his dear sake;
(For should he ever pass and by me stand,
He yet might understand——)
Then heal the passion and the fever
With one cool kiss, for ever.

Digby Dolben

Dolben left Eton partly for suddenly threatened eyesight and partly on account of the already mentioned pilgrimage to Beaumont. He had to read for matriculation at Balliol, held in view for the next two years. Successive tutors failed to meet the requirements of Mr Dolben and his son; the father ever in quest of the ideal Protestant in a bracing Rectory, and Digby pleading to be in touch with his "brethren." At one time the choice fell on a "grey-headed man in a ploughed field in Lincolnshire."

How to spend a year here I cannot think. Pity me. I should not mind even being called *poor child*. It would be reasonable now . . . Lincoln Minster is glorious—but of all the miserable men that these last days produce is not the jocose verger the most revolting? What can be the reason that Protestants build new Cathedrals as they do in the Colonies? since they have absolutely no use for them. I saw Chapel after Chapel which are never entered from one year's end to another. I saw the anointed Altar-stones put as paving-stones near the doors, that all might tread on them: the ruins of shrines innumerable in honour of Saints whose relics were thrown away by order of Henry VIII. On the whole a visit to an English Cathedral is not a pleasure. Little S. Hugh, the boy martyr, still lies under the remains of his shrine. Might we not in our Monastery have a shrine in honour of the boy Martyrs of the Church, SS. Pancras, William and Hugh? And the choristers, oblates and little monks should be taught to love them as Catholic boys of all ages have done. I don't know how I should get on but for the thought of the O.S.N.* I know, I cannot help feeling sure that it will not come to nothing. I beg of your charity that you will write. Your letters always do me good. One must look on the future, and not back to the past.

Ever yr. affec.,

D. M. D.

Lincolnshire was quitted, and Rutland is the next scene of the Memoir. The obsession of sorrow for the loss of his friend pursued Digby at successive Rectories. There might seem puerility in such an excess of inward discomfort—puerility, the danger most feared by Keats even in adolescence, when he laboured for bare inde-

* Anglican "Order of St Nicholas."

pendence before facing the gross hindrances of his poetic life.

But Dolben was fast maturing. The puerility may lie in recording all but the great influences on a poet's life, however young. It was now at the quiet Rutlandshire Rectory that antique beauty became a strong power upon him, harmonising, so far, with Christian thought. The following lines were written at South Luffenham.

AFTER READING ÆSCHYLUS

I will not sing my little puny songs,
It is more blessed for the rippling pool
To be absorbed in the great ocean-wave
Than even to kiss the sea-weeds on its breast.
Therefore in passiveness I will lie still,
And let the multitudinous music of the Greek
Pass into me, till I am musical.

AFTER READING HOMER

Happy the man, who on the mountain-side,
Bending o'er fern and flowers his basket fills:
Yet he will never know the outline-power,
The awful Whole of the Eternal Hills.

So some there are, who never feel the strength
In thy blind eyes, majestic and complete,
Which conquers those, who motionlessly sit,
O dear divine old Giant, at thy feet.

Grave pre-occupations awaited Dolben, too, at Luffenham in the first encounter there apparently with modern thought. Mr Bridges gives us an account which too much takes for granted that his three years younger friend was capable of his own feat, i.e. "seeing suddenly, in a certain spot of the garden where they talked, certain familiar ideas in a new light." We suppose by "familiar ideas" he means Christianity. For the statement follows one about Mr Prichard's conversations with Digby. Mr Prichard was a tutor of excellent understanding, the first who had won all

Dolben's esteem. As he was a clergyman, and there is mention of " a new light," we infer that he was of the school called " Broad Church," followers of Jowett. Dogmas were looked on by that school as historical monuments which served to hold piety together whilst new channels were dug for its sentiment. There is not a trace of Digby's capacity for attaching piety to words which had lost their meaning, any more than for making of religion one of the fine arts. There were three results of conversations at South Luffenham. First the glimpse of doubt:—

> Now first I catch the meaning of a strife,
> A great soul-battle fought for death or life.
> Nearing me come the murmurs of a war,
> And blood and dust sweep cloudy from afar,
> And, surging round, the sobbing of the sea
> Choked with the weepings of humanity.

Secondly, the realization of the temper of Greek thought. Freed from dogma, freed from the sense of sin, his soul might yet know the tranquillity of the ancient philosophy.

A SONG

> The world is young to-day:
> Forget the gods are old,
> Forget the years of gold
> When all the months were May.
>
> A little flower of Love
> Is ours, without a root,
> Without the end of fruit,
> Yet—take the scent thereof.
>
> There may be hope above,
> There may be rest beneath;
> We see them not, but Death
> Is palpable—and Love.

Thirdly, pagan beliefs might henceforth bear weight in Digby's soul-conflict, but the half-faiths, the half-

hearted worship of men who regarded creeds as mere historical monuments were cast from him for ever.

The following poem was amongst those he wrote, when Clough's poetic thought interested but could not lead him.*

THE ETERNAL CALVARY

The clouded hill attend thou still,
And him that went within.

—A. H. Clough.

Not so indeed shall be our creed,—
The Man whom we rely on
Has brought us thro' from old to new,
From Sinai to Zion.
For us He scaled the hill of myrrh,
The summits of His Passion,
And is set down upon the throne
Of infinite Compassion.

He passed within the cloud that veiled
The Mount of our Salvation,
In utter darkness swallowed up
Until the Consummation.
The clouds are burst, the shades dispersed
Descending from above
With wounded hands our Prophet stands,
And bears the Law of Love.

Not so indeed shall be our creed,—
To wait a new commission,
As if again revealed to men
Could be the heavenly Vision;
The priceless thing He died to bring
From out the veil, to miss,
While Host and Cup are lifted up
On countless Calvarys.

* Poem 13 (*Good Friday*) should be studied in this connexion. "Is it too dark to pray?"

" Among the dead," an angel said,
" Seek not the living Christ."
The type is done, the real begun,
Behold the Eucharist!
The curse is spent, the veil is rent,
And face to face we meet Him,
With chanting choirs and incense fires
On every altar greet him.

Receive it then, believe it then,
As childlike spirits can;
Receive, believe, and thou shalt live,
And thou shalt love O man!

" I wish to lead as Catholic a life as I can," Digby wrote from home to Mr Bridges soon after the phase described, and the words probably have reference both to the phase itself and also to Mr Dolben's firm hostility to the Roman Church. We are coming to the last year of his life, and there is yet no evidence of any change of religion. At Easter, 1866, when he was just eighteen, he was sent to read with a clergyman in Radnorshire, North Wales, who was famous with Eton men reading for the University. Here Digby struck his contemporaries as a monk. He had plenty of opportunity at Boughrood of drawing near his " brethren " in Anglican communities. They were to be found toiling in Birmingham not far off, or in the vale of Llanthony, just over the Welsh border. Digby could ride in his assumed habit to find them active by the ruined monastery in spreading Catholic truth amongst the Black Mountains and through Herefordshire. In their chapels, at their services Digby found in the well-known Anglican phrase, " all he wanted," or so it seemed. And his mind was gaining in calm. Poetic strength and mastery he had attained, as Mr Bridges points out, in two or three poems which he named " masterpieces." Besides, he had a new friend at Boughrood, and verses full of the calm and amenity of friendship speak of the delicious scenery

of the Wye charming and fortifying their spirits. This friend,* formerly in the school with him at Eton, was to feel the impress of their talks when very soon he, too, became a convert to the Church of Digby's vision. That vision of Rome is so pronounced in its clearness for Digby, one is almost inclined to ask if he was in good faith with his Anglican brethren. If so, one asks, why did he move so soon? Suddenly the light of logic is thrown in on the picture. Two scraps of letters are the only existing written evidence that Digby resolved at eighteen and a half to be reconciled with the Church. His father's opposition was the only barrier. He sought out a spiritual adviser to judge when he might assert his will against his father. That spiritual adviser was to be Dr Newman.

The first scrap is in a letter to Mr Bridges, and dated Boughrood, September, 1866, "I visited the Oratory. Newman was away, but Father Ryder was most civil, and not at all contemptuous." †

The second scrap of writing which survives as evidence that Digby was a catechumen of the Church was found in his desk after his death. It was an unfinished letter to his father, not dated, but almost certainly written within a few weeks of his death, asking to be released from his promise in case of any dangerous accident or illness, and to be baptized.

To return to the call at the Birmingham Oratory. Immedately on receiving the message transmitted by Father Ryder from Dolben to himself, Newman wrote, counselling him to speak to his father immediately, and in the event of his refusal, to *wait*. The letter was read at Finedon. Digby made a full declaration to his father, and met with the expected hostility. He then decided to wait, and continue his reading for matriculation at Balliol.

The letter of Newman does not exist as a document.

* The present Lord Braye.

† The word applied to Dolben's position as a High Anglican, longing for reconciliation with Rome, whilst conforming to the "rule" of the fanciful order.

It was burnt at Finedon after Digby's death. But the last sentence survives in the memory of several, the sentence for which it would appear it was burnt:

In the meanwhile I look on you as one of us.

After the catastrophe Dr Newman wrote to a friend:

Yes, we heard all about Dolben. The account was very pleasant, he had not given up the idea of being a Catholic, but he thought he had lived on excitement, and felt he must give himself time before he could know whether he was in earnest or not. This does not seem to me a wrong frame of mind. He was, up to his death, careful in his devotional exercises. I never saw him.

These are the written evidences of the change. But there exists also an *unwritten* narrative of Digby's sudden appearance at the Oratory. This was related to myself by an eye-witness, quoted before, Father Walford, whom we left at Eton. After his conversion, in 1865, we find him again at the Oratory, Birmingham, September 1, 1866.

I was in the chapel of Our Lady in the church of the Oratory praying for the conversion of my Eton friends, when the Sacristan called me to the parlour. There I beheld Dolben, whom I had not seen since his Eton days. Eton! What would it have thought of him now!—he was in such a state—bareheaded, muddy and torn. He was wearing the habit of the Anglican Order, he had been hooted in the streets, mud had been thrown at him, he must have been pelted, in short, I don't know how he came to be in such a state. But his face was radiant, I can never forget it. It shone with joy and peace and seemed to light up the room. He said little of his adventure, but that he had come to consult Newman. Newman was away, but I hastened to call Father Ryder. The question he had come to ask Newman was about the hostility of his father to his reception. As you know, Newman's advice to him was to wait till he was of age, or till his father consented.*

* I was not the only listener to this narrative. Mrs Brookfield heard it with deep interest to the end, and immediately asked: " And what did Dr Newman feel when he learnt Digby Dolben's death? " Father Walford's

It would seem that discipline was the last word on Dolben's conflict, but there is evidence of a good deal of strain felt in isolation during the waiting. A gleam of Purification candle-light falls on him in February, 1867, when, as Mr Walford related to Canon Stuckey-Coles, they attended Mass together, and at the Gospel Mr Walford said, "Take the candle in your hand and light up the Gospel in your heart." There is a poem composed at Finedon, May, 1867, which sings nobly and joyously, in the form of a mediaeval ballade, the glories of Heaven. Of three poems found in the desk after death (with that unfinished letter asking from his father to see a priest in case of illness), the following shows that Dolben's vision of the Church was undimmed.

Unto the central height of purple Rome,—
The crown of martyrdom,
Set as a heart within the passionate plain
Of triumph and pain,
Where common roses in their blow and bud
Speak empire and show blood—
From colourless flowers and from breasts that burn,
Mother! to thee we turn.
The phantom light before thee flees and faints,
O City of the Saints!
In whom, with palms and wounds, there tarrieth
The unconquerable faith;
Where, as on Carmel, our Elijah stands
Above the faithless lands;
But conscious of earth's evening, not of them,
Lifts toward Jerusalem,
Where is the altar of High Sacrifice,
His full prophetic eyes....

At Easter he had gone up for matriculation at Balliol and fainted in the Examination. He did not pass, and it

face lit up as he replied: "He was *certain* of his salvation." I preserve a written record of the conversation in a letter from Mrs Brookfield: "How bright was the countenance of Father Walford as he spoke; I could imagine that light which he described upon the young man's face."

was decided he should go to Christ Church in October and read for entrance with Mr Prichard once more.

He seemed quite happy; much more so than when here before . . . now there was a continual play of mind, as if he were at peace, and had leisure for such enjoyments as his studies and books and conversation gave him. . . . His playfulness and perception of humour were great.

He did not strike me as looking forward with any particular interest to his Oxford life. He said that he thought he should like Christ Church better than Balliol, but that he had been much annoyed at not getting into the latter. He did not tell me—what was the case—that he had been so ill that he had fainted the same day.

I have never known anyone of his age,—perhaps none at all—whom it was such a pleasure to converse with and teach. On his own subjects of poetry and knowledge of art his mind was far in advance of mine. . . . But on general topics, history, philosophy, classics, etc., I felt that he was interested in gaining ideas. His Latin writing was rather drudgery to him. . . he took much pains with it . . . his appreciation of classical poetry was very great. Sophocles was not, I think, his favourite author, but he spoke of the great beauty of the descriptions in the Œdipus Coloneus. The last piece he construed to me was the speech of Ajax taking leave of the world before his death. On my asking him whether it was not beautiful, he said "Very beautiful" emphatically. I remarked that one could have been content if the play had ended there. He said "Yes," and then added with a smile, "In the Persae, which I read with you when I was here before, there were some scores of lines at the end, with little but *αἰαῖ* in them."

These were the last words I heard him say in a lesson; I rather think the last I heard him speak.

It has been mentioned that a fainting fit in the examination room at Balliol was the cause of failure to matriculate at Easter. A faint whilst swimming with a burden on his back was the cause of Dolben's death by drowning. The conversation recorded above by Mr Prichard took place on Friday, June 28.

Digby Dolben

After he had read the speech of Ajax, narrates Mr Bridges, he went, late in the afternoon, to bathe with Mr Prichard's son Walter. The boy could not swim, but had learned to float on his back. Digby was a good swimmer. They had bathed together before, and there was so little thought of danger that no apprehension was felt when they did not return. . . . What happened was that when they were bathing Digby took the boy on his back and swam across the river with him. Returning in the same fashion he suddenly sank within a few yards of the bank to which he was swimming. The boy, who was the only witness, had the presence of mind to turn on his back and keep himself afloat, and shout to some reapers in the riverside meadows. They did not at once take the alarm, but on the boy's persistently calling, they ran to the bank and got him out with difficulty and delay; the water was deep, and none of them could venture in. Digby's body was not found until some hours after. He was buried under the altar at Finedon on July 6.

. . . . . .

He must have fainted in the water, without pain, in one of his rare moments of healthy bodily enjoyment; and premature as his end was, and the stroke of it unlooked for, and apparently sudden, yet his last poems show him waiting and expectant.

A letter from F. Gerard Hopkins, S.J., then a Balliol undergraduate, who had met Dolben once at Oxford two years before, gives evidence that his intentions were known:

I looked forward to meeting Dolben and his being a Catholic more than to anything . . . you know there can very seldom have happened the loss of so much beauty in body and mind and life and of the promise of still more as there has been in his case—seldom I mean in the whole world, for the conditions would not easily come together.

There was a lyric left amongst Dolben's manuscripts which, though written earlier, would seem to contain a possible answer to the mystery:

Digby Dolben

REQUESTS

I asked for Peace—
    My sins arose,
    And bound me close,
I could not find release.

I asked for Truth—
    My doubts came in,
    And with their din
They wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love—
    My lovers failed,
    And griefs assailed
Around, beneath, above.

I asked for Thee—
    And Thou didst come
    To take me home
Within Thy Heart to be.

BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH

THE IRISH NATIONAL THEATRE

THERE is no literary movement of the present time which has met with so little adequate criticism as the Irish school of drama. Ever since the discovery, some years ago, by *The Times* dramatic critic of the strange and exotic charm of English spoken with an Irish accent, the tours through England of the Abbey Theatre players have been one long triumphal progress. Their acting has been acclaimed as a return from the artifice and convention of the English stage to nature itself; their plays have been hailed as masterpieces of literature; above all, the " Playboy of the Western World " has been accepted as a classic, as the supreme and perfect representation of peasant life, as the true interpretation of the enigma of Ireland for English audiences.

In America the cultured and literary world has followed, as it usually does, in the footsteps of the English intellectual class. The same eulogies have been pronounced, with added American emphasis, over the same plays. American universities have gone so far as to adopt Synge's works as text-books of English literature. Yet in America there has been what there is not in England, a strong current of adverse criticism. Profitable as was the tour of the Abbey company in the autumn of 1911, it was not the uninterrupted sequence of triumphs which one might suppose from reading the Press notices. Protest after protest was made, both in the theatre and in the less literary papers, against the general tenor and atmosphere of the plays. The " Playboy " was specially singled out for opposition. It was declared to be a parody and a perversion of Irish peasant life, a libel on the national character, immoral both in language and in plot.

Unfortunately for the Abbey Theatre company, both players and writers, the criticism, which they had so long needed and at last received in the United States, was of the kind which irritates rather than stimulates; and that

for two reasons. First of all, there is an impression that the opposition was organized and not spontaneous, the work of those compact and self-conscious institutions, the Irish-American societies. Secondly, the quality of the criticism left a good deal to be desired; it was richer in epithets than in ideas, and by its indiscriminate condemnation of the Irish players and all their works left them an easy opening for an effective and damaging reply.

Between these two extremes, unqualified eulogy and indiscriminate condemnation, the Irish dramatic movement has received scarcely any criticism worthy the name. The Dublin Press wavers between the two positions, according as its literary or its patriotic instincts happen to be uppermost at the moment. Neither in Ireland nor elsewhere has there been any genuine attempt to review the movement dispassionately or to estimate its true value as an interpreter of the soul of the Irish peasant. As an admirer of much of the work done by the Abbey Theatre company, I am here venturing to throw out a few suggestions, which may serve to explain their failure to capture a large section of Irish and American public opinion and to indicate how far the prevailing attitude of disapprobation is justified.

In conversation with returned travellers, specially those of decided and vigorous opinions, there is nothing more common than to find that in the countries which they visited they met with exactly those things which their theories had led them to expect. Particularly is this true of Ireland. A party of Liberal M.P.'s makes a tour and finds the people full of memories of " Buckshot " Forster and Mitchelstown, of rackrenting and evictions, awaiting Home Rule as the one remedy for the evils of the past. A party of Unionist M.P.'s visits the same district and finds the tenant-farmer sick and weary of agitation, anxious only to be allowed to develop his own resources under a benevolent Conservative despotism, freed for all time from the paid agitator and the professional politician. The explanation of the phenomenon is not easy. It may be that the Irish character is a complex one, and that by

exhibiting various aspects of himself to his various visitors the Irishman succeeds in creating not only contrary, but contradictory impressions in their minds. It may be that by a charming faculty of verbal deference he leaves his interlocutors with the idea that they alone have discovered the panacea for Ireland's ills. However that may be, it is a fact, although an often-forgotten one, that visitors to Ireland seldom carry away with them a complete knowledge of Irish characteristics.

The leading Irish dramatists of the present day are not visitors to Ireland. They have all of them been born and bred within its borders. Synge, Mr Yeats and Mr Lenox Robinson alike passed their early years in the Irish countryside. Geographically they are Irish writers as far as any writer in the English language can be an Irish writer. But there is an Ireland which is not to be found in the geography books, which is bounded not by four seas, but by history, religion and tradition; and of this Ireland I doubt whether Yeats, Synge or Robinson ever received the citizenship. They may be familiar with every glen in Wicklow and every island off the Galway coast, but I do not think they have ever penetrated into the recesses of the Irish mind.

It is not that Mr Yeats, for instance, would ever set himself up as a representative of "England's faithful garrison." His politics are probably Nationalist, his sympathies with the people. But there is a great difference between being "with the people" and "of the people," and the man who would interpret the people's soul must be both. He must know them from the inside as well as from the outside if he would arrive at complete comprehension. Mr Yeats and his fellows know them well from the outside: to the deeper and more intimate knowledge they have never attained.

In every country there is a great gulf between rich and poor, between the governing class and the governed. In Ireland the gulf is wider and deeper than elsewhere: history, religion and tradition have all contributed to it. The type of the Irish peasant is more different from the

type of which Mr Yeats is representative than is the English labourer from the English gentleman. If an English working-man made money and was raised to the House of Lords, he, or at any rate his son, would not be of a very different temperament and mentality from his fellow-peers. But in whatever position an Irish peasant was placed, it would be many generations before he approximated to the type of the Irish Protestant landowner.

Wide as is the gulf, it may be bridged: there is no man in Ireland who understands the peasant better than Dr Douglas Hyde, the son of a Protestant clergyman, and President of the Gaelic League. But the man who would bridge it must approach his task humbly and carefully; he must bring with him no preconceived ideas; he must put himself in sympathy with the peasant and take him as he finds him. Otherwise, the latter courteously adapts himself for the moment to the expectations which have been formed of his character. Dr Hyde has succeeded; but it is not given to all to possess Dr Hyde's sympathy and insight, least of all to men who start with preconceived ideas so definite and so assured as those of the Irish literary dramatist. It is to these preconceived ideas that I must ascribe the failure of the modern school of drama to understand and interpret Irish life.

It has often been pointed out how great an influence in Mr W. B. Yeats' literary development has been exercised by certain modern literary schools, both in France and England. He himself would, I imagine, be the last person to disclaim his debt to Maeterlinck, to Villiers de l'Isle Adam, to Arthur Symons and to half-a-dozen other writers whom I need not name. The technique of his art bears evident traces of many modern movements. Even his frequent use of the twelve-syllabled line instead of the ordinary decasyllable, perhaps his most important contribution to English poetry, is merely an adaptation of the French Alexandrine. Synge, too, spent a large portion of his literary career in Paris, and French influences can be felt in his dramatic technique. As for the followers of Yeats and Synge, they have had no need to go to France

for technique: they have French methods served up to them at second-hand by Yeats and Synge.

Of course, there can be no possible objection to the adaptation by Anglo-Irish writers of French technical methods, or of the methods of any other language. What is more serious is that with the technique they have also imported some of the ideas of the "literary man" of London or Paris—ideas which, whatever be their merits, are singularly inappropriate in dealing with the Irish peasantry—and have placed them in the mouths of characters with Irish names. Mr Yeats is conscious of the contrast between the intellectual world and the world of resident magistrates and retired colonels of militia; he has delineated in his drama, "Where there is Nothing," the mutual contempt and dislike of Paul Ruttledge, preacher of Nietszchean metaphysics, and Mr Dowler and Colonel Lawley, respectable members of society. He has also realized, and rightly realized, the contrast between the magistrate and Charlie Ward, the tramp. But when he makes Paul Ruttledge and Charlie Ward congenial companions and insinuates that their ideas are similar, though differently expressed, he falls into the error of thinking that things which are contrary to the same thing are the same as one another. Mr Yeats can only bring the philosopher and the tramp together on the principle that extremes meet, and even then he should remember that some extremes cannot meet without an explosion. It is a common error to suppose that because neither the literary man nor the manual labourer belong to the bourgeois classes they are therefore similar to each other; that is to say, it is a common error on the part of the literary man; the labourer seldom falls into it.

It is in this reaction against the bourgeoisie that both Mr Yeats and Synge have thought to find common ground with the Irish peasant. Again and again in "Ideas of Good and Evil" we find the artificial tradition of the few in the great towns compared to the natural tradition of the dweller in Arran or Connemara: these two classes are held up as the two who could best appreciate literary

drama at the present time: the poetry of these two is bracketed together and contrasted with that of Longfellow, the poet of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker.

But there is a positive side to the fancied resemblance as well as the merely negative side; and because there is actually a certain similarity between the modern poet and the peasant in one, though not the most important, of his aspects, it may be worth while analysing it.

There is a prose tale of Mr Yeats' called *The Crucifixion of the Outcast*. A gleeman, one of the old Irish bards, comes to the door of an Abbey and asks for shelter. The lay-brother puts him in an outhouse with two sods of turf, a wisp of straw, a blanket, a loaf of bread and a jug of water. But the turf and the straw are damp, the bread is mouldy, the water foul, and the blanket full of fleas. The gleeman rises and curses the monastery and all the brothers. In the morning the monks take him out to crucify him, making him carry his cross. Three times on the way he stops: once he does for them all the tricks of Angus the Subtle-Hearted, once he tells them all the jests of Conan the Bald, and once he sings them the story of White-Breasted Deirdre. "And the young friars were mad to hear him, but when he had ended, they grew angry, and beat him for waking forgotten longings in their hearts." So they lead him to the top of the hill and there crucify him.

I think it would be permissible to read into this story an allegory of Ireland as Mr Yeats sees it. First, we have the old pagan land, mother of mystery and magic, of poetry and song. Then Christianity comes, preoccupied with souls rather than art, ruthless towards her enemies, and brings to an end the old world of joy and laughter. Yet in the hearts even of her devotees arise, time and again, forgotten longings for the white breasts of Deirdre.

There is, of course, an element of truth in such a reading of modern Ireland, as there is in almost every reading. In Ireland, as well as in every other country, there are traces of the primitive, pagan life that existed before

Christianity came to her shores. In the peasant, especially, living close to the soil, primitive habits persist both of thought and action. And it is by this pagan element that modern Irish dramatists have been chiefly attracted—by the superstitions that the Church has not been able to crush, by the outbursts of primeval savagery that take place in the least savage of races. The ancient paganism of the wandering man, of the hunter, of the tiller of the soil, has been rediscovered, dragged into the light, and claimed as sister by the neo-paganism of the literary decadent.

The first mark of all paganism is the dethronement of reason, and the substitution for it of brute force under one name or another. Hence arose the doctrine of the Superman. The modern *littérateur* has set aside even brute force:

> Where are now the warring kings?
> An idle word is all their story . . .
> Words alone are certain good. . . .

He gives the palm instead to uncontrolled passion. Aodh, the bard, one of Mr Yeats' heroes, is " blown hither and thither by love and anger; according to his mood he would fly now from one man and with blanched face, and would now show an extreme courage one man against many." Paul Ruttledge is blown about by his desires like a leaf before the wind, to a tinker's camp, to a monastery, and to a miserable death by the roadside. Forgael, in the *Shadowy Waters*, is led by a vague and formless desire over a boundless sea. Hanrahan the Red is ever mastered by love or drink or sorrow. So, too, in the works of Synge. The scene of the *Tinker's Wedding* is laid among a race of people who acknowledge no laws either of God or man, nomads and outcasts, as irresponsible and as trackless as the wind. Christy Mahon himself, the playboy of the western world, wins the hearts of Pegeen Mike and the Widow Quin by the ungovernable passion which led him to " destroy his da with a blow of a loy."

Now, I have no wish to deny that this pagan element

exists in the Irish character. No one looking back on certain of the events of the Land War in Ireland could assert that the Irish peasant is not sometimes savage, uncontrollable and passionate. But I maintain, as every one who knows Ireland would maintain, that these qualities are not the only ones which go to make up his character: they are not even the most essential ones. Yet it is these qualities, and no others, which have been exploited by the Abbey Theatre dramatists. No wonder that their types are not universally recognized as true to life, when they have selected from the Irishman's complex personality those few attributes to which they feel themselves most akin, and have labelled them " Ireland." No wonder that Ireland and Irish-America refuse to acknowledge as Irish, characters devoid of those particular qualities which have distinguished Ireland in the eyes of the whole world.

Anyone who is familiar with the history of Ireland knows that religion enters into that history as into the history of no other country. Anyone who knows the Ireland of the present day knows that religion enters into her life as into the life of few other races. Even the most apparently secular events are not unconnected with things religious: the land-hunger, for instance, and the passionate desire for peasant-proprietorship are a modern form of the Catholic, mediæval ideal of the independence of the labourer. In any representation, therefore, of Irish life, the element of religion cannot be omitted or neglected: for by it that whole life is coloured. A complete and satisfactory representation must deal with this strong religious element from a sympathetic standpoint; otherwise the artist will be approaching the life of the Irish peasant from the outside, and will misinterpret half his actions and misjudge half his motives. Above all, he must beware of treating the religion of the peasant as a picturesque superstition, akin to his belief in fairies, which only influences him by appealing to the emotion of terror. It is one of the mainsprings of his action, and attempts to belittle it are mere falsifications of the truth.

But all this harmonizes ill with the preconceived ideas which the modern Irish dramatist has formed of his subject; it is hard to reconcile with the theory implied in *The Crucifixion of the Outcast*. It leaves little room for the paganism which Mr Yeats and Synge suggest is the salient characteristic of the Irish peasant. How have they attempted to deal with the religion which, in one form or another, confronts their every step in Ireland, whether it is by the crowds going to Mass on Sunday or the sacred pictures hanging in every cottage?

Mr Yeats' own ideas on the part played by Christianity in the development of Ireland are, I think, sufficiently indicated in *The Crucifixion of the Outcast*. As for its effect on the life of the individual Irishman, it would not be hard to collect quotations sufficiently representative of his opinion on the point. The Catholic religion, according to him, consists of a number of beliefs, more or less picturesque, which the Irish peasant holds together with a number of other beliefs relative to fairies, pookas, sowlths and other supernatural beings. His old woman in the *Celtic Twilight* tells him details of Purgatory and pookas with the same degree of credulity. Irish Catholicism is, however, subject to variation, just as folk-tales vary from mouth to mouth and from district to district. The little girls in the *Celtic Twilight*, when asked if they have heard of Christ, answer: "Yes, but we do not like Him, for He would kill us if it were not for the Virgin." Catholic belief is not in Mr Yeats' eyes a very strong or enduring force; for in time of famine we find Shemus Rhua, the typical peasant, leaving it for devil-worship:

> Satan pours the famine from his bag,
> And I am minded to go pray to him . . .
> (*Kicking a shrine of the Virgin Mary to pieces*)
> . . . The Mother of God has dropped asleep,
> And all her household things have gone to wrack. . . .
> God and the Mother of God have dropped asleep,
> For they are weary of the prayers and the candles. . . .

Nor can we wonder that the peasant deserts the God of

Mr Yeats' fancy, for He is a God of the upper classes. One peasant is made to say to the Countess Kathleen:

> The souls of us poor folk
> Are not precious to God as your soul is.

Moreover, in the face of supernatural danger the rites of Christianity are powerless. The priest in the *Land of Heart's Desire*, uttering the most solemn invocations, cannot save Maire Bruin from the fairy child, even though she herself calls on Heaven to defend her. Father John, in the *Countess Kathleen*, although he is " murmuring many prayers," is lured by a demon, in the shape of a nine-mouthed bonyeen, over the edge of a quarry, and his soul thrust into the demon's bag. Is it surprising that with such a conception of the religion of the Irish peasant Mr Yeats has not been entirely successful in interpreting his character?

In the plays of Synge we find equally strange ideas on the relations of the Irish peasant to his religion and to the priesthood. Religion here is the mark of the weak-minded. Shawn Keogh, the poor-spirited lover in the " Playboy," when he is told to pass the night in the sheebeen with Pegeen Mike, cries out in horrified confusion:

> I would and welcome, Michael James, but I'm afeard of Father Reilly; and what at all would the Holy Father and the Cardinals of Rome be saying if they heard I did the like of that?

And again:

> Oh, Father Reilly and the saints of God, where will I hide myself to-day? Oh, St Joseph and St Patrick and St Brigid and St James, have mercy on me now.

The admirable and high-spirited Pegeen Mike, on the other hand, prefers a bolder type of admirer:

> Where now will you meet the like of Daneen Sullivan, knocked the eye from a peeler; or Marcus Quin, God rest him, got six months for maiming ewes?

The Irish National Theatre

One cannot feel astonishment at the lukewarm feeling of the people for a Church whose priests are of the type portrayed in *The Tinker's Wedding*. This person, after haggling with a couple of tinkers about the marriage-fee they are to pay him, sits down with the foul-mouthed old woman, Mary Byrne, and drinks porter out of a tin can. He then proceeds to complain to the tinkers of the hard life of a priest in the following terms:

> If it's starving you are itself, I'm thinking it's well for the like of you that do be drinking when there's drouth on you, and lying down to sleep when your legs are stiff. (*He sighs gloomily.*) What would you do if it was the like of myself you were, saying Mass with your mouth dry, and running east and west for a sick call maybe, and hearing the rural people again and they saying their sins?

The truth is that both Mr Yeats and Synge started on their careers as Irish dramatists with ideals born of the literary coteries of London and Paris, ideals of uncontrollable passion and of brute force. They found in the Irish peasant certain traits of character more or less in harmony with those ideals, and on that basis they proceeded to construct their plays. But they forgot, or could not see, that the most important element in Irish life, as in Irish history, is the religious element; and when they attempted to reduce that element to terms of neo-paganism, they fell into ludicrous and glaring error. If the Ireland of the present day was the Ireland delineated by Mr Yeats and Synge, it would be beyond the power of man to explain the paradox of her conduct under the Penal Laws. Judged in the light of history as well as of present-day experience, the modern Irish drama is a radical misinterpretation of Irish character.

To criticism of this type the Irish dramatists have one stereotyped reply. They claim that no one is compelled to treat exclusively of the normal in his literary works: the more abnormal a character may be, the more interesting and suggestive he should prove upon the stage. Scots do

not complain of Macbeth: why should Irishmen take offence at Shemus Rhua or Pegeen Mike?

The answer is obvious. If dramatists are treating of the abnormal, they must treat of it as abnormal. They must not take an abnormal type and present it as the normal. It is here that the distinction lies between *Macbeth* and *The Playboy of the Western World.* In the former play there are indications of a sane and healthy public opinion: the average Scot is horrified at Duncan's murder: Shakespeare's indictment is against an individual, not against a nation. In Synge's hands the story would have taken a very different shape: Macbeth would openly exult in his murder, and Banquo and Macduff vie with one another in an ecstasy of enthusiastic loyalty to the murderer: retribution would only follow when it was discovered that Duncan was not dead after all. A *Macbeth* of this type might reasonably be compared to the *Playboy*: between the *Playboy* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth* no possible comparison can be drawn. Even in the repertoire of the Abbey Theatre there is at least one play in which the abnormal is treated as abnormal. I refer to *The Building Fund* by Mr William Boyle. Here the chief characters are a miserly old woman and the son and granddaughter, who are struggling to get her money. But a healthier public opinion is indicated by means of the collectors for the building of a new church, who represent the point of view of the normal, average individual. We are not confronted with the spectacle of a whole population with the saving of money for its only object in life. Mr Boyle has in this play got nearer to a true presentation of the Irish countryman than any of the other Abbey Theatre dramatists, and for this reason: he has not started with a judgment of the Irish peasant formed out of Ireland; he has not set himself to seek out traces of that ancient and savage paganism which persists in Ireland as well as in every civilized country; he has judged the mentality of the Irish people by the light of experience, and not by the light of his own mentality. It would be well if other modern Irish dramatists would desert the Synge-Yeats

tradition and adopt the saner and more wholesome outlook of Mr Boyle.

The failure to understand the religious sense of the Irish people implies a corresponding failure to understand their patriotic sentiment, which, after all, is based on a religious feeling. Mr Yeats, it is true, has given admirable expression to that sentiment in his short play, *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, and in certain of his lyrics. The belief in Ireland and in Ireland's destinies has never been more beautifully expressed than in the lines:

> But purer than a tall candle before the Holy Rood
> Is Kathleen the daughter of Houlihan,

which are, in fact, a transmutation into poetry of the old tag:

> On our side is Virtue and Erin.

But in the majority of the productions of the Abbey Theatre the peasant is as devoid of patriotism as of religion: the lessons of history and of present-day experience are alike set aside in favour of an a proiri conception of the peasant as the literary man would like to find him.

To those of us who entertained high hopes of a native Irish school of drama the present state of the Abbey Theatre is a continuous source of disappointment. Yet, even now, it is not too late for the younger members of that school to lift the movement out of the groove into which it has fallen, and to search for material, not in the dramas of Synge, but in the living realities of Irish life. It is on these lines alone that a really representative Irish school of drama can be produced.

CHARLES BEWLEY

FOREIGN POLITICS OF THE DAY

IT is plain that the writer upon whom falls the task of presenting from time to time an analysis of contemporary foreign affairs mentally labours under those serious disadvantages inseparable from the swift progress of events. The advance of science has completely revolutionized the wiles of diplomacy no less than the arts of war. So efficient are the modern means of communication that news of historic events not infrequently travels round the world within a space that can only be counted in moments. Every morning at our breakfast-table, with unfailing regularity, we are permitted to read the views entertained in all parts of the earth. Naturally diplomatists are not slow to make full use of the facilities at their disposal. Thus a responsible statesman speaking in any capital upon a subject of international importance does so with the knowledge that within twenty-four hours at the most his words will have been read and noted by all the Governments and peoples of Europe. In the enterprise of the Press, in other directions also, diplomacy has a powerful weapon. Here is to be found a convenient means of conveying from one capital to another threats or blandishments which are cleverly inspired but not necessarily sanctioned in high quarters. Again, merely as a recording instrument, the Press serves a useful end. For example, when the international situation is strained, the widespread dissemination of information announcing that certain military precautions are being taken rarely fails to create the contemplated effect. It may even happen on occasions that these self-same precautions have no other motive than to provide the Press with news of a nature calculated to alarm diplomatic opponents.

All these tactics, without exception, have been assiduously employed ever since the Balkan crisis led to the outbreak of war and in the final result the public mind

has been hopelessly confused. Waves of optimism and pessimism as to the possibility of a general conflagration constantly succeeded each other with but rarely the brief intervals that lapse between the publication of a morning and an evening journal, and, as a consequence, the nerves of Europe have, as it were, been "set on edge." Between the capitals an animated, and, at times, an acrimonious, controversy was unceasingly waged until, as a welcome relief, there came the suggestion of Sir Edward Grey, that a conference of Ambassadors should be held. For the time being London has become the "clearing-house of diplomacy," the capital of Europe.

That the average Englishman cannot unravel the tangled skein wrought by the subtle hand of modern diplomacy is not at all surprising. The daily newspapers to which he naturally turns for his instruction only add to his perplexity, for, as I have already pointed out, these mediums are merely cards in the game of international politics. That Great Britain should be brought to the verge of war over the question of a Servian outlet on the Adriatic is to him incomprehensible. In a cause which he believes to be so remote he exhibits not the slightest symptom of enthusiasm, but we credit him with being sufficient of a patriot to know that were a direct insult to be offered to England by another Power he would instantly bestir himself from his lethargy and enthusiastically support a peremptory demand for redress. The Government of the day in its conduct of foreign relations must, of course, reckon with public opinion at home. And there can be no denying the plain fact that public opinion in its present mood would not permit the employment of the British navy in a cause which it understands is bounded by the desire of Servia to secure a port on the Adriatic. It is to be sincerely regretted that this purely local aspect of the grave issue confronting Europe has been unduly dwelt upon, and that the larger problem in which it is contained—the balance of power in its significant relation to the safety of the British Empire—has not been sufficiently im-

pressed upon the public mind. It cannot be too clearly emphasized that so delicate and complex is the state of international relations to-day that the maintenance of the Triple Entente as a poise to the Triple Alliance is a cardinal necessity of our national existence. No contemplation of the horrors and inconveniences of war or suggestion that the issue at stake is merely whether or not Servia is to secure a "few wharves" on the shores of the Adriatic ought to deter us from offering our loyal support to Russia should she, as is confidently expected, champion the cause of Servia against Austria-Hungary. Let us not forget that we did not hesitate to run the risk of being drawn into war over Japan's conflict with Russia in distant Manchuria, and that we are still deeply committed by reason of our treaty obligations with that Oriental Power; while at a still more recent date, when Germany menaced France in Morocco, we ranged ourselves on the side of the latter together with Russia. On these critical occasions there were not wanting evidences that public opinion was prepared to uphold the Government, even to the extreme length of war, and I make no doubt that were it properly instructed in the present crisis the firmness of the British attitude would be unquestionable. The moment is inopportune for treating at length with the peace conference between the Balkan Allies and Turkey. As yet the negotiations have not opened, and all the parties are officially maintaining a discreet silence while semi-officially proclaiming their capacity to continue the war to the bitter end in the remote contingency of a breakdown. The real crisis remains centred in the desire of Servia to gain reasonable access to the sea. It is upon the justice of this claim, the moderation with which it is urged, and its relation to the larger question of our continental friendships (this latter involving intimate consideration for the safety of our empire) that public attention must be directed and concentrated. The fore-shortened interests of the commonplace individual, who vaguely imagines that the true art of diplomacy consists in drawing benefit from friendships

without offering anything tangible in return, should not be allowed to prevail. Even the most fervid friend of peace and quietude does not pretend that Great Britain can stand alone. Since the days when we were accustomed to boast of our splendid isolation not one, but many, nations have acquired power and place. And the simple truth of the present international situation lies in the frank recognition that it is a stern community of interests which binds together the partners in the Triple Entente, on the one hand, and those composing the Triple Alliance on the other. Were any single power to break away from the group to which it belonged and seek to work out its own destiny singlehanded then in the present state of European tension its existence would not be worth a day's purchase. And so it comes about that we must not take a national or even an imperial point of view in the isolated sense of these terms. For while our Colonies may be regarded as our daughters, sheltering under the roof of the old home, the nations with whom we are on terms of close friendship, France and Russia, also in a sense belong to the family; they may, indeed, for the purposes of diplomacy be described as sisters. It is essential, then, to the maintenance of this family system upon which our own well-being depends—this great and far-reaching community of interests—that in the event of any stranger venturing an attack upon the honour or integrity of a single member, the remainder should immediately summon their forces and rally to its aid. Thus it follows that as the foundations of our empire's safety lie deep in the broad basis of the Triple Entente, the area from which we may be exposed to conflict is no less expansive. Undeniably the risk which our diplomacy encounters—that of involving Great Britain in a vast conflagration over a cause with which she is not intimately concerned—is a serious one; but for that very reason, as in the case of all heavy insurance, it is, generally speaking, remote. But it must not for a moment be imagined that we are alone in the contemplation of a prospect admittedly awesome in spite of its distance. Were Germany

to be guilty of a wanton attack upon British sea supremacy then it would be the duty of France and Russia, according to a commonsense interpretation of the obligations of the Triple Entente, to come to our assistance. In short, this solemn and far-reaching compact, though not expressed in the measured words of a written treaty, is none the less binding on its adherents. Founded essentially upon mutual confidence, aiming primarily at maintaining on all occasions, when combined action may be necessary, the substantial principle of peace with honour, and, when all the resources of patient diplomacy fail, ready to draw the sword in common, the Triple Entente cannot be otherwise than the keystone of British foreign policy. Lest misapprehension prevail we must hasten to add that all said in praise of the aims and objects of the Triple Entente can with truth be urged on behalf of the Triple Alliance. The existence of these clearly defined groups among the Powers has from one point of view sensibly diminished the possibility of war. For dependent as each member of the group is upon the goodwill of its friends it is unlikely that any two nations will engage in conflict over a trivial cause. It is still more improbable that the whole of Europe will be plunged into a conflagration on account of a matter of relatively small importance. Strength respects strength, and for this, if for no other reason, the two groups into which the Powers are divided, will, should occasion require, search long and earnestly for the narrow path that leads to peace rather than plunge headlong into the unknown depths of the abyss of destruction. The engagements into which the Powers have entered, either written or implied, do not, of course, raise insurmountable barriers between the individual members of the one group and those of the other. But the principle wisely laid down by Sir Edward Grey, that while making new friendships no old ones must be sacrificed, undoubtedly describes a policy of safe elasticity. A very large section of public opinion in this country, larger indeed than is generally credited, has fears that the

mere fact of the existence of the Triple Entente is an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of that eminently desirable object, the improvement of our relations with Germany. Fears of a like nature were widely expressed when, at the now historic meeting between the Tsar and the Kaiser at Potsdam, an arrangement was arrived at in regard to Persian railways. It was then suggested that our friendship with Russia, and, as a direct consequence, the vitality of the Triple Entente, was in some peril. The lesson to be drawn from this and similar incidents is that both groups into which the Powers of Europe are divided realize that without conflicting with the all-important considerations of high and dominant policy, isolated questions arise from time to time which are capable of reciprocal arrangements between individual members—a course that in itself contributes materially to the world's peace and affords positive proof that the weapon of the Triple Entente, as against the Triple Alliance is only to be employed when the serious character of the difficulty to be met calls for action of the most momentous kind.

It is almost a truism that under no circumstance can modern Governments, even vested as they are in some cases with autocratic power, act in defiance of public opinion in deciding the grave issue of peace and war. It will be recalled that shortly after the Moroccan crisis, when Sir Edward Grey was at the liberty to break diplomatic silence, not a little surprise was expressed at his startling revelation that Great Britain, who loyally took her stand by the side of France, had been brought to the brink of war. On that occasion nevertheless our interests were to some extent directly involved, for we sought to defeat the German intention of establishing a naval base on the Atlantic. Yet, ignoring this material aspect, sufficient in itself to have warranted uncompromising action on our part, men of all shades of political opinion did not fail to ask the question: Is it conceivable that we can be dragged into a ruinous war over French interests in Morocco? And to-day on many sides a

similar question is being asked, but on this occasion with even greater insistence: Is it conceivable that we can be dragged into war over the petty issue as to whether or not Servia is to obtain a "few wharves" on the distant shores of the Adriatic? "Yes, it certainly is conceivable that arising out of Servia's natural desire to acquire an outlet on the Adriatic and the inabliity of the Triple Entente to hold within the bounds of moderation the policy of the Triple Alliance may arise a Europe plunged into war," is the only frank answer which the urgency of the situation dictates. It may be that such a terrible contingency is improbable; that it is conceivable, however, no serious student of the trend of foreign affairs will deny. It is futile, as some publicists have done, to wring one's hands and despair of twentieth-century civilization. The precautions which Europe has taken against the coming of the dread Armageddon—the creation of systems of ententes and alliances, and of gigantic armies and navies equipped with the most scientific weapons of destruction that scientific intellect can devise—are in themselves the result of the logical development of mind. That these very precautions, if only by reason of their elaborate conception, are bound occasionally to produce situations of almost intolerable strain is perfectly intelligible. The consciousness of might which dwells within the proud heart of every first-class nation imparts to international relations a permanent delicacy, and so soon as differences arise immediately calls forth dangerous exhibitions of anger and irritation. Hence the imperative need for a grouping of the Powers so that onlookers, calm and friendly though ranged on opposing sides, may, as circumstances dictate, exercise a restraining influence or exert a convenient pressure wherever required. Thus the danger is remote that two brawling disputants can disturb the world's peace with their idle quarrels, and Europe, while necessarily afflicted with the ever-present oppression of a heavy responsibility, is permitted to enjoy some intervals of undisturbed tranquillity. Viewing the problem broadly, it cannot

be sufficiently emphasized that any drastic change to our disadvantage in that exquisitely fragile adjustment of international relations, the balance of power, involving as it would our defeat in war and the setting up of the aggressive domination of a group of military nations, could have no other final result than the prolonged paralysis of civilization, if it did not in many important respects thrust the world back into the darkness of the Middle Ages. When, therefore, the individual, who, for the purposes of discussion, may be termed the average man, and to whom we are bound to turn if we are to gauge aright the force of public opinion, asks, "Why trouble about a Servian outlet on the Adriatic?" it becomes necessary to seek to enlarge his vision, to spread out, as it were, before him a map of the world, at the same time impressing upon his mind that in regard to vital matters the interests of the partners in the Triple Entente are one and indivisible. The conditions of modern diplomacy demand of us that we have not alone an imperial patriotism but in the stricter sense of the term an international outlook. Doubtless the objection will be raised that the state of the relations existing between Austria and Servia does not come within the scope of the widest possible interpretation of our world-policy, and that in any case the points raised in the dispute are, relatively speaking, of such minor importance that resort to universal war as a solution is altogether unthinkable. That this view reflects public opinion in England, as far as it is capable of expressing itself on foreign affairs, cannot be denied. A calm consideration, therefore, of the case at issue in all its aspects is desirable in order that mistaken notions be corrected. For it is clear that if we only give lukewarm support to our partners in the Triple Entente over a matter which they regard as of supreme importance, but the raising of which we find inconvenient as far as our own immediate interests are concerned, then the consequences will be so far-reaching as to exercise an important bearing upon the disposition of European power. Here it should be

emphasized that the attitude of the Triple Alliance in regard to the present crisis is firm and unwavering. In eminent quarters the circumstance that throughout there has been continual intercourse between England and Germany formed the subject of much favourable comment, and diplomatists were not slow to draw inferences that suited their own case. Naturally the impression was created that if two members of groups that were usually arrayed in opposing camps, and whose isolated relations were, as a rule, conspicuous for bad feeling, came to the conclusion that the Servian dispute with Austria was not worth fighting for, then all danger of a European war had passed. Germany, however, did not long allow us to entertain any illusions on the subject. Although, like ourselves not directly concerned, she bluntly announced through the mouthpiece of her Chancellor that were Austria-Hungary attacked by a second nation then she would come to her aid and make war in common. This unnecessarily belligerent declaration, aimed as it was at our partner, Russia, discounted to a large extent the pacificatory utterances with which the speech was prefaced and went a long way towards diminishing the favourable impression everywhere created by the knowledge that the relations between England and Germany were exhibiting welcome signs of improvement.

The policy of Italy is no less unequivocal than that of Germany, for she, together with Austria, is pledged to maintain the integrity of Albania. It matters little that this pledge was given at a time when it was considered necessary to calm Austrian fears as to the possibility of Italian aggression in the Adriatic, and that it had the effect of seriously restricting Italy's freedom of action during her late conflict with Turkey. For the moment the rivals have forgotten their own differences in face of Servia, whom they regard as the common menace. Thus we find that the dominating factor in the situation is the expressed determination of the Triple Alliance to uphold the Austrian point of view even to the extent of

precipitating a European conflagration. That the treaty which binds together its members has been renewed at the present juncture and a considerable time before the normal date of its expiry is a contemplated act of unmistakable significance. This, and other measures adopted with a view to emphasizing the solidarity of the Triplice, have only had the effect of aggravating a situation already acute. Europe did not stand in any immediate need of so impressive a warning. The progress of events had already informed the Powers of the Triple Entente that the Triplice was united in regard to the new Near Eastern Question, and that Germany would rally to the aid of Austria in any issue with the Slav races was a foregone conclusion. Whatever may be the outcome of the present crisis the incidents to which it has already given rise point a pregnant lesson of history to those impractical pacificists who one moment would have Great Britain steer clear of what in the absence of any more explicit term are called "entangling engagements," while the next they imagine that we can constantly change our allegiance from one group of Powers to another as the occasion suits our immediate purpose. However much we may appear to succeed in the cultivation of friendly relations with Germany we have to reckon with the formidable fact of the existence of the Triple Alliance. And it is plain that the policy of this powerful combination, led by Austria-Hungary, is to place obstacles in the way of Servian progress and to produce a set of economic and political conditions of a nature calculated to compel the little kingdom to acknowledge the superior influence of the Dual Monarchy. The right of Russia to have a voice in the matter is, to all intents and purposes, denied. Yet Russia, by reason of the historic rôle which she has played as the liberator and protector of the Balkan States, and because of the natural ties that bind all Slav peoples, is clearly entitled to be heard. It is no exaggeration to say that throughout the vast empire Slav indignation has been raised to white heat as a consequence of the hectoring attitude assumed by Austria-

Hungary towards Servia. But for the moment the writer is not concerned with this extremely important aspect of the situation. He merely aims at demonstrating that the combined weight of the three great nations composing the Triple Alliance has been employed in order that the intolerant demands of one of its partners shall be enforced. Such a policy immediately renders the Servian question one of European concern, and requires that the Triple Entente exert its capacity to the fullest, with a view to compelling a just compromise of all outstanding difficulties. For it must be borne in mind that while Austria-Hungary has interests to protect in the Adriatic, the vital character of which every one is prepared to admit, she is aiming at Russia through Servia. Were we to withhold vigorous support from the great northern empire our attitude would be treacherous, inasmuch as it would involve the shirking of obligations which, as I have already said, are none the less solemn because they are implied; secondly, it would be hazardous, because it would damage that principle which is the keystone of our foreign policy—the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe; and, finally, it would be short-sighted, because it might in the future conceivably deprive us of Russian support were the Triple Alliance one day to bring its whole weight to bear against ourselves.

The Balkan question is, of course, as old as the Balkan hills. Its latest phase which has culminated in the present reshaping of the map of Europe may be said to have originated in 1908 when Austria-Hungary, taking advantage of Turkey's domestic embarrassment, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia then, as now, inclined to support Servia, was compelled to submit to the humiliating dictation of the Kaiser, whose dramatic appearance in shining armour by the side of his ally has become an historic incident. At the moment no other alternative policy suggested itself to the advisers of the Tsar. The nation had only just emerged from the disastrous turmoil of the war with Japan in the Far East and the revolution

at home. The army was undergoing reorganization, and, apart altogether from this deciding circumstance, the finances of the empire were in such a shattered state as to render retrenchment and reform imperative. Although the Triple Entente had then been formed it was comparatively new as an instrument for maintaining the European equilibrium, and Great Britain's support of Russia was restricted to methods of temperate diplomacy. The world has yet to realize how keenly Russia felt the blow to her pride and prestige, already sensitive to a degree as a result of wounds inflicted in distant Manchuria. From that moment with grave purpose she began to shape a far-reaching policy that aimed at nothing less than the expansion of the Balkan States on a scale such as that which has been so successfully accomplished by the present war, a policy that, if carried out, meant the obliteration of Austria's vision of her flag at Salonika.

In the first place, Russia practised much-needed reforms in her army, and within a short period again built up a strong war chest. Fortune favoured her efforts. In the years that have elapsed since 1908 she has enjoyed unparalleled prosperity and development. Among other sensible measures that she adopted with a view to meeting the new situation that was gradually assuming shape in the Near East was her policy of rapprochement with Japan in the Far East. Thus she was at liberty to concentrate her attention upon the Balkan problem and upon her western frontiers. When, after the lapse of sufficient time to render publication discreet, the true history of the events that led up to the recent war comes to be written, it will be found that in the magnificent task of creating the Baltic League it was Russia who was the inspiring genius. Nor is there wanting evidence that Austria was aware of the part which her old antagonist was playing. Count Berchtold at the eleventh hour sought to checkmate the undercurrents of Russian diplomacy, but his decentralization proposal came too late, and the allies, with that swift initiative which is the magic of clever diplomacy as well as of skilful war, promptly fell

upon Turkey. In order, then, that the student be in a position to estimate at their proper worth the forces that have produced the existing state of international tension, it is essential that he realize the immensity of the gulf dividing the policy of Russia from that of Austria. Fortunately, both countries possess at the moment Foreign Secretaries who believe, up to a point, in the methods of patient diplomacy. And in spite of all the disquieting alarms which during the past few weeks have emanated from the fiery advocates of war, Europe in the present crisis has not lost confidence in the capacity of that tried and venerable friend of peace, the Emperor Francis Joseph, to save her from the horrors of universal carnage. With His Majesty, as all the world knows, the desire for peace has been no mere reflection of diplomatic expediency, but the strict observance of a principle inherent in a lofty character. It may well be that when approaching the end of a life distinguished for its goodness, he will strive, were it possible, more than ever he has done in similar circumstances, to avert the calamity of war. In this positive factor we find perhaps the most powerful of all the influences making for an honourable compromise of the many difficulties with which the situation is beset. But let us not forget that however ardent his wish may be to close an illustrious reign in an atmosphere of tranquillity, the Emperor Francis Joseph realizes to the full what is required of a dutiful monarch, and if, therefore, the report is correct that he has said: "We are in favour of peace, but not peace at any price. We cannot stand everything," then the conclusion is inevitable that the outlook is grave. Both in Russia and in Austria public opinion clamours for war, and in both countries the army chiefs and their circles constitute war parties. In Austria military precautions of an elaborate nature have been taken, and commerce and industry is completely disorganized. These preparations for the worst, however, do not necessarily portend the worst. Were the veil of secrecy with which the movements of her armies are veiled to be lifted, it would be found that

on this occasion Russia is not, as was the case over the Bosnia-Herzegovina incident, to be caught helpless, while it should be remembered that Servia already has in being vast forces on an active service footing. It is manifest that the extreme tension cannot be prolonged. Indeed, before this article has appeared in print Europe may have been called upon to decide the fateful issue of peace or war. Viewing the situation calmly, and at the same time making ample allowances for its urgent gravity, I am bound to confess that, on the whole, the prospects of a "happy New Year" all round are more hopeful than otherwise. To begin with, Germany, while making her position perfectly clear, has not on this occasion adopted towards Russia the bullying attitude which led to the humiliation of that Power in 1908. Had she done so, a crisis would immediately have been precipitated. For the Russia of to-day is infinitely stronger and more self-reliant than the Russia of 1908. Then, in spite of the confident tone of the Vienna Press and its assurances that Austria is determined to compel so thorough a settlement that never again will it be possible for a Servian question to disturb her serenity, there are strong influences at work in the Dual Monarchy in favour of compromise. Reference has already been made to the principal of these, the peace-loving character of the Emperor, and the restraint exercised by Count Berchtold. That, in spite of popular clamour the Austrian Foreign Secretary has been able to subscribe to the wise view enunciated by Mr Asquith as to the undesirability of raising isolated questions apart from the general settlement of all issues arising out of the Balkan war, is indeed a tribute of no mean order to his statesmanship. Apart altogether from a commendable determination not, by any premature act of his own, to bring about a European conflagration for insufficient cause, his patient policy is to a large extent due to an appreciation of certain weighty considerations of a domestic and material nature. It is reputed that twenty-three millions of the Emperor Francis Joseph's subjects are racial kinsmen of the Balkan Slavs. Among

them demonstrations in sympathy with the Servians have been frequent, and from time to time it has become necessary to employ repressive measures. Without doubt, the outbreak of war would be followed by grave internal disorders, more particularly in the newly-annexed territories of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Nor would it be possible for Austria to place in the field the whole effective strength of her military forces. Already it has been considered necessary to replace Slav regiments on the frontier with more dependable troops, and it is certain that in time of war many corps would break out into open mutiny rather than fight against their kinsmen. Another side of the question to which Count Berchtold must have given grave consideration is wrapped up in a calculation as to what extent Austria would benefit in the remote contingency of a war between the forces of the Triplice and those of the Triple Entente. Were she and her allies to triumph, German domination throughout Europe would be complete and overwhelming; were the contrary to prove the case, then the result would be disastrous in the extreme for Austria. And a " drawn battle " could not be otherwise than calamitous for all the Powers, including Austria. It will therefore be realized that there are cogent reasons why the Vienna Government should be hopeful of reaching an amicable arrangement with Servia. Already, in refraining from interference in the direction of the Sanjak of Novibazar, Austria has afforded some tangible evidence of a desire to adapt herself to the altered *status quo*. For had she prematurely forced the issue with Servia by seeking to prevent the conquest of that territory, then Europe long ere this would have been plunged into conflict.

Let us turn next to Russia. So far there has been no authoritative pronouncement that she will support the position taken up by Servia, and we can only arrive at a general idea of her policy by the process of deduction. For example, when sources, doubtless officially inspired in Vienna, definitely asserted that she would not lend her aid to Servia, the Russian official Press was " drawn " to

the extent that it published an answer, beginning and ending with a curt denial. But in spite of repeated invitations, Russia has so far refrained from a precise declaration of her intentions. It is mainly on that account that the situation remains obscure and tension exists. Throughout the attitude of M. Sazonoff, like that of Count Berchtold, has been studiously correct and reserved. The whole of the Press of Russia, with, of course, the few exceptions of the officially-inspired organs, has relentlessly assailed him for what it terms his lack of vigorous initiative. He has been told in plain language that he is no friend of his own country, but a partisan of Austria, and the demands for his resignation have been loud and insistent. But Russia's Foreign Secretary is in a better position to scan the world's political horizon than are his critics. He realizes that while the English and French Governments may be ever so willing to fulfil the obligations of the Triple Entente, they are in the main controlled by public opinion in their own countries. True, Mr Asquith has declared that "Upon one thing I believe the general opinion of Europe to be unanimous —that the victors are not to be robbed of the fruits which have cost them so dear"; but Mr Churchill, speaking later under the shadow of the actual crisis, said that "war would be a horror utterly disproportionate to any cause which exists"—a remark that was addressed with equal force to Russia and Austria.

The French Government has given some positive indications of its intention to lend Russia diplomatic support. M. Pioncaré, after consultation with M. Sazonoff, suggested that all the Powers should subscribe to a formula of disinterestedness, and later on, when it was found that Austria would not comply, it was carefully explained that the French Premier meant "territorial disinterestedness." It is clear that the accidental mobilization of French troops recently—an incident that proved the preparedness of the army—came at an opportune moment. Finally, M. Poincaré made a pretty little speech full of delicate significance and altogether in striking

contrast to the blunt declaration of the German Chancellor. At a Lorraine dinner he dwelt upon his sympathy for the people dwelling near the eastern frontier upon whom would fall the first shock of war's devastation.

While it may be said that the question as to whether England and France are prepared to oppose the Austrian contention to the length of embarking upon war has not yet seriously arisen, Russia and Servia cannot but have observed that public opinion in these countries does not favour such a course. Had Germany, as I have already pointed out, repeated towards Russia that domineering conduct which in 1908 compelled acquiescence in the annexation by Austria of Bosnia-Herzegovina then the division of Europe into two hostile camps could not well have been averted. As it is, the counsels of moderation will prevail and only an untoward and unforeseen incident can disturb the peace. Leaving altogether on one side considerations of high policy M. Sazonoff, for reasons intimately connected with the welfare of his own country, is desirous of assisting in an amicable and early settlement of the crisis. He does not wish to see interrupted the dawn of prosperity that has come to Russia, while he is not unmindful of the fact that although a conflict with Austria would be popular among pan-Slavonic idealists, it might afford opportunity for the active renewal of the revolutionary propaganda. Therefore, he has urged upon Servia that she pursue a policy of moderation, and in spite of the statements of her diplomatists, who not unnaturally demand the maximum in the hope that they may secure the minimum, Servia will comply. But of what does the irreducible minimum consist?—that is the crux of the whole controversy. It consists in the opinion of those best informed in a restricted commercial outlet to the Adriatic. In all probability Servia will be prepared to accept this solution of the difficulty, and her reasonable claim will be strenuously supported by her allies in conjunction with the Powers of the Triple Entente. The views of Russia on the subject have been clearly

set forth by M. de Hartwig, her minister at Belgrade. "Russia throughout," he said, "has been perfectly frank and sincere in her attitude. So far from urging Servia to extremes we have always counselled moderation and our great desire is to see the peace of Europe maintained. . . . Servia desires economy and freedom. Her trade at present is strangled for want of a free outlet. She is entirely dependent upon Austria, and as her products are mainly agricultural she is liable to suffer serious loss and inconvenience at any moment. For instance, only a few days ago the export of vast flocks of geese was stopped by Austria on the ground that disease existed among them. In the same way exports of cattle and pigs, which are two of the principal items in her trade, are liable to similar sudden stoppage. Her foreign trade is in a position where it can be strangled at any moment, and a free port, I think, Europe will recognize, is a vital matter for Servia, if her economic position is to be placed on a sound basis. That, however, is a matter which the Great Powers must settle after the Balkan States and Turkey have completed their arrangements for peace."

It is highly probable that Austria, provided she receives adequate guarantees as to her own commercial interests, will agree to a solution of the problem on the lines which I have indicated. It is well frankly to recognize, however, that any settlement so arrived at can only in the nature of things prove a sorry makeshift, for it will not completely satisfy Servia, and it will bitterly disappoint large sections of influential public opinion both in Austria and in Russia. The autonomy of Albania under such conditions is bound to prove precarious in the extreme, and thus the Near Eastern question will remain with us in a new, though no less irritating, form. Yet, as I have already shown, unless Europe was prepared to engage in a general war there could be no way out of the impasse save compromise, and compromise, though always a sensible course, is at best a loose and unsatisfactory way of dealing with fundamental inter-

national differences. It is certain that history will repeat the principal features of the existing situation and that one day the Near East will supply the torch that is destined to set Europe ablaze. For between Teuton and Slav there is growing up an implacable hatred which, involving as it does so many peoples and so vast an expanse of the earth's surface, is inevitably calculated to drift into a situation of intolerable strain.

Men have hardly yet recovered from the surprise occasioned by the dazzling successes of the allies to realize the far-reaching consequences that will assuredly follow upon the re-shaping of the map of South-Eastern Europe. Reason compels the conclusion that Russia cannot long be denied a passage for her warships through the Dardanelles, and were the secret understanding that exists between that Power and the Balkan States revealed it might be found to include some agreement concerning the disposition of Constantinople in the ultimate future. The outcome of recent events, moreover, is bound to concentrate early attention upon the Middle East, whither doubtless there will be a considerable Turkish exodus. The Baghdad Railway concession, which gives to Germany valuable privileges, always of the first importance, has suddenly assumed a new and a tremendous significance. It is now obviously more than ever essential that Great Britain and Russia work in close harmony. Affairs in Persia are approaching a critical stage when, acting together, it may be necessary to adopt some decisive measures, while close co-operation in the development of railways in this region, having regard to German enterprise in Asia Minor, becomes imperative. Time will yet prove that the Near East remains, as of old, a thorny problem, and that the Middle East is destined to provide another arena wherein will be waged afresh the quarrels of the European Powers.

THE FAR EAST

While public attention has been concentrated upon the progress of dramatic events in the Near East, develop-

ments of the highest importance have been taking place in the Far East, and all the signs go to show that before long situations will arise in this region that cannot fail to tax to the uttermost the resources of diplomacy. At the moment both China and Japan are facing crises which, although differing widely in character, deeply affect the national life of both States. With an enthusiastic display of self-congratulatory festivities, the Chinese Republic has celebrated the first anniversary of its birth. There are not wanting critics of the new régime who persist in declaring that the conditions existing in the country to-day are no better than they were under the Manchu dynasty. This view is open to serious argument, which at a later stage the writer will attempt to advance. The reasons ascribed for the lack of tangible evidences of reform are of more immediate interest, and these have been lucidly set forth by an eminent authority in *The Times*, from whose contribution I take the following extract: "Europe has been shaken again and again by changes of dynasties, by re-shaping of the map, and by the throes of religious struggle. China as a whole has passed through the centuries undisturbed. The national summit alone has met with storms and lightnings, while the lower levels have enjoyed a calm air and a peaceful sunshine. The same religious and practical precepts, those of Confucius, have always formed the real sovereign power in China, and the great teacher taught that the people whom the dynasty no longer served in the ways of paternal sovereignty, should revolt and reject its unfaithful parent. So again and again reigning dynasties have fallen, and yet China has remained the same. . . . This revolution, then, is not really an important change in China; it is not a social revolution effecting a social change. It is only a change of directors. The main business will remain the same." The views thus advanced are those of a distinguished school of authorities on China, and it is undeniable that much that has happened during the past year supports their reasoning. Yuan Shih-kai, to all outward appearances, maintains with unimpaired power

the position of Dictator to which he succeeded when the despairing Manchus recalled him from banishment. Were he to proclaim himself Emperor of China to-morrow, foreign residents in the country would not be surprised. All statesmen, politicians and soldiers in the State, even those who in former days were bitter opponents, are said to have come under his commanding influence. The Presidential Mandates which he issues from time to time bear the stamp and character of the old Imperial Edicts; in short, we are led to believe that although the hand which holds the Vermilion Pencil has changed, the writing is the same. Moreover, he bestows princely and ducal ranks upon those whom the State—the State as represented in the sole personality of Yuan Shih-kai—desires to honour, a procedure that, in itself, is illustrative of the topsy-turvy character of the so-called democracy of the Chinese Republic. "Thus the man," says one writer, summing up the situation, "who first strove for the preservation of the Manchu dynasty, then gently thrust it aside to make way for the Republic, leads the Republic, is the Republic, and draws the protagonists of the revolution towards him as if they were so many steel filings. That is as things seem. How things really stand between Yuan and the Republican idea, and the disciples of Republicanism, is a puzzle so essentially Chinese that no foreigner can expect to understand it." What, it will be asked, has become of Sun Yat-sen, with whose name, as the leader of the militant Republicans, the world was familiarized during the eventful period of the revolution? From all accounts the amiable doctor is not dissatisfied with the state of affairs. He has assumed the rôle of propagandist, and is touring the length and breadth of the land, being fêted everywhere, and describing in detail the programme of reforms of which China stands so much in need, with special references, of course, to his own long-cherished idea—the urgency for railway construction. As to any serious effort to inaugurate these pressing reforms, the critics aver that little, if anything, has been accomplished. By the simple process of issuing Mandates,

the President has enjoined the people to abandon their bad habits—opium-smoking and gambling—and, employing the same means, has lectured the official classes upon the evils of corruption. It is pointed out that like expressions of pious opinion were incorporated in the Edicts of the Manchus, and yet the masses remained uninfluenced because, as is the case to-day, no authority existed in the provinces to enforce the will of Peking. Furthermore, the assertion is made that the finances of the Republic are in a parlous state and that the loan-mongering policy encouraged by the Central Government has impaired the national credit to no small extent. And, finally, the critics of the new régime contend that as a consequence of the hopeless mismanagement of affairs the country has become exposed to aggression from without. Russian encroachments in Mongolia are laid indirectly to the charge of Yuan Shih-kai and his servile supporters, who are plainly told that when that Power and Japan divide Manchuria between them—an event that has long been decided upon and awaits merely favourable opportunity for fulfilment—then the disastrous results of their short-sighted policy will be evident to all the world. As might only be expected in a country like China, steeped as it is in customs, traditions and social influences dating back to a period long before the dawn of Christendom, the external evidences of the transition now in progress appear strangely incongruous in their venerable and essentially dignified setting. The effect is not infrequently amusing, pathetically so, indeed; and for this reason observers of the superficial kind are apt to arrive at the hasty conclusion that China's present plight is well-nigh hopeless. For example, we hear of a ceremony attended by a number of grave gentlemen, the representatives of modern China, attired in ill-fitting frock coats and old-fashioned top hats, and amid this sombre array the most conspicuous figure was a living Buddha clad in gorgeous robes and seated in an archaic chair, who, escorted by a semi-barbaric retinue, had journeyed to the capital from the backwoods of Mongolia. And our informant tells us

further that among the official classes and the aspirants to place so great is the demand for " these emblems of civilization (the frock coat and top hat) that they are completely sold out of the foreign shops in North China; but the former are being turned out in quantity by the Chinese tailor with results not always happy in a sartorial sense." At the same moment comes the interesting news that the Peking Government has issued orders dealing with the question of women's dress for special occasions. " Petticoats are prescribed, also longer jackets than are worn at present." It is little wonder that indignation meetings have been held as a consequence of this tyranny on the part of so-called democracy, and that the women, pointing to the fact that the men have not been submitted to similar imposition, are clamouring for equal rights—rights in regard to dress which, in a sense, they already possess, for the women of China have always worn trousers!

Naturally, there is endless confusion as to what extent the ethical and religious considerations of the past shall be allowed to influence the future. We read that in one district " the autumn sacrifices were offered with more style than formerly, the chief officials, headed by the Commissioner for Civil Affairs, taking part at the Confucian temple, and the Commissioner for Military Affairs and others attending at the temple of the God of War." In strange contrast to these observances is the following extract from an address delivered by the Minister of Education for the two Kuang: " The Republic, in furthering education, only seeks what is essential for the times. It does not seek after empty glory. All this sort of thing might have been well enough under the defunct Chings; but the present Board have decided that these things shall not be allowed. Worshipping ancestors and telling them of successes is only superstition, and as for theatrical performances in their honour, nothing could be more false. I am surprised that anyone dares to contemplate these things."

This blunt enunciation of a policy so frankly material

in its aims and so callously regardless of the sanctity of tradition, is indeed more than enough to disturb the post-mortem tranquillity of Confucius. But of all the measures calculated to bring down upon the rulers of the "Republic of the Five Families" the vengeance of the outraged gods, perhaps the worst lies in the decision to convert the Temple of Heaven into a school of forestry, and the surrounding grounds into a public park.

Wherever, then, the student seeks for evidence from which reliable deductions may be drawn concerning the state of China to-day he is met with a seemingly hopeless mass of contradictions arising out of the inevitable conflict of the past with the present. It is, however, not only in China that the old jostles with the new; throughout the East the traveller is constantly impressed with the incongruous evidences occasioned by the inroads of Western customs into Oriental civilizations. Consequently, the judgment of the superficial observer is apt to err in that it attaches a disproportionate importance to merely external symptoms which possess no vital relation to the deep forces at work beneath the surface. At the present moment China, particularly, is suffering from immature criticism of this character. One cannot help reflecting that much which is being said regarding the chaotic state of that country to-day was true of Japan barely fifty years ago, and that not a little of it is applicable to the Japan of the present moment. Yet again and again it is urged that the conditions which have characterized the periods of change in these countries are fundamentally different. But if we give careful consideration to the subject we may discover strong points of similarity in their respective evolutions. To quote again the writer whom we have already mentioned at the beginning of this article, the religious and practical precepts of Confucius have always formed the real sovereign power in China, and the great teacher taught that the people whom a dynasty no longer served in the ways of paternal sovereignty should revolt and reject its unfaithful parent. "So again and again," continues

this authority, " reigning dynasties have fallen and yet China remains the same. . . . The heads of the Republic will merely take the paternal position of the Emperor to themselves and, as likely as not, will, either disguisedly or openly, perpetuate another dynasty. Indeed, no other solution to a patriarchal country seems possible." The Japanese have always boasted of their unswerving loyalty to their Emperor, and it is true in the case of their history, unlike that of China, that no record exists of a people having revolted and rejected its " unfaithful parent." But it must be remembered that, *de facto*, the monarch never held the sovereign power. To all practical intents and purposes the Shogun was the head of the State, and examples are not wanting of the frequent deposition of the occupant of this eminent office. In Japan also the precepts of Confucianism, borrowed from China, have in the main formed the ethical conceptions of the people; and consequently in Japan, as in China, the foundations of the State and of the individual life rest upon the family system. On broad lines we may therefore logically suppose that if, under these conditions, Japan has advanced to her present position there is no valid reason to doubt that China will accomplish as much, if not more. But, perhaps it may be urged, the experience of the past half-century shows that Japan, whose rulers had the timely wisdom to endow her with a rigid constitution, framed after the Prussian model, has not changed in any essential respect. Events that are at present in progress in the island kingdom, however, do not lend colour to such an assertion. Supported by the force of a public opinion manifested both in the Diet and in the Press, a Ministry, nominally responsible to the Emperor alone, has resigned because it would not concede to the demands of the military party upon an impoverished treasury. The strain imposed on the nation as a result of ambitious programmes of military and naval expansion during the last eight years has reduced it to the verge of bankruptcy; and at last the taxpayers, weighted down beyond endurance, have revolted. The

struggle now taking place between an expiring bureaucracy on the one side and the forces of public opinion on the other, has a significance for Japan which cannot be overestimated. She is indeed face to face with a crisis, to find a parallel to which from the standpoint of national importance, we are forced to go back to the fateful days of the Restoration. In all the circumtances, one cannot escape the conclusion that if, hemmed in as it is by the ironbound restrictions of the Constitution, disciplined in the stern school of the family system, and not unacquainted with the practical precepts of Confucianism, public opinion in Japan is able to assert itself against the feudal relic of Clan Government, then there is hope for the principles of political liberty in the East.

Let us turn again to China and her so-called Republic. Few among her teeming millions, it is stated, care as much as two straws about the form of government which rules over their country. Their sole ambition in life is to follow undisturbed their simple agricultural pursuits. Among them, it is argued, there has been no social revolution in the strict sense of the term, and in this respect the recent upheaval in China is said to bear close resemblance to the French Revolution. Therefore it is concluded that the Republic as such is a sham—the mere perpetuation of a dynasty and all its forms under another name. The existing situation, which admits of the dictatorship of Yuan Shih-kai, certainly supports that view. But unless there come quickly a counter-revolution and the resurrection of a monarchy, democratic principles will make rapid progress in China. We have seen what can be accomplished in Japan, and this in spite of the obstacles imposed by a rigid Constitution and by a powerful bureaucracy strongly entrenched behind the doctrine of the Throne's divinity. The Chinese, however, will labour under no such restrictions. The Constitution to be granted to them is modelled on the liberal principles of that of the United States. Their Press will enjoy full liberty, religious freedom is to be

guaranteed, and the right of public speech upheld. They are, in short, to be granted a far greater measure of liberty than any which can be exercised by the Japanese to-day. As far as appearances go, then, the machinery of government will resemble in every essential principle that of a Republic, in the sense that the term is understood in the West. Admittedly such a circumstance does not necessarily imply the realization of the democratic ideal. Reaction dies hard in China as elsewhere. But we must recollect that the Japanese, labouring under the restrictions of a Prussian-made Constitution, worked by an Oriental bureaucracy, and influenced as they are by the traditions of patriarchal government, have yet been able to create a formidable democracy, a democracy that has at last revolted against the burden entailed by the cynical Imperial aims of its masters. With no similar restraints placed upon them the imagination is appalled at the contemplation of what it is possible for the Chinese to accomplish. Their rulers may, as Yuan Shih-kai is now doing, attempt to hold them back by giving a peculiarly Oriental interpretation to Republican principles, but they will find the task an extremely difficult one. For they have not at their disposal, as is the case with Japan and her Constitution, a margin for concession. A Republic is at once the last word in freedom and in tyranny. But the Chinese, who, at a modest estimate, are in many respects more than a century behind the times, having secured the fullest measure of constitutional liberty which the most advanced democracy could hope to exact, will not complacently allow the machine to fall into disuse. Their demagogues, their Press, and, in short, "Young China," not only of to-day but of to-morrow, will see to it that the masses are led to a realization of the power within their grasp. As I have already remarked, the possibility of a revival of the monarchy is not out of the question, but counter-revolution, if it is to succeed, must not long be delayed. Should the structure of a Republican form of government survive any length of time, it will not lack within the

living force of an aggressive democracy. In the very nature of things, the vastness of China is destined to be conquered by the spread of communications, and the ignorance of her millions corrected by the consequent growth of enlightenment. Whether the attainment of these objects will in the end make for enduring happiness in the land is a point we need not here discuss. But of this we may be quite certain that whatever emerges from the present state of chaos the forces which the revolution has called into being can never again be dispersed. For good or for evil China has awakened to a sense of national consciousness.

To review in a derogatory sense, as some critics have done, the policy of Yuan Shih-kai within a year of the inauguration of the Republic, betrays captious and hasty judgment. The tremendous nature of the task that confronts him must be appreciated. This task demands, more than anything else, the exercise of superhuman patience and occasionally, in face of the expediency of the moment, calls for the display of those qualities of adaptability which, viewed at too close a range, may expose the Chinese statesman to charges of inconsistency and sometimes of dishonest method. Conscious throughout of the national weakness, his difficulty has been to steer a middle course between the Chauvinism of a large and influential section of his own countrymen, and at the same time pay heed to the advice and not infrequently the embarrassing attentions of foreign Powers. That more than once he has sanctioned the employment of the executioner's knife has created the impression that the barbaric ways of the old régime still prevail. But while he removed from the scene men whom he considered enemies to the State, Yuan Shih-kai has allowed the leaders of the revolution to go freely up and down the country preaching the doctrines of advanced democracy. China presents not the only example in history where the plotter against a Republican form of government has paid the penalty of indiscretion with his head.

The long and acrimonious wrangle over the loan

negotiations has merely served to obscure the real problems that beset the nation. Thus we are told that she has invited aggression, and it is implied that whatever fate has in store for her she deserves. The Chinese point of view was recently expressed in picturesque language by a well-known statesman. " China does not ask Europe for mercy," he said, " she asks for justice and a little patience. We are not African savages crouching in gloomy forests, dreaming of murder, hating the whole world, and awaiting some fearful retribution; we are an ancient nation of cultivators, traders, philosophers. We are in some disarray, it is true, because the principle of authority, which we love as dearly as the Anglo-Saxons, is being re-stated in a new and strange language. We only ask what Europe cannot gainsay, namely, time to set our house in order. Remember, we have many mansions, and there is much to do." But it has been decreed that China shall not be given time in which to set her house in order. Already Outer Mongolia, with its rich resources, has been lost to her, and Russia in this territory contemplates building a system of railways, the effect of which will be to spread her tentacles in the direction of Peking. The loss of Manchuria, a region in area more than sufficient to contain Turkey in Europe and the Balkan States, will be the next calamity for China. When that comes, her capital will no longer be strategically safe, and she must seek another spot farther south from which to control her shrunken territories. Foreign aggression will doubtless provoke grave internal troubles, and the immediate future, therefore, is alarming. The suggestion that the instability of the existing régime has invited this foreign aggression is a mere subterfuge. Russia and Japan decided upon their programme long before the loan question became acute. It was, in point of fact, their joint and settled policy of the future in the days of the Manchus. They realize now that never again will so favourable an opportunity present itself for the fulfilment of their plans.

So soon as China can settle down to administrative

reform, free from the nightmare of impending partition, her progress will be sure. Many years must necessarily elapse before she becomes a great military Power. But that she has abundant material at her disposal out of which to build up an efficient army is beyond doubt. The world hardly realizes that during the recent revolution both sides had in the field a total of no less than 800,000 men. And they fought with a gallantry which, taken in conjunction with the fine records of the Wei-Hai-Wei Regiment and of Admiral Ting's sailors in the war with Japan, is deeply significant. One who witnessed the anniversary celebrations of the Republic not long ago wrote: "It is not too much to say that the troops created a deep impression on all who beheld them. Some slovenliness in drill was compensated for by uniformity in equipment, but minor criticisms did not affect the consensus of opinion that the men paraded before us were of a type equal to that of any European army as regards size and physique. And if expression counts for anything in a soldier, it is sure that for every man in the average foreign army indifferent to fire and brimstone there are ten in the Guards division of the Chinese army. In a country that numbers its inhabitants by the hundred million it cannot be said that these are picked men, for they all could be duplicated a hundred times over. One's feeling was that these men efficiently officered would be the equal of any troops in the world." To train an army for China on modern lines will, of course, occupy very many years; and even were it otherwise, considerable time must of necessity elapse before the internal state of the country would permit of the serious employment of force against a foreign Power. Yet it is abundantly clear that Japan and Russia intend to leave nothing to chance. What territory they require they will take now.

LANCELOT LAWTON

December 14, 1912.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but aesires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

THE letters of a man, linked together only by the shortest of explanations and narrative, give certainly one view of him, but it is bound to be a transient and a blurred picture; its value, like that of a snapshot in photography, is that it shows him at least in active movement. But it is a peculiar attitude that such a collection fixes for us, and it is not certain that it can be more adequate or artistic than the sculpture of a figure in rapid movement; the spectator tends to conceive of that which is essentially moving as if it were essentially motionless—of the varying moods which precipitate themselves in letter-writing—an occupation at once light and deliberate—as if they constituted character. From this point of view this collection of the *Letters of George Meredith* (2 vols. Constable. pp. 652) is disappointing; with this proviso, it is extraordinarily illuminating. For example, his letters to Sir William Hardman, detached from any real account of the relations of the two, deprived of any picture of the two friends in conversation, are strangely disconcerting and almost clumsy; his correspondent is called "Tuck," sometimes "Friar Tuck," is pelted with genial chaff, good humouredly mocked, and made very nearly ridiculous. "Dearest Sir William," writes his friend, "but you will own that I have been beforehand with her Majesty and dubbed you long since by virtue of poetic anticipation. . . . What says the Laureate?

> While you mount up from high to higher,
> Nor spy to your ambition bound,
> I grovel on untitled ground
> A scarce legitimate esquire.

Up, up! it cannot stop. There is the tragic thought.

And a Bar'net, what will the country instantly demand of you? O Sir Abram Tuck! . . ." And it is only the knowledge of what George Meredith was to his friends that supplies the proper background to these lightnesses. His humour seems elephantine and foolish; but so do all domestic and private jokes, deprived of domesticity and baldly published. Again, there seems a curious air of vindictiveness against the clergy always: he scarcely once mentions them without mockery or anger; he speaks of Liberals and Radicals as the only "practical Christians"; he tells us that he informed a cleric who called on him that he "should find it hard to hit on a friend [of his] who was not a pure agnostic"; ministers of religion only appear in his pages as being, at the best, amiable and foolish, and, at the worst, rather hypocritical. Yet his own deep sense of a tremendous, yet wholly unknown, Divine purpose in life scarcely appears at all, except now and then, when he explicitly treats of it or when he attempts to give deliberate consolation to friends of his own who have suffered bereavement. (Here, too, it is pathetic to see how he wishes that they may be strengthened, but confesses the impossibility of real comfort; the best he can say is that the dead still live in the love of the living.) His attitude towards women is strange. At bottom he seems to despise them; yet it is obvious that his greatest friends were women, and that he treated them always with affection and considerateness. He analyses his own feelings towards them in a letter to Miss Price. "Women who read my books have much to surmount in the style, and when they have mastered it and come to the task, I am well assured of their having discovered in me one who is much at heart with them. I have this feeling for women, because, what with Nature and the world, they are the most heavily burdened. I can foresee great and blessed changes for the race when they have achieved independence; for that must come from the exercise of their minds—the necessity for which is induced by their reliance on themselves for subsistence. Thus they will work out their

problem." A letter of his to Mrs Walter Palmer shows another view of his whimsical yet slightly contemptuous admiration of them; and is at the same time an amazing specimen of his wild and tangled style. "Kneecap, Bentbrow, Heartthrob salute you! Toad-belly transforms to arrow-head at thought of you. . . . This is to communicate, not simply that the Admiral (who is not likely to let the communication be entrusted to another) proposes for us to see the Spanish Dancer on Wednesday next, but that we are about to inform him formally that the Princes of the Court of Queen Jean (Mrs W. Palmer) have decided, for a cement of their comity, as well as in homage to that Upper Throne whereon she sits, to rescind, revile and grind cat cries on all breathers of nonsensical, sentimental, amorous Flummery, such as the Admiral or Naval Cupid excels in. Upon these terms, namely, of abstention from the aforesaid, he joins the Court, or committing breach, he is deported unto whither tile cats are in concert, there to flummerize among them. Also I had to speak of a book due to your Highness, as the green leaf to the Sunlight: a book of poems. But my publisher sends word that I must wait, the hundreds of bound copies being all sold out. It is good news. Yet I would not have had Queen Jean kept from her own for an hour.—My mouth to the hem of her garment, George Meredith."

As regards his own history, the letters are a comment rather than a record. We see his early beginnings in literature, and his continually deferred hope of popular recognition. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, which he himself obviously liked, was preached against from many pulpits, and he seems never quite to have forgiven the preachers. But *Diana of the Crossways* was, evidently, his favourite book; he writes again and again of the reality of the heroine to himself, and the sense that her character developed, as if in spite of himself. *Rhoda Fleming* was not to his taste. It was not until almost the end of his career that his name became finally established, and the conferring on him of the

Order of Merit sealed his honour. He is modest and quiet about this, but was plainly delighted.

With regard to his relations with his family, and his more intimate friends, the letters are illuminating. He was deeply attached to his second wife, and finds a tender pain in relating how he arrived an hour after her unexpected death, but found her hand still warm in his; but it was in writing to his daughter in particular, and to his son when a boy at school, that his affectionateness is most expressed. That his temperament was very delicately sensitive is shown by the extreme care he takes in writing to thank correspondents for their appreciations of his work, and by his keen and minute criticism of writings submitted to him. His letters to Mr Raffalovich give excellent examples of this.

It is, then, a gentle, shrewd, intricate and, above all, deeply literary character that is displayed in this volume. He seems, almost, to prefer descriptions of things to the things themselves: he loves the precise epithet and simile even more than the object which they illustrate. In all this he shows the lines on which his greatness ran; he could abstract the qualities of things and persons and present them perfectly; he could perceive their relations and their effects, and understood the value of sentiment. But on ultimate and final philosophies he seems not to have worked very deeply; his was a philosophy of life, of the inter-relations of persons; and he relapsed into, rather than struggled towards, the mystery that underlies them all. He writes warmly and approvingly to the Rationalistic Press Association; yet he speaks of prayer as a force, and begs God to bless those whom he loves. To religious or anti-religious thought he makes no real contribution at all; but he deals tenderly, minutely and lovingly with human relations and affairs. B.

THE Sacred Shrine: A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church. By Yrjö Hirn, Professor of Æsthetic and Modern Literature at the University of Finland, Helsingfors. (Macmillan. 1912. xv, 574 pp.)

The Sacred Shrine

The author of this interesting book sets out, as an avowed agnostic and as a professional æsthetic philosopher (on which subject he has already published an important volume), to make such an objective study of Christian doctrine and Christian legend as should furnish him with the means of appreciating much that is beautiful, but not significant or coherent, in Catholic art as viewed from without. Beginning "as a description purely of æsthetic and literary history," the work "developed into a synthetic treatment of the æsthetic characteristics of Catholic mentality." Such a book ought to be reviewed jointly by experts in theology, in Christian archæology and ceremonial, and in the history of art. The bibliography and the notes attest a very wide field of reading in many provinces; though not all the material from which the author collects his broad inductions is proof against challenge. He quotes Renan and certain more recent Higher Critics as sufficient authority for very controversial statements.

He states, in the Preface, that "it hardly needs to be specially mentioned that the detailed accounts of religious customs and beliefs are not intended to serve as an apology, still less as a propaganda for Roman doctrine." And plainly a broad and deep philosophical postulate divides him from the Faith. Yet my impression, after reading the book, is that Professor Hirn is fated to work the effects which he disclaims having contemplated.

Just as Zola's novel made converts for Lourdes, and Harnack's materials serve for Catholic conclusions which, though the learned accumulator fails to see their trend, bring unbiassed historical minds such as von Ruville into the Church, so one may predict that this book, by the mere force of its ample learning, must breach the outer lines of many an invincible ignorance. Not that one ought to say a word which might even suggest that here we have a work of edification. Only, though there is much that is naturally unpalatable to Catholic taste, there is also much that commends Dr Hirn. First his frankness and intellectual honesty and good sense;

he writes of forms and ceremonies without any trace of the pedantic silliness which the term "ritualist" connotes. Then, though his principles may be hostile, he is a philosopher; all his stuff is relevant to a main argument. And thirdly, considering his training and mentality, he must be allowed to write, on the whole, with remarkable reverence, and even delicacy, of matters which good manners require not to be coarsely handled by those who do not share a belief in their sanctity. There are even some passages where his bright, passionless style seems dimmed by a momentary vague wistfulness, as though some subconscious hint were warning him that though he has learned a revelation, as critic and philosopher of art, by visiting and studying the Catholic system, yet the knowledge which they possess who are of the house, is something which the intelligent visitor may see, but not share. "A nation is sole judge of its own poetry," said Brunetière. So is the Church. Any Catholic reader will remark a difference in the two parts of the book. The treatment of the Mass section is more sympathetic, and has far fewer lapses into a slightly Renanesque tone of flippancy, than the section which deals with Our Lady.

It is more serviceable, in a short review, to describe than to criticize. A general criticism would be this: that he scarcely appreciates the relation between Pious Opinion (the very phrase has had its meaning defaced by a vulgar journalese error) and Dogma; or the principle of the progressive explication of implicit doctrine. He inclines to represent Dogma as too complaisantly in every age accommodating itself to those movements of popular artistic fancy, which may precede, accompany and adorn a pious opinion, but are not identical therewith; and he fails to realize what large freedom the Church has always allowed to the flights of mystical and artistic devotion so long as they involve no formally implied proposition of theology which shall call for approval or condemnation.

The book, being a logical construction, can be de-

scribed in very few words. As Greek art deals with the vase as typical object, so the *differentia* of Catholic art is that it *ornaments a Shrine*. The Infinite enshrined within the Finite is the type of Catholic doctrine; and the two great forms of this idea are the Sacrament of the Mass and the mystery of the Incarnation. "The two dogmas by which the Catholic Church separates itself from the Reformed creeds are derived from a common principle; and just as they are based on the same fundamental doctrine, so they correspond with one another in the corollaries which have been deduced from the thesis. Thus, in the Madonna-cult, one is perpetually reminded of legendary and symbolic motives which one has learned to know in the Mass ritual" (p. 472).

These two, the Sacrament of the Altar—in eight chapters, which include the Relics, the Reliquary, the Mass, the Host, the Monstrance, the Tabernacle; and the Dogma of Mary—even more amply treated in twelve, including St Anne, the Annunciation, the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the Sorrowing Mother, the Assumption; these two are displayed in their mutual bearings, in their developments, in the forms of art which they have inspired.

Yrjö Hirn apparently wrote the book in English, since no mention of a translator is made; if so, his command of a foreign language is simply marvellous; he employs it not merely with ease, but with exactness of idiom and even with felicity. The few things which strike an English reader as foreign are details which the publishers might have put right for him: e.g. in English we talk of *St Ambrose* not *Ambrosius*, *Bridget* not *Birgitta*, *Jerome* not *Hieronymus*, an *orante* not an *orant* (p. 407), an *alb* not an *alba;* and *Protoevangile* is not an English form. A gallicism disfigures two sentences on pp. 291, 311. The following sentence: "It is only under the *covering* of the wafer that the laity, on great festivals *or at the last Mass*, partake of the Supreme Being," is as unfortunate in language

as it is incorrect in fact. On p. 192 it is boldly stated that the texts of the Gospels were formulated in the second century. This is only one of many matters where the expert would quarrel with the author's too wholesale adoption of modernist assumptions. But, with the reservations which I have indicated, it seems to me a remarkable and important book. It is pleasant to find the greatness of Aquinas as a poet recognized by a stranger; and Dr Hirn's ingratiating choice of Chapter mottoes is itself an evidence of his competency as a critic of beauty. J. S. P.

AN historical imagination that lights up the past and makes it as alive as the present in all its forms and colours is a rare gift. The greatest novelists may lack it. How cold a picture George Eliot drew of the Florence of Savonarola, weighted down by the amount of her knowledge, and seen, surely, falsely, through some lack of sympathy. Monsignor Benson has the gift of a sympathetic historical imagination in high perfection. *Come Rack! Come Rope!* (Hutchinson. 6s.) is as full of facts, of minute knowledge, as *Romola* itself, but we are never for one moment oppressed by them. On the contrary, every detail of description: the food, the dresses, the furniture, is so skilfully used as to add always to the vivid and living effect of the whole. And how fresh and vigorous the writing is! Who, reading this book and carried along breathless by its vital energy, could believe that the author had done work covering nearly the same historical ground three times before?

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was a period when action and danger were a sure touchstone of character, and the *dramatis personæ* of this book are very living as they take their stand on one side or the other in the conflict. But surely it was a slip to make Mr Audrey wonder as he went priest-hunting where his duty lay? The figure of this apostate is most admirably drawn, but the impression it leaves, apart from that moment's uncertainty, is that Mr Audrey had never lost the faith he

had deserted and betrayed. Most striking is the description of his first taking the Communion in the Protestant Church of the village:—

Then those who still watched, and who spread the tale about afterwards, saw that the squire did not move from his seat to kneel down. He had put off his hat again after the homily, and had so sat ever since; and now that the minister came to him, still there he sat.

Now such a manner of receiving was not unknown; yet it was the sign of a Puritan; and so far from the folk expecting such behaviour in their squire, they had looked rather for Popish gestures, knockings on the breast, signs of the cross.

For a moment the minister stood before the seat, as if doubtful what to do. He held the plate in his left hand and a fragment of bread in his fingers. Then, as he began the words he had to say, one thing at least the people saw, and that was that a great flush dyed the old man's face, though he sat quiet. Then, as the minister held out the bread, the squire seemed to recover himself; he put out his fingers quickly, took the bread sharply and put it into his mouth; and so sat again, until the minister brought back the cup; and this, too, he drank of quickly, and gave it back.

Then, as the communicants one by one took the bread and wine and went back to their seats, man after man glanced up at the squire.

But the squire sat there, motionless and upright, like a figure cut of stone.

Mr Audrey's last appearance—the end, indeed, of the book—is wonderfully dramatic. In his hunt for a priest he finds his own son and is struck down in a fit as his son is carried off to prison. They meet again when the priest is mounting the gallows.

Against the ladder on which he stood, a man's figure was writhing and embracing the rungs, kneeling on the ground . . . The man's head had fallen back, and the face was staring up at him, so distorted with speechless entreaty, that even he, at first, did not recognize it . . .

Then he saw it to be his father, and understood enough, at least, to act as a priest for the last time.

He smiled a little, leaned his own head forward as from a cross, and spoke . . .

"*Absolvo te a peccatis tuis in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti . . .*"

In this field of history there is no novelist to-day who can do for the Church the work Monsignor Benson can do. Many of his readers would be grateful if, turning his attention wholly to historical novels, he would give them pictures now of one period now of another. And these books would be welcomed the more eagerly if they came instead of such as *A Winnowing*, *The Conventionalists*, or *The Dawn of All*, which, clever though they are, undoubtedly weaken their author's serious influence in the world at large, and thus diminish the good effect that such a really great book as *Come Rack! Come Rope!* is calculated to produce. M. W.

IT is said that at the time of the Fiscal controversy in 1903 the late Duke of Devonshire remarked on the curious fate which had made him, a man of direct and rather slow intelligence, the close ally successively of the two subtlest-minded of our modern statesmen—Mr Gladstone and Mr Balfour. There is another attribute besides intellectual subtlety in which Mr Gladstone and Mr Balfour have resembled each other. With neither of them has their political career at all adequately represented the full interest of their lives. The multifariousness of Mr Gladstone's studies, from theology to Homeric criticism, is well known. We doubt if, before the publication of Mr Short's excellently selected volume, *Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker* (London: Longmans. 7s. 6d.), people quite realized how wide and diverse is the ground covered in Mr Balfour's utterances on non-political subjects.

As with Mr Gladstone, religion occupies a not inconspicuous place in the field of inquiry; but the philosophical side is more prominent in Mr Balfour's treatment, the theological in Mr Gladstone's. Some of Mr Balfour's judg-

ments on well-known persons are, we think, little known; and his estimates of Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Huxley are especially interesting. For delicate delineation of character, however, there is nothing in the book which strikes us more than the tribute paid by Mr Balfour in the House of Commons to the late Duke of Devonshire immediately after his death; and we select as an illustration of Mr Balfour's quality his very subtle analysis of the Duke's powers of persuasion in speech. The word "persuasive" generally suggests "plausible and insinuating," and this makes the epithet, as applied to the late Duke, at first blush a little surprising. But when our readers have perused Mr Balfour's remarks, they will, I think, agree with him that the power of persuasion was exactly what the Duke had, although it was due to qualities so different from those with which the epithet "persuasive" is often associated:

> I think that of all the great statesmen I have known, the Duke of Devonshire was the most persuasive speaker; and he was persuasive because he never attempted to conceal the strength of the case against him. As I put that, it might be regarded as a rhetorical art, but as a rhetorical art it would have been wholly ineffective. In the Duke of Devonshire it was effective because he brought before the public in absolutely clear, transparent, and unmistakable terms the very arguments he had been going through patiently and honestly before he arrived at his conclusions. He had seen all the difficulties which he ultimately had to pursue. He knew, as we all know, that there are arguments, real and strong arguments, to be urged on both sides of almost every practical question that has to be decided. What made the Duke of Devonshire persuasive to friends and foes alike was that when he came before the House of Commons or any other Assembly, he told them the processes through which his own mind had gone in arriving at the conclusion at which he ultimately had arrived. Every man felt that this was no rhetorical device, but that he had shown in clear and unmistakable terms the very intimate processes by which he had arrived at the conclusion which he then honestly supported without fear or favour, without dread of criticism, without hope of applause. He had that quality in a far greater measure than any man I have ever known; and it

gave him a dominant position in any Assembly. In the Cabinet, in the House of Commons, in the House of Lords, on the public platform, wherever it was, every man said, "Here is one addressing us who has done his best to master every aspect of this question, who has been driven by logic to arrive at certain conclusions, and who is disguising from us no argument on either side which either weighed with him or moved him to come to the conclusion at which he has arrived. How can we hope to have a more clear-sighted or honest guide in the course we ought to pursue?" That was the secret of his great strength as an orator.

W. W.

"MY dear friend," wrote Southey to John May, "I have a full and well-founded faith in the hope you express, that my reputation will indeed stand high hereafter." This hope has been realized, though not entirely in the manner which Southey anticipated. Thackeray's views on Southey's fame are quoted on the first page of a new selected edition of the *Letters of Robert Southey*. (Edited, with introduction and notes, by Maurice H. Fitzgerald. The World's Classics. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.) "We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind," wrote Thackeray. "In the combat between Time and Thalaba I suspect the former destroyer has conquered. Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now, but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love, and upright life." For these and for other reasons it is good to have this popular edition of his letters, some of them written to the most remarkable men of his age. Southey's experiences, his friendships, his sense of humour, sometimes acute and sometimes quaintly lacking, make his letters vivid and delightful. Some of them are tragic, too, speaking of his love for his children and his fears for them, so continually realized. "I am not a stoic at home," he wrote to Landor. "I feel as you do about the fall of an old tree; but, O Christ! what a pang it is to look upon the young shoot and think it will be cut down."

Life of Father Tyrrell

Mr Fitzgerald has written an interesting and sympathetic introduction to the volume of Letters, and his notes and biographical table are of considerable practical use. In conclusion we may venture to take exception to Southey's scornful description of the attitude of the reviewer, to which any review of his own Letters must be a contradiction. "Everybody is a critic," he writes contemptuously, "that is, every reader imagines himself superior to the author, and reads his book that he may censure it, not that he may improve by it." O.

THE *Autobiography and Life of Father George Tyrrell* (Arnold. 21s.) is profoundly interesting reading, but extremely sad. Miss Petre has done her work skillfully and with fairness. At the same time, the present writer takes leave to doubt whether we have in the work as a whole quite a true picture of Father Tyrrell. This query applies especially to the Autobiography. Tyrrell was essentially a man of moods. His account is probably affected considerably by the circumstances of the time at which it was written, and by the sympathies of the correspondent to whom it was addressed. It was a time of suffering and irritation, and these colour the glasses through which events are seen in retrospect. We question whether we shall have the true Tyrrell of those earlier years before a considerable selection of contemporary letters is made public. Moreover, a true picture of the man calls, we think, for some such selections from his writings as would adequately illustrate the distinctive spiritual beauty of his mind. There may be letters which would suffice for this purpose. If there are not, we could wish for a more adequate account than we get of this attractive and more peaceful aspect of his thought and teaching, illustrated by passages from *Nova et Vetera* and *Hard Sayings*.

We hope to deal later on with some of the important problems raised by the book. We will content ourselves for the present with a few general observations.

For the present writer a noteworthy feature of the book is its revelation of one extraordinary inversion in

Tyrrell of the ordinary, and, I think, the normal human being. With most people the power of judgment on the sum of the individual's knowledge and experience exceeds that individual's power of analysing the reasoning which justifies his judgment. Lord Mansfield recognized this fact in his advice to judges to give their decision and not their reasons, as the reasons they would produce at a moment's notice were much less likely to be right than the decision. The deeper and really determining reasons are not those most easily found. With most of us it takes time to make clear for ourselves the considerations that have guided us in reaching a conclusion in a complex matter calling for careful judgment, if indeed we can find them at all. Our powers of judgment, if we really know a subject well, surpass our powers of analysis. With Tyrrell, on the contrary, the powers of analysis were quite abnormally strong; the powers of judgment comparatively weak. This was one cause of his constant variations in opinion. It was not a case of steady growth of the mind, of a gradual acquisition and digestion of fresh knowledge, but of over-rapid assimilation of any train of reasoning with which he was brought in contact, coupled with a sympathetic perception which enabled him to develop it with wonderful lucidity. It might be one train one day, another train another day, perhaps inconsistent with the first. Doubtless there was some advance, but the advance was as nothing in comparison with the variations. No doubt in highly subtle and speculative minds there is always, in dealing with complex problems a good deal of weighing and balancing before a decision is arrived at. But with Tyrrell the element of decision was reduced to a *minimum*. His was an unstable equilibrium, and his decision was often determined by accidents or keen and uncertainly balanced sympathies. It witnesses to no mental strength comparable to that often evinced in his analysis.

Cardinal Newman once defined rationalistic liberalism in religion as "false liberty of thought, or the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of

the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue and therefore is out of place." A man may similarly reach false results if he allows the speculative reason to travel over a far larger field of argument than his powers of judgment and mental digestion enable him really to measure and estimate truly. And this was the tendency of Tyrrell's mind. It is a natural consequence that he has hardly left a constructive philosophy of religion. He has indeed left a legacy of thought which includes contributions of the utmost value, but it is unfinished and undigested. Penetrating criticism is left side by side with unjust and shallow judgments begotten of a particular mood. The wheat and the tares remain unsifted. What his own conclusions were it is often hard to discover, for they varied from day to day. But, moreover, that sense of personal wisdom which makes us attach great weight to the fact that a wise man has so concluded is just what his writing least conveys. Therefore there are many problems on which it is neither easy nor specially interesting to know at what conclusions he finally arrived. Nevertheless, as we have said, he has left among the records of the trains of reasoning which his restless and penetrating mind pursued thoughts and criticisms of very high value to the religious philosopher, and marked by keen insight into modern conditions of thought. He is uncritical only in his over-sanguine belief in a law of progress applicable to the whole field of religious inquiry.

As to Tyrrell's religious beliefs in his last years his biographer quotes the following words from a letter he wrote in 1909—"Houtin and Loisy are right, the Christianity of the future will consist of mysticism and charity and possibly the Eucharist in its primitive form as the outward bond. I desire no better." This was in the year of his death. Had it been merely an impatient saying, it is probable that his biographer would have thrown some doubt on its apparent significance. Had those who spoke for him after he died intimated to the world that he would have retracted anything really inconsistent with the defined dogma of the Church, they would have advanced a solid

claim that he should be regarded as dying in communion with the Church. No doubt there might have been room for much discussion as to what was or was not inconsistent in what he had written with obligatory Catholic teaching. And it might reasonably have been said that such discussion was out of place *in articulo mortis*. But the statement which was actually made, that he would not retract what he had written in sincerity and still considered to be the truth, set forth without any such qualification as subordinated his personal conclusions (however honest) to the Church's actual definitions, appears to be the implied negation of any profession of the Catholic faith. No doubt he may have hoped that some ideal Church of the future would endorse his views; but this, of course, was Luther's position also in his appeal to a future General Council. If he, moreover, deliberately rejected the definitions of the two last councils, as he declares in one of his later letters, that of course is decisive—unless indeed, which is possible, his illness had so far unhinged his mind that such sayings did not represent real convictions at all.

Father Tyrrell was evidently for his intimate friends a singularly lovable man. The sincerity with which he wrote is beyond question. Even when he was wrong-headed one sees in his letters signs of an earnest, and certainly not self-seeking, struggle to see things as they are in a perplexing world. But the constant note of intellectual contempt witnesses to great limitations in his power of doing justice to the length and breadth of religious opinion. Moreover, he lacked mental stability and philosophical depth and patience, and without these it is difficult for a man of his extraordinary intellectual subtlety to be the adherent of any Confession—most of all of the Catholic Church. It was part of the tragedy of his life that while he craved for the sympathy and companionship of a Church, he could not submit to its necessary conditions, and his road was inevitably a lonely one.

W. W.

Civilization at the Cross Roads

THE primary source of the erroneous trains of thought to which Tyrrell committed himself in spite of his acute psychology and, in some respects, keen spiritual insight, is pointed out in Dr Neville Figgis's recently published lectures on *Civilization at the Cross Roads.* (Longmans. 5s.)

> Tyrrell [writes Dr Figgis] appears to have thought that the knowledge of our day and its theories were so secure as to enable us from that standpoint to sit in judgment on the strange events which gave rise to the Christian Church, and also that the gifts of twentieth century civilization were so strongly entrenched behind the walls of physical science that they could not be lost. . . . Neither of these statements appears to me to be justified. . . . There are so many aspects of life which our present-day civilization either ignores or depreciates that I fail to see how we can take its principles for anything more than a partial and abstract account of certain elements of the world.

Dr Figgis analyses carefully the mentality characteristic of our present civilization, its grave defects which have gone hand in hand with its scientific achievement, its loss of fixed ideals, its tendency to naturalism. Doubtless the victories of modern science have had a large share in the formation of this mentality. But just as reason may influence men, not rationally, but by creating a psychological atmosphere of rationalism, so science may create a psychological atmosphere of naturalism which leads to conclusions which are anything but scientific. The civilization of the Middle Ages, with all its faults and its ignorance, kept a spiritual faith. Science and criticism have not really proved that faith to be irrational, but they have helped to create an atmosphere which has led men to adopt naturalistic principles. These are often inserted in the reasoning of the critics, and naturally reappear in their conclusions, which are, therefore, destructive of religion. To this way of proceeding the true antidote is not reasoning, but the creation of a counter psychological atmosphere less favourable to naturalistic assumptions.

In a striking passage Dr Figgis sketches the two riva

atmospheres—that of the Middle Ages and that which is becoming more and more prevalent in our own day.

The world of the Middle Ages was anything but an ideal place, and those best off were without our comforts. It was a rough and cruel world of tumbling, quarrelsome, naughty, joyous, and rather dirty children. Its tears and its laughter, its hopes and its solemnities, still live, not only in our chroniclers or poets, but more universally in those majestic piles which not even the throned scoundrel who destroyed the Abbeys could quite avail to shatter. These places witness to two things—men's faith alike in God and in man. The two go together. Either the whole world, seen no less than unseen, is conceived as personal, spiritual, alive, ever fresh, so that

> " New every morning is the Love
> Our wakening and uprising prove ";

or else it is seen as mechanical, impersonal, dead, with human history unrolling itself, like a cinematograph. The one is the world of Catholic Christianity, the other that of Pagan philosophy or scientific fatalism, and its more spiritual, or at least decorative variety—Pantheism.

When men talk of modern difficulties against Christian faith, the question arises, Are not some of those difficulties the effect of a general unfaith, as they are doubtless the cause of unfaith in the individual?

It is a new soul that the world needs [writes Dr. Figgis], not a scheme of reforms. The only source of new life is faith of one kind or another.

When Our Lord preached He kindled a faith which led in later years to the work of Christian philosophers in defending and justifying it. And it may be that Christian philosophy will not again be supreme until something of the spirit of faith is restored to our jaded world.

And in effecting this restoration one cannot but feel that the Catholic Church may be in one respect effective as no other form of Christianity can. For by that very intellectual isolation from the modern world of which we

hear so much, the Church has preserved within itself the spiritual atmosphere of other days.

One important result of Dr Figgis's argument (of which we are only selecting a portion for consideration) is its effect on the statement of the case for traditional Christianity in the controversies of the hour. In Tyrrell's hands the case appears at times almost desperate. But as Dr Figgis points out, we have not in reality pitted against one another (as Tyrrell often assumes) the outcome of all the best thought on the one hand, and the traditional form of Christianity on the other, which would mean that but little of that traditional form could survive in an enlightened age; but the mentality of two civilizations, each with its strength and its weakness, its knowledge and its ignorance. The modern needs sifting and correcting quite as much as the ancient.

This is a rough statement of the case, and no doubt Tyrell's acceptance of the modern movement was not wholly uncritical. But it was his immensely exaggerated estimate of the value of the fashionable theories of the hour which led him latterly to favour a setting of Christianity reduced from the traditional setting far beyond the demands of reason, as well as incompatible with Catholic teaching.

W. W.

MEMOIRS, it has been said, may be divided into two classes; those that are interesting merely by reason of the period and people dealt with, and those that attract because of the biographer's own insight into and description of the characters and customs of his time. It is to the former rather than to the latter category that *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley*, 1787–1817 (Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net), may be said to belong. Born in the year 1787, Frances Winckley was at the early age of six left the heiress to a large fortune, her father, one Thomas Winckley of Preston, having died shortly after the removal of his family from Preston to Larkhill, near Liverpool.

In this house the Pretender slept on the night before the Battle of Preston, and Lady Shelley records with pride the strong Jacobite opinions of her family and the possession of a bracelet made of the hair of King Charles which had been given to her ancestor.

Soon after the death of her father Frances was taken to London, and later, on being pronounced to be consumptive, she removed to Clifton to be under the care of Dr Bedoes, a famous doctor of the day, "who used to put his patients in rooms above the cow-houses; through the chinks of the flooring the breathing of the cows ascended; this was supposed to be an infallible cure." Whilst in this neighbourhood the Winckleys became acquainted with Lady Hesketh, a cousin of the poet Cowper, whose poems, we read, made a deep impression on the mind of the future Lady Shelley.

"At her house," she writes, "I met the afterwards celebrated Hannah More. . . . I read all her admirable tracts for the poor, which helped to break the Jacobin spirit which infected the lower classes in England at this time." Following this entry is a passage which we quote as containing material for thought on some of the most vexed questions of to-day:

> The awakening of the labouring classes, after the first shock of the French Revolution, made the upper classes tremble. . . . Never in the history of our country, was a better proof afforded of the good sense of the Anglo-Saxon character. Practical measures were adopted to improve the condition of the poor. Land allotments, clothing clubs, and many other philanthropic measures were promoted. . . . Every man felt the necessity for setting his house in order, and every woman began to educate her children, so that if the necessity arose, they might, like the distinguished French emigrants, who were reduced to earn a livelihood, be able to become governesses or tutors.

On Mrs Winckley's death her daughter was sent to a lady in London to complete her education, after which we hear of an endless succession of visits to Knowsley, Osterley, Woburn, and other country places, interspersed

Diary of Frances Lady Shelley

with anecdotes of the life at Court and of the many people of note whose path she was destined to cross. Amongst these were Byron and Sir Walter Scott, and, later on, the Duke of Wellington, Brougham, the Empress Marie Louise, Metternich, Canova, the Countess of Albany, and many others. In 1807 Frances Winckley married Sir John Shelley, the boon companion of the Prince Regent and one of the most famous gamblers of his day. Eight years later, when in Paris, the Shelleys lived in daily companionship with the Duke of Wellington, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, occupied a unique historical position. Lady Shelley rode with the Duke and the Emperors of Austria and Russia to the reviews, mounted, on one occasion, on the celebrated charger "Copenhagen." Later she gives us a description of their journey, on leaving Paris, through Switzerland to Vienna, and of the life of the most exclusive Court of Europe. Not the least interesting entry is the account of dining with the Empress Marie Louise in the Palace at Parma, on the return journey through Italy. In conclusion it may not be amiss to quote from a letter of Sir Walter Scott's which we find in *Lockhart;* having spoken of Sir John Shelley, he adds: "I like his lady very much. She is perfectly feminine in her manners, has good sense, and plays divinely on the harp; besides all this she shoots wild boars and is the boldest horsewoman I ever saw. I saw her at Paris ride like a lapwing in the midst of all the aide-de-camps and suite of the Duke of Wellington." If Lady Shelley gives us no new insight into the events and manners of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, we can, nevertheless, be very well amused in her company. D. M. M.

OUR first impulse on reading the last chapter of Mr Locke's latest book, *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol* (By William J. Locke. John Lane, The Bodley Head. 6s.), is to take off our hat and wave it in the air in delighted acknowledgment to the author for what he has given us. A great deal of the modern-school literature is

so given up to the ugly and morbid side of life that it is with something akin to a sigh of relief that we turn to Mr Locke's picture of his son of Provence. Aristide Pujol, irresistible, irresponsible, and in many respects wholly impossible, is the personification of a type which, we are thankful to say, still exists, and always will exist, in Ireland and Southern Europe. In tracing the kaleidoscopic changes in the career of Pujol, Mr Locke aptly describes him as a " child of impulse and sunshine, this dragon-fly of a man." Again, in speaking of Aristide's mysterious mastery of the English tongue, his biographer gives us, in a few words, the key to his whole character: " To Aristide the impossible was ever the one thing easy of attainment; the possible the one thing he could never achieve. That was the paradoxical nature of the man." As to the Adventure of the Foundling and the tenderness as well as gaiety of the chapters on Fleurette and the Adventure of St Martin's Summer, we, like Oliver of old, can only ask for " more "; recommending at the same time that no one should miss the chance of making this arch-adventurer's acquaintance. D. M. M.

COLLECTANEA Biblica Latina, cura et studio Monachorum S. Benedicti, vol. i. *Liber Psalmorum juxta Antiquissimam Latinam versionem, nunc primum ex Casinensi cod.* 557, *curante* D. Ambrosio M. Amelli, O.S.B, Abbate S. M. Florentinae *in lucem profertur.* pp. xxxiv. 175. Pustet.

There are no editors like the Benedictines. Centuries of traditional scholarship have gone to their making. And whatever accurate learning and excellent taste can accomplish, will be found in their books. In the present case, the task was no light one. It was necessary to produce the first of the studies in view of the Revised Latin Vulgate. But it was also necessary to produce it in such a form and with such care, that it might worthily stand first in what will be an historic series. Dom Ambrose Amelli was chosen for the work. He has accomplished it in the way to be expected of him. We cannot say more.

Collectanea Biblica Latina

Abbot Gasquet, as President of the Vulgate Commission, has written the dedication to Pius the Tenth. The language is graceful, and the reference to His Holiness most courtly. But the very perfection of the literary form, and the artistic allusions to Maecenas and Damasus just deprive us of the clear human note. Yet perhaps even that is heard in the closing reminiscence of the great labours, in which Abbot Gasquet and his colleagues have been engaged.

The manuscript is valuable and interesting. It was written in the twelfth century by two copyists. One of these was also the scribe of *Codex Casinensis*, 264. So we are able to identify him with one Ferro, who six times uses majuscule letters for the Latin word *ferro* in his text. Then, this man can be placed under Abbot Theodinus, who was Abbot in the year 1166 alone.

It is interesting to note that the initials in the manuscript are partly Lombard and partly Gothic. It also reminds us of the influence exercised by the Goths and Lombards on the Latin text, and of the influence exercised on the Gothic text by the Latin after the Lombards' invasion of Italy in 568. No doubt there are many who will be deeply interested in the beautiful facsimiles, and in the details of caligraphy and ornament. But there is always the more serious question of the Biblical text for the Biblical student. The value of the Latin Vulgate as a commentary has never been denied in any circle of scholarship. We think it was Routh who used to hold it for the best commentary on the New Testament. But the value of the Vulgate for determining the actual text has not long been so fully appreciated as it is now. And it would be manifestly unjust even to mention this matter, without some reference to the share of Dr Wordsworth and Mr White in bringing about the new order of things.

Our sympathy, we confess, is with the textual critic, hungering and thirsting for the actual words of Sacred Scripture, with a longing incomprehensible to so many of those devoted to other and perhaps more ephemeral

aims. He knows that the tides of labour, now flowing towards Abbot Gasquet's cell, are those of one day and one sea in the work of textual criticism. What is being done is necessary. But it is only a beginning. When we receive the Vulgate text, it will have one value for the Gospels, and another for the Pauline epistles. In the former case it will be necessary to determine the relation between the Vulgate text and the Greek manuscripts, of an Alexandrian cast, used by St Jerome in the year 384. In the latter case there will be the still more delicate question of determining the relation between the Vulgate text and the Old Latin version or versions. For the Latin Vulgate of the Pauline epistles is little more than a modified form of the Old Latin. It is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that the Latin Vulgate, as it came from Jerome, was not the last word of the saint on the subject. His commentaries were written afterwards under the influence of Origen's works and the Cæsarean tradition. And it is interesting to note the occasions on which St Jerome follows the Old Latin in the Vulgate and departs from it in his commentary on *Ephesians*.

G. S. H.

CONCILIUM Tridentinum: Diariorum, Actorum, Epistularum, Tractatuum Nova Collectio: edidit Societas Goerresiana promovendis inter Catholicos Germaniae Litterarum studiis. Tomus Secundus, Diariorum pars secunda, et Tomus Quintus, Actorum pars altera. (Vol. II, pp. clxxvii, 965; Vol. V, pp. lx, 1079. Each £3 10*s*. Herder.)

There are some works of such monumental learning and labour that even a reviewer is overawed by them. And there are some works, such as these before us, which not only embody learning and labour, but are also a landmark of research. We would class these two volumes with the best products of German industry and the historical spirit. The care expended on the collation of authorities, the accuracy in editing and the minuteness in investigation are beyond all praise. Frankly, we have nothing but

admiration for the work and the workmen. The future historian of Trent will find a mass of material, made ready to his hand in these books. They form one of those quarries from which magazine writers may draw very many articles. The theologian also, perhaps even more than the historian, will benefit by these documents, for they will enable him to attend the debates of the Council and to trace the very shaping of the decrees.

The fifth volume, delayed by various causes, has taken six years to print; but in view of the result, the reader will make no complaint on that or any other score. The book consists of ten documents, carefully printed and annotated, and accurately described. The lives of the authors are given, and the value of their testimonies indicated. We have here the fifth diary of Angelus Massarellus, a secretary of the Council, during the conclave after the death of Paul III. This is followed by the sixth diary of the same writer during the pontificate of Julius III. The seventh diary then covers the period from the accession of Marcellus II to the death of Pius IV. Next in order, we find the " Epilogus of the Acts of the Sacred and Œcumenical Synod of Trent," by Laurentius Pratanus. The fifth document includes the Commentaries of Hieronymus Seripandus. It is really composed of an autobiography and of fragments, which refer to the years 1545, 1546, 1561 and 1562. The sixth document consists of excerpts from the ceremonial diaries of Ludovicus Bondonus de Branchis Firmanus, who appears to have entered on his office as a papal master of ceremonies on May 19, 1548, on the vigil of Pentecost, though his name is not mentioned by Moronus among the masters of ceremonies. The seventh document is the work of Onuphrius Panvinius on the creation of Pope Pius IV. The eighth document is a booklet by Antonius Guidus on the death of Paul IV, and on the conclave, which elected Pius IV. The ninth document is the Spanish and Latin diary of Petrus Gundisalvus de Mendoza, Bishop of Salamanca from 1560 to 1574, and previously Rector of the Salamanca University. The tenth document is

composed of fragments from the diaries of Nicolas Psalmaeus.

The mode, in which these documents are presented, is excellent for judgment and erudition. The index of names and subjects occupies 70 large pages, each in three columns. It is not merely a list of names and numbers, but is often a real guide and finger-post among a multitude of details.

Interesting and necessary as the second volume must prove to the historian, the fifth, appropriately dedicated to the Holy Father, is of vital importance to the theologian, as it forms the second part of the "Acts," and extends from the conclusion of the third session to the translation of the Council to Bononia. From the standpoint of the scientific historian, the "Introduction" is of great value; and those who are curious in such matters can find interesting details in the expenses of the Council. But the body of the volume is practically a "Hansard" of the great assembly from the 8th of February, 1546, to the 11th of March, 1547. The translation of the Council took place on the latter date; and to the account of that event are appended the depositions made on the previous day with regard to the plague.

Here we may follow the gradual evolution of the decrees on Sacred Scripture, Original Sin, Justification, and the Sacraments. Pages 3–161, and 226–246, include the debates and decrees on Sacred Scripture, the eloquent sermon of Augustinus Bonuciis, general of the Servites, and the directions for preachers. Here are recorded wise and less wise utterances, which show us, as nothing else could do, the views current in that day. And the process reveals with what minute care and searchings of heart the final form of the decree was reached. Now the Bishop of Feltre held it no abuse that there were so many editions of the sacred books; and he justified vernacular translations by the example of St Jerome, who even published the Mass in the dialect of Illyria, and by the example of the Church, which allowed the Illyrians to use that version. Then the Bishop of San Marco would not at any

price have a version of Sacred Scripture in a native tongue. And the poor Bishop of Pienza, Alexander Piccolomini, was so little alive to the historical significance of the Hebrew and Greek words in the Missal, that he would forthwith turn them into Latin. Freedom of discussion was certainly the rule; and we note the characters of the various voices, bold or hesitating, radical or conservative, thoughtful or impulsive. It is as interesting as the *Ring and the Book*, and almost as human. At last, after much discussion and many emendations, emerges the clear and definite decree.

Pages 162–225 are mainly occupied with the question of Original Sin. After the subject had been examined by the minor theologians—that is, by clergymen, secular, Dominican, Franciscan, Augustinian, Carmelite and Servite, who had not attained episcopal rank—it was carefully and minutely debated in a general congregation; the authoritative statements of Popes and Councils on the matter were read as here printed; the debate was resumed, and speeches were delivered; the decree was drawn up, examined, amended, submitted to the minor theologians, and finally passed.

The records of the decree on Justification fill pages 257–832. It is a vast document of vast importance. At one moment we see how intense was the feeling that flowed beneath the argument. The Greek Bishop of Ceos suspected some un-Catholic meaning in a speech by the Bishop of Cava, and declared him guilty of great ignorance or of great wantonness. The accused man in his anger caught the beard of the Greek, and pulled some hairs out of it. For this action he fell under censure, and was expelled from the city of Trent. Apart from this incident, which is of no interest to us except as witnessing to the high-strung mood of those engaged in that high debate, this part of the work is invaluable to the theologian. Sentence by sentence, or rather word by word, the decree grows into its final form, illustrated by whatever scriptural or patristic learning could give, and modified as far as a ruthless logic demanded amendment.

Some Recent Books

Decrees in connexion with the Sacraments will be found on pages 835–1036. The errors of Luther regarding the Sacraments in general, and regarding Baptism and Confirmation in particular, are set out in his own words. Over these the minor theologians, including the Dominican Miranda, the Franciscan Vega and the Jesuit Salmeron, spend much time, and present condemnations. Then the same process takes place with regard to the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, the arguments of the theologians proving of absorbing interest. And as in the history of the other decrees, we see the general congregations lead the process onward to the final definition of the Council.

We cannot conclude without paying a tribute of deep respect to those whose great labours have produced a work worthy of their great subject. G. S. H.

FAUSTULA (By John Ayscough. Chatto and Windus. 6s.) is the story of a Roman maiden, living in the fourth century, who could not reverence the pagan ideals in which she was educated.

There are shallow natures that feel no need of reverence, and can be satisfied with mere customary shows of it without any inward sentiment, whose religion is no more than conformity to external conventions. But . . . if Faustula did not worship it was because she could only worship that which compelled her reverence by itself; and not at all because the faculty of worship was absent.

Until she found a god higher than herself she must be godless: and she had not that sort of blindness that sees what does not exist. There are women who, in fact, worship some man, reading into his character perfections that they put there themselves. So there may have been devout heathens who have seen in the gods a goodness that was only reflected from themselves. Faustula could not be a devout heathen, for she could only worship what existed, and lacked this faculty of ascribing out of herself what only existed in herself. If she had tried she would have failed: for, after all, she would have known that the god was of her own making and could be no better than herself. Her god must be, not only not worse than men, but greater than any man.

Meanwhile she was perishing of famine, and her whole nature would have shrivelled and turned away had this incapacity for reverence continued to the end.

Faustula's religious craving was eventually satisfied by Christianity, but she had long to wait in " the faithless anterooms of faith." Brought up by her rigidly pagan aunt Sabina, who did not love her, she had once at the age of six spent some weeks in a Christian family, and this had helped to create the longing which made life without ideals so intolerable to her. When scarcely ten and already of remarkable beauty she was forced to become a Vestal Virgin to suit the convenience of her stepmother, Tullia, on whose hands her aunt Sabina's sudden death had thrown her. Early in life Faustula's natural scepticism towards what was false was very obvious. She made one friend among the older Vestals, and to her the child said:

. . . As for being wicked towards the goddess, I don't care about her one way or the other—only, if she does unjust things, I can't help saying they are unjust. She is no more to me than the rest of them. And there are too many of them. Even if one cared about pleasing them it would not be easy: what pleases one annoys another: they do not seem to get on very well together, if all we read is true. So I leave them alone.

Nevertheless many years of the girl's life were perforce spent in the service of Vesta, and her hopeless dreariness is vividly conveyed to us. It was with the help of Fabian, the Christian playmate of her childhood, that she found the faith that she so greatly needed and was able to proclaim herself a Christian in a striking and dramatic scene.

We are told that " this is not an historical novel, and none of the personages . . . played historic parts, or were known to history. Public events only concern us as they produced results in which our characters were entangled." It is not a book in which character painting is neglected for the painting of historic scenes. *Faustula* is indeed

a most striking novel; it has unusual beauty of style as well as unusually living characters. Faustulus, in particular, the careless, witty father of Faustula, is conveyed to us with wonderful vividness. His stern sister Sabina is a good foil to him, more especially when she rebukes him for his impious attitude towards pagan ideals.

> Impiety! [he exclaims]. My dear Sabina, the gods are my very good friends. My conduct is largely based on theirs. . . . I copy Jupiter in almost everything but the thunderbolts.

His end is tragic and pathetic.

There are several events in the last chapters of *Faustula* that the reader does not expect, and it would spoil the interest of the book to relate them here. But we know that all will be well with Faustula when we see that the Christian faith has conquered her. " And in the moment she knew that she was conquered, she knew that she was happy, and that she was free." O.

ENGLISH Catholics may well be proud of the new *Life of St Francis of Assisi*, by F. Cuthbert. O.S.F.C. (Longmans, Green and Co. 12s. 6d. net). Up till now we have been accustomed to turn to Germany for the amassed detail and to France for the general outlook in the histories of the Saints. But here is a well-written volume which combines wealth of information with all the sprightly grace and broad vision of literature. Let us hope that it means the opening up of a new era in English hagiography. Certainly, it is difficult to think of any other biography of a saint in English so well documented and yet so interesting to the ordinary reader.

The two points in S. Francis's character which evidently fascinated the author are the saint's love of poverty and his love of song. There is music in every description of this Troubadour of God, chaunting as he walks along, chaunting even in his very prayers, and poet-wise calling upon all creation in joy of fellowship to echo with him the " lauds of God." The appeal to Brother Sun and the

ready welcome given to Sister Death are not the affectations of a sentimentalist (for F. Cuthbert makes it quite clear that in S. Francis's life there is no pose), but the spontaneous outbursts of a man trained to the arts and crafts of minstrelsy. We find him on more than one occasion, preaching from a text which is a stray verse out of a popular song, as though the romance of human love was sacred, in that it could serve as a guide to the romance of love divine.

Out of the same temperament, too, comes the loneliness and forlornness of the saint. He is pictured for us hiding beneath his gaiety the deep wounds of disappointment. Like his Master, he had been with his disciples so long a time and yet so few of them had really understood. For in and out of the glad harmony of his life rang the haunting note of pathos. Among the earliest adherents of this divine " science joyeuse " comes the name of Brother Elias, that strange mediæval figure of contradiction. Yet even with all his causes for sadness, there was peace in the heart of S. Francis, and when he came to die there was heard in the heavens the singing of the larks.

Of the poverty of the saint we must quote one passage which sets forth clearly S. Francis's philosophy of the Begging Friar: " In his dependence upon the goodwill of men he found a more intimate sense of God's Fatherhood and of the encircling bond of kinship, which makes all the world a family; and for this reason he henceforth regarded the beggar with an immense reverence as one who held in his condition the secret of that active love which gives a man the full freedom of the family of God and makes the wide earth one domestic heart. In the same way he came to reverence all weak and helpless things. It would not be easy to construct an economic system upon this worship of the beggar, which now became a part of Francis's life: for you would need to work into the system the religious faith and high qualities of heart and soaring idealism which give to this worship its equipoise and perfect sanity. Moreover, it must be remembered that Francis's willingness to receive from others was indissolubly wedded

to a readiness to give—a combination of qualities not easily linked together. But, as Francis would have told you, he who would accept in the spirit of brotherhood the gift of another must place no fence round his own property. He must himself be a servant to others before he can rightly accept another's service. Good service must go with the questing for alms, else do the alms become a defrauding of the giver, a species of rapine and a blasphemy against the Providence which inspires a generous soul" (pp. 42-3). Besides being an excellent exposition of Catholic ideas of charity, so often a stumbling-block to the modern mind, the passage is fairly representative of the whole style of the book, clear, pleasing, unstudied. The reader who wishes to complete the Franciscan notion of alms-giving must read the short story (p. 25) of the saint's courtesy in giving, in the days before he himself became a beggar. The book is attractively illustrated, and, despite its high price, is well worth its purchase to any Catholic who has reverence for sainthood and literature.

B. O. P.

MOST of us have a healthy suspicion of a volume of verses written by an unknown hand, and our scepticism is not easily overcome by the enthusiasm of the reviewer. It may be, therefore, of comparatively little use to say that *The Blue Communion*—a volume of verses by R. A. Eric Shepherd (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)—is a collection of poems of very remarkable beauty, with a deep spiritual insight, and rich in what Tennyson called "the glory of words." It is far more persuasive and convincing to quote as many verses as possible, and to insist in all honesty that those quoted are not the occasional happy lines that are sometimes to be found in the most mediocre minor poet.

To begin at the very beginning, with the Dedication, is there not a peculiar and very personal charm in the following lines? "To my two sisters":

The Blue Communion

When you and I were children, we were blest
With faëry visitations by still pools.
We did not love the gloomy town's unrest,
Nor competition in the dusty schools.
We ever went in quest of dazzling gleams
That far out-shone the sun-god's golden curls:
And we were kind to one another's dreams,
For they to us were stranger than fine pearls.
And growing we did seek, and seeking grew,
Until our limbs were stronger for the quest,
Until our eyes saw further than they knew
And dwelt in nameless lands upon the best.
Yea, tho' we were but children prone to fall,
God led us to the loveliest thing of all !

To any reader whose attention is won by these lines, and who continues to study *The Blue Communion*, it seems apparent that the " loveliest thing of all " to which these children were led is the Catholic Church. Where Mr Shepherd has an unmistakable touch of the quality of true genius is in the unself-conscious revelation of his religion. There is no posturing; nothing that could be called sectarian; nothing to remind us of contemporary controversies and religious hostilities. Perhaps he reaches his largest grasp of religious thought in the " Hymn to Death," of which it is only possible to quote three verses here:

Great Herald of the throne-room of the King,
  How many voices hast thou? For not all
  Souls that thou callest tremble at thy call.
To some thou art the first gleam of the Spring,
A long-desired and very golden thing!
  Whose soul is white, his fear of thee is small
  Who art the reed that Sin hath dipped in gall!
O strange-eyed angel with the radiant wing,
  Pass at my hour cool fingers thro' my hair,
  And smooth out all the pucker'd lines of care,
And softly disentangle without pain
My soul from her corruptible domain!

For One there is hath conquered thee, O Death;
Hath hurl'd thee, King of Terrors, from thy throne,
Making thy will obedient to His own,
And breathing sweetness even to thy breath!
'Tis He, who now thy stroke admonisheth,
Who once 'neath thy dominion made no moan!
'Tis He, whose brow was meek, tremendous grown
Claimeth thy sovereignty, and conquereth!
Thou too art signèd with the Cross! Thy hand
Holdeth the pure white symbol of God's land.
Thou dost annunciate the end of woe,
As Gabriel to God's Mother long ago!

So shouldst thou woo me from love's dear delight,
Or snatch me in a whirlwind from my ways,
Or wean my lips thro' dim and dwindling days
From this world's breast, or kiss me soft o' night;
Or shouldst thou meet me on Pain's lonely height,
Where all too oft the weary flesh betrays,
Yet shall my lips be tremulous with praise
To Him whose mercy far transcends thy might.
Hark, hark, 'tis Death that from the sacristy
Cometh with strength of solemn litany,
Asperging with the dew of holy tears
Our souls from all the dross of mortal years! . . .

It is, perhaps, tantalizing to separate the above from the context of so fine a poem, and it is almost like breaking roughly into the lilt of an exquisite, low-toned piece of music to extract only the two following verses out of "Parvula Dorothea." But they give a happy suggestion of Mr Shepherd in a simpler mood:

O dust that restest near
Beneath this mossy sod;
O soul, that far from here
Beholdest God:
I fear I shall not do
What God requires of me
E'er I become like you,
A memory!

Early Norman Castles

For I so ill contain
My soul, but spend it hence,
And am so loth of pain,
So hard of penitence.
And, having eyes, am blind,
And heed not, having ears,
To the waxing sigh of the wind
On the lake of unshed tears.

It was said to the present writer by an eminent critic that *The Blue Communion* had singularly few echoes for the work of so young a man. Only Shelley's influence, perhaps, can be occasionally discerned in some few phrases. This absence of the imitative faculty is one of the chief grounds for confidence in the author of *The Blue Communion*. The name itself is, surely, not a fortunate one, and might have a deterrent effect upon those who dread the affectations and mannerisms of a minor poet from which Mr Shepherd is so singularly free. S.

MRS ARMITAGE'S handsome and learned work (*Early Norman Castles of the British Isles*. London. John Murray. 1912. Price 15s. net), forms a fitting summary of and conclusion to the valuable papers published during the course of a number of years by its author. Those familiar with the subject will be aware that Mr Clarke, in his very valuable volumes, entitled *Mediaeval Military Architecture*, first made public the theory that the moated mounds so common in various parts of England, notably along the Welsh border, were the *buhrs* of the Anglo-Saxon period, and that in many cases these subsequently became the sites of Norman castles.

This view was widely accepted and tinged all the books written within the period between its issue and the appearance of Mrs Armitage's papers, including, the present reviewer admits with regret, one of his own.

These views Mrs Armitage and others have shown to be quite incorrect. Whatever the *buhr* was, and it may have meant various kinds of constructions, it was not the *motte*,

which we now know as a moated mound. These earthworks were the result of Norman toil, at least of toil directed by Norman masters. In its simplest form each consisted of a moated mound, the top of which seems usually to have been protected by a stockade of some sort. But, in addition to this mound, there were generally one or more baileys, or base-courts, for the protection of servants and cattle; but, in addition, as Mrs Armitage very acutely observes, the lord of the castle himself, in his stockade, was protected against his servants, and may at times badly have needed this protection, as well as against external enemies.

A list, with plans and descriptions, of edifices of this kind in Great Britain, and a chapter on similar structures in Ireland, a country where many of them have been traced by Mr Goddard Orpen, makes it possible for workers to study examples for themselves. One may add that it is curious how difficult it is to persuade some Irish antiquaries that these moated mounds are not prehistoric. B. C. A. W.

SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT. By Sir Henry Howorth, K.C.I.E., etc. (John Murray. 12s. net. pp. li, 340.) This book bears, conspicuously printed in gold across its cover, the sub-title, *The Birth of the English Church.* One would naturally suppose from this that the mission of St Augustine would be treated in it with especial fullness. It was with some surprise, therefore, that on turning to the index we noticed that neither England nor the English Church nor St Augustine himself were so much as mentioned, except casually in a footnote, throughout the work. Later on as we read through the volume we discovered that all this subject is reserved for another book. Under the circumstances the sub-title is wholly misleading and should be removed.

Frankly, we do not quite know why this book was ever written. It is not founded on original research but follows well-known authorities, and adds little or nothing to our knowledge of the Saint or his times. It was not inspired

by any strong admiration of its hero, for the author finds him to be "a poor philosopher," "quite extraordinarily intolerant," "with much to distress us in his theological and dogmatic views," views which, indeed, at times actually "savour of heresy." Only as a moralist is the Saint fortunate enough to win his biographer's unreserved commendation. One begins to wonder whether it was worth while to write so big a book on so small a man, and whether Sir Henry would not have had a worthier hero had he set to work to write his own autobiography instead of wasting his time and ours by writing about St Gregory the Great.

One is led to wish that certain men when they have written voluminously on Catholic subjects would send their work round to the nearest elementary Catholic school for revision. Had the author done so in this case whole chapters, and notably those on Papal Infallibility and the cult of relics, would never have been given to the world; nor would the world have been for that reason appreciably the poorer. Moreover a sixth standard boy would have had many suggestions to offer with regard to the style. One actual quotation will best express our meaning, and will explain why we do not regard the book as one of great value.

> The cult of relics at first, perhaps, represented a not unnatural desire to possess some object reminiscent of a person whose life had been exemplary or who had done conspicuous service to the Church or otherwise, and who had been given the ambiguous style of a saint, which was in many cases confirmed by the Church authorities. . . . It speedily resulted, however, in the idea everywhere rampant, that there was a much greater virtue in these remains than the fact that they might be means by which the example and teaching of saintly men could be cherished and their memories kept green by having scraps of their bones or old clothes close at hand. A.B.

THE second edition of Dr Rice Holmes's monumental work *Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1911. pp. xl—872. Maps and Plans. Price 24s. net) is a revised and largely rewritten successor

to the first issue which, when it appeared in 1899, attracted so much attention on the part of scholars. This new issue is regarded by its author as being final in its present form. It consists of an account of the Conquest of Gaul and of a number of excurses on points arising in relation to that epoch of history, and especially in connexion with Cæsar's *Commentaries*, on which any description of the operations in question must be founded.

The first mentioned part of the book may be described as a digest of Cæsar's Gallic War, written in a lively and fascinating style, illustrated by maps and plans, and made so attractive to the reader that we could wish that it might be published by itself and put into the hands of boys who are about to be launched upon the study of the *Commentaries*. For, if one may judge from one's own experience, the human boy at that period of his career generally fails to grasp the fact that the persons and occurrences described in those immortal pages are real beings and real events, but rather is inclined to look upon them as tiresome and vexatious imaginings, probably conceived, by some one of more than ordinary brutality, expressly and solely for the wearying and exasperation of youth. Hence his languid interest and his utter failure to appreciate the real and extraordinary fascination in, for example, the operations against Vercingetorix. We should like to see the experiment tried of reading this account to a class of boys with a large wall-map on which the operations could be easily followed, and then setting them to work upon the *Commentaries* as an ordinary Latin task. Dull indeed must be the boy whose interest failed to be roused by the spirited account which forms the basis, though much the smaller part, of Dr Rice Holmes's work. It is to the excurses that scholars of all kinds will mainly direct their attention and these will appeal to three classes of persons. Classical scholars, of course, come first, and they and historical students will find abundance of material for consideration and for criticism. But, perhaps, especially to anthropologists and ethnologists will these portions of the work be of absorbing interest. For Dr Rice

Holmes grapples with all sorts of problems at present subjects of fierce debate and wholly unsettled, and crosses swords with experts like Sir John Rhys and Professor Ridgeway. To touch upon these problems even briefly is not possible within the limits of this notice, but enough has been said to show in outline the intention of the book. Like its companion work from the same pen, *Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar* which, on its appearance, was welcomed by the DUBLIN REVIEW, the *Conquest of Gaul* is the outcome of the ripe knowledge and judgment of a distinguished scholar; it is packed with information and there are thousands of references to the literature of the subject, and, in fine, it is a book which no library of any institution devoted to learned pursuits, nor any scholars' library either, can afford to be without.

B. C. A. W.

ERICA (By Mrs Henry de la Pasture [Lady Clifford]. Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.) is the study of a thoroughly selfish and worldly woman who has decided early in life that "It is only people who are absolutely independent who can afford to be absolutely true." Erica is well-described by a minor character in the novel, a great artist who studies her with a view to painting her.

> Granting her quite remarkable beauty [he says] the chief characteristics she revealed this afternoon were, briefly, greed, vanity, a complete disregard of other people's feelings, a certain tenacity of purpose and a somewhat unusual lack of delicacy in pursuing that purpose—all interesting qualities for a picture to suggest—but requiring a certain subtlety of treatment if they are to be less glaring in the reproduction than in the original.

"Subtlety of treatment" should be employed in a novel no less than on canvas. But in the first half of *Erica* we miss that artistic handling which would have been expected from the author of *Peter's Mother* and *Deborah of Tod's*. Erica is at first too "glaring in the reproduction" to be very interesting. As the story develops, however,

there is much more subtlety of touch and there are some admirable pages describing Erica's sensations on the death of her husband, Tom Garry, who loved her and was much too good for her. She had had nothing in common with him, but his sheer nobility of character and devotion to herself had insensibly influenced her shallow nature, and she realizes too late how much his life has meant to her. "It was my misfortune," she says some time afterwards, "that I should have married the kind of man who would trouble himself about a woman's soul. . ." But this "troubling" on the part of Tom Garry serves to develop some good in Erica. And the reluctant development of her better qualities is skilfully described, for it is not made inconsistent with her shallow nature. She loves the memory of her husband, and she loves her son and takes thought for his future welfare, but she remains hardened to the rest of the world and takes real delight in making all things difficult for her mother-in-law, in whose petty annoyances she finds her sincerest joy. Her character is unattractive, even in its best moments, but before the novel ends she has become so much alive to us that we are glad to see that "the author hopes in a later volume to give the further history of Erica and her son." O.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS, 1912

THE most important of the publications issued during the past year by the Catholic Truth Society are undoubtedly those with which the name of the President of the University of Cork is associated. The series of pamphlets which was begun in 1910, giving a summary of the lives and work of *Twelve Catholic Men of Science*, has been brought to a successful issue under Sir Bertram Windle's editorship. The men selected represent different periods and different branches of science. In date they range from Thomas Linacre (1460–1524)—the friend of More, Erasmus and Colet—to Thomas Dwight, the eminent American anatomist, who died

in 1911. The nationalities represented include, besides the two just indicated, Belgium, Denmark, Italy, France, Germany, Austria and Ireland; the sciences of which the twelve were ornaments comprise anatomy, biology, botany, astronomy, geology, electricity, pathology and bacteriology. Sir Bertram, who has himself contributed the biographies of Stensen and Dwight, has secured as collaborators men whose own acquirements in different branches of science are far from insignificant, and the book demonstrates completely and satisfactorily the absurdity of the assertion too frequently made, that the Church does not encourage, if indeed she does not actually oppose, scientific research. A volume of 250 pages, embellished with twelve portraits and suitably bound, it is very cheap at eighteen-pence; it would be a very suitable prize book for the higher classes in our schools. In the same direction may be mentioned Dr J. J. Walsh's *The Popes and Science*, of which it has been possible to arrange for a cheap reprint at half-a-crown.

Sir Bertram Windle is himself responsible for the shilling volume entitled *Facts and Theories*, in which the present aspect of the more important of the biological problems and conceptions is considered in its bearing upon the faith of Catholics. Written in a style which, although serious and scientific, is at the same time thoroughly readable, the book is exactly what was wanted to put into the hands of young men and others who are sometimes in danger of being led astray by the bold but often baseless assertions of popular " scientists," and should be warmly welcomed by those outside as well as those within the Church.

In the direction of social and economic subjects may be mentioned a new and rearranged edition of the volume entitled *The Pope and the People*, in which are brought together the eleven Encyclicals of Leo XIII which deal especially with these matters. A new preface has been contributed to this edition by Monsignor Parkinson, and an enlarged index has been supplied; and the volume may be regarded as a text-book of the teaching of the Church on social matters. *The Catholic Social Year Book* for 1912 is a summary of what was done in various directions during 1911; in conjunction with this may be mentioned the new edition of the *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works*. A second volume has been issued of the collected penny pamphlets of what is known as the " Catholic Social Guild Series." In this are included Cardinal Mercier's pastoral on *The Duties of Conjugal Life*, a paper on *The Church and Social Reformers* by the Bishop of Northampton, and *Rome and the Social Question*, in which are brought together the utterances of the present Holy Father on the direction of social activity.

The larger devotional publications of the Society are represented by a second series of the Rev. R. Eaton's meditations on the Psalms, entitled *Sing ye to the Lord*. The first series has been so well received that there can be little doubt but that the second will be welcome. Father Eaton's treatment is original, and his book cannot fail to interest as well as to edify. Spiritual reading and historical interest are combined in the shilling volume entitled *Meditations of a Martyr*, a reprint of the *Soliloquies or*

Some Recent Books

Documents of Christian Perfection of the Ven. Henry Heath, reprinted from the edition of 1674, with a preface containing a sketch of the martyr by the Rev. Joseph Warren, of St Edmund's College. A volume of *Selected Sermons* by Cardinal Newman may be mentioned under this head; the sermons are issued separately at a penny each.

The volumes of miscellaneous *Collected Publications* have received five additions, and a new series of shilling volumes has been issued, dealing respectively with the Benedictine, Dominican, Franciscan and Jesuit Orders; each of these contains seven representative biographies, and is prefaced by a sketch of the Order. In lighter vein are a volume of stories by Father Bearne, S.J., entitled *Christmas Bells*, and a little volume containing *Some Irish Stories* by Miss Alice Dease. Each of these is also issued in penny numbers, and the contents are thus available for the Church-door Cases and Boxes, the number of which has greatly increased during the year.

By these issues in separate and in collected forms the Society is able to cater for two sections of the public and at the same time to give due prominence to one of its primary objects—the provision of Catholic literature at the lowest possible rate. A large number of penny books have been issued, independently of the volumes mentioned, in various subjects; the most noteworthy is perhaps *The Catholic Scouts' Prayer Book*, compiled and in large part composed by the Bishop of Cambysopolis, who is greatly interested in the Scout movement. It is not too much to say that this is the best of the many prayer books which have been compiled for boys. As evidence of the variety of subjects treated and of the competence of those dealing with them, it will be sufficient to mention the titles and authors of some: *Science and Faith*, by Dr Aveling; *The Spirit World*, by the Bishop of Salford; *Modern Freethought*, by Father Gerard; *Problems of Temperance Reform*, by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J.; *The Penal Laws and the Mass*, by the Rev. Edwin Burton; *The Vestments of the Roman Rite*, by Dr Adrian Fortescue; *The Devotion to the Sacred Heart*, by Mgr. Canon Moyes; *The Communion of Children*, by the Bishop of Newport. To these may be added various biographies, tales, etc., among which the three papers read at the Norwich Congress by Dom Norbert Birt, Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., and Mr G. S. Boulger, on *The Catholic Faith in East Anglia* may be specially mentioned.

Two small volumes—*The Layman's Sacramentary*, by the Rev. E. J. Blount, S.J., and *Notes for Catholic Nurses*, by the Rev. J. R. Fletcher, M.R.C.S.—appeal to a special class of readers, and indicate the variety of scope embraced for the Society. A French translation of the *Simple Prayer Book*, the sale of which has reached the number of 1,440,000, has been prepared, under the title *Petit Paroissien*, for Mauritius, at the request of Bishop Bilsborrow. A number of the earlier publications of the Society have been re-issued in new and revised editions—this affords satisfactory evidence of their permanent value. In conclusion, it may be noted that a new classified list of the Society's publications has been issued, which may be obtained from the Depot, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

DISRAELI

(II)

THERE is a remarkable passage in *Coningsby*, not without its significance in the interpretation of Disraeli's political ideals. Speaking of the two years that followed the Reform Bill of 1832, he writes: " It is hardly possible that a young man could rise from the study of these annals without a confirmed disgust for political intrigue—a dazzling practice apt at first to fascinate youth, for it appeals at once to our invention and our courage; but one which should really only be the resource of the second rate. Great minds must trust to great truths and great talents for their rise, and nothing else."

On the whole, I think that Disraeli was, in his own career, true to this counsel. This does not mean that he was incapable of intrigue or incapable of opportunism; but it does mean that he saw clearly that if he would attain to the great position at which he aimed, such methods must hold a minor place. It does also mean that he saw in the statesmanlike aims of which he was conscious, a truer road to success and one which better satisfied his own ideal than mere intrigue. In his own way, he was full of views and ideas which he desired to realize in the world of politics, and he believed them to be true enough and persuasive enough to enable him to gain a following.

These remarks, while they can only be fully appreciated by the study of Disraeli's career as a whole, are, in their measure, applicable to the brilliant period of his career set before us in Mr Monypenny's second volume—the account of his rise to the first place in his party by means of the attack on Peel. In his campaign against Peel's proposed repeal of the Corn Laws, I see the eager and tenacious seizing of an opportunity. I do not see either personal resentment or political insincerity, with both of which he has been recently credited by Lord Cromer. That he saw a telling opportunity which made for success

he himself expressly avows. " The opportune," he writes, in describing his first speech in the campaign, " has sometimes more success in a popular assembly than the weightiest efforts of research and reason." But, in using his opportunity, he did not lack conviction. On the contrary, his action was opportune just because of the convictions in himself and others which called at the moment for forcible expression. The strong personal element visible in the attacks on Peel was, I think, carefully designed for effect. Lord Cromer ascribes it to resentment against Peel for having refused him office in 1841. I take leave to doubt this. Disraeli was too long-headed to be carried away by resentment. Two years had passed since the refusal before he attacked Peel at all—a long enough time to enable the greatest anger to cool. No; the policy was calculated; it was due to no animosity against Peel; he thought much more about himself than he did about Peel. It was due to a desire to advance himself. The brilliancy of his earliest personal sallies against Peel had already immensely advertised him, and when the Corn Law question came to the front, the very greatness of the opportunity was this, that attacks which had at first brought only immediate notoriety now gave occasion for the assertion of principles which moved men deeply and gained him a following which mere notoriety could never have secured. It was not a mere intrigue. He seized an opportunity for advocating a great policy. Indeed, a merely opportunist course would have greatly weakened his position and laid him open to damaging retort, for his very charge against Peel was one of opportunism. Peel was, he maintained, sacrificing the avowed protectionist principles of the party to a policy dictated by a general panic. He was falling in with the general alarm in order to maintain his place. This is nowhere expressed by him more clearly than in one of the earliest and most brilliant of these sallies in the House of Commons. " My conception of a great statesman," he said, " is of one who represents a great idea—an idea which may lead him to power, an idea with which he may connect himself

. . . . an idea which he may and can impress on the mind and consciousness of a nation . . . . that is a grand, that is indeed a heroic position. But I care not what may be the position of a man who never originates an idea, a watcher of the atmosphere, a man who, as he says, takes his observations and when he finds the wind in a certain quarter trims to suit it. Such a person may be a powerful Minister, but he is no more a great statesman than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip. Certainly, both are disciples of progress; perhaps both may get a good place, but how far the original momentum is indebted to their powers, and how far their guiding prudence applies the lash or regulates the reins, it is not necessary for me to notice."

Disraeli, then, was statesmanlike in his maintenance of principle, statesmanlike also in his prescience, while he was bent on success. As to the Corn Laws, he saw then what our generation now realizes, that the true alternative lay, not between the old protective system and out and out Cobdenism, in a Europe which was not prepared to accept the latter alternative, but in relaxing the old protective system as circumstances demanded—gradually and carefully and with a special eye on the interests of agriculture. Common sense and conviction are alike visible in the following retort to one of Peel's speeches avowedly in favour of complete repeal, but forcible in Disraeli's view only in so far as it proved the desirability of moderating the protective system:

The whole speech only proved the advantage of the principle of a moderate protection. (" Oh! ") I am sorry, sir, to have excited that groan from a free trader in distress. (Great laughter.) I want to ask the right hon. gentleman a very important question: Does he believe that he can fight hostile tariffs with free imports? That is the point. (" Hear, hear! ") " Hear, hear! " from the disciples of the school of Manchester! A most consistent cheer! They have always maintained they can; and if their principles are right, as they believe they are—as I believe they are not—I can easily understand that, their premises being assumed, they may arrive at that conclusion. They believe they can fight hostile tariffs with

free imports, and they tell us very justly: " Let us take care of our imports, and everything else will take care of itself." But is that the conviction of the right hon. gentleman? We want to know that, because if that be his conviction, why all these elegies over defunct diplomatic negotiations to preserve commercial treaties? If he believes that we can meet hostile tariffs with free imports, he need not trouble himself about commercial treaties. But if the right hon. gentleman does not believe that, if he has not the conviction of the school of Manchester, then he is not justified in offering this measure.

As long as free trade was a sacred dogma among English economists this position which Disraeli consistently held appeared to them not worth arguing with. It was therefore not readily believed in as the sincere conviction of an acute thinker. This view of the case has been taken for the most part by the historians. But our own generation is in a position to do Disraeli more justice.

While, so far as economic principle was concerned, Disraeli saw more truly than the Cobdenites, we find incidentally in his speeches at this time a further and deeper prevision unconnected with the special matter in hand. More than once he took occasion to hint at a future for the Tory party as the champion of democracy —an idea which was anything but congenial to the country gentlemen whose cause he was pleading; and his remarks were the result of a very carefully thought out view of the signs of the times of which our own day has witnessed the truth.

Writing in the 'forties of the discussions of 1831 and 1832 on the Reform Bill, he pointed out that the essence of the English constitution was the balance of the three estates of the realm, the crown, the peers and the " community "—a term which probably described the inferior holders of land whose tenure was not immediate of the Crown. This last and third estate was so numerous that it appeared only by representation. But he adds: " In treating the house of the third estate as the house of the *people* and not the house of a privileged class, the

ministry and Parliament of 1831 virtually conceded the principle of universal suffrage."

The graphic description in *Coningsby* of the Duke of Wellington's ineffectual attempt to resist this revolution is succeeded by the following account of its sequel:

> The Reform Party, who had been rather stupified than appalled by the accepted mission of the Duke of Wellington, collected their scattered senses, and rallied their forces. The agitators harangued, the mobs hooted. The City of London, as if the King had again tried to seize the five members, appointed a permanent committee of the Common Council to watch the fortunes of the "great national measure," and to report daily. Brooks', which was the only place that at first was really frightened and talked of compromise, grew valiant again; while young Whig heroes jumped upon club-room tables and delivered fiery invectives. Emboldened by these demonstrations, the House of Commons met in great force, and passed a vote which struck, without disguise, at all rival powers in the State, virtually announced its supremacy, revealed the forlorn position of the House of Lords under the new arrangement, and seemed to lay for ever the fluttering phantom of regal prerogative.

This view of the significance of the situation, startingly realized in our own time by the passing of the Parliament Act, determined Disraeli's own political course, and it appealed, in many respects, to his sympathies. The future, he saw, was with the democracy. The hope for the Tory party lay not in an unintelligent refusal to recognize the inevitable, but in forming an alliance between the aristocracy and democracy which might make the party once more a real power in the altered conditions of the constitution.

Speaking in 1846, he said: "If we must find new forces to maintain the ancient throne and memorial monarchy of England, I, for one, hope we may find that universal power in the invigorating energies of an educated and enfranchised people." And later on, in a telling retort to Roebuck, the member for Bath, he hints that his sympathies as well as his reason are in the same direction.

This passage is worth quoting as a sample of Disraeli's speaking. Roebuck had recalled the old charge that Disraeli first aspired to Parliament with the assistance of two Radicals—Hume and O'Connell—and suggested that he might come back into his (Roebuck's) camp. Disraeli retorted as follows:

> I am not in a condition to have had hereditary opinions carved out for me, and all my opinions, therefore, have been the result of reading and thought. I never was a follower of either of the two great aristocratic parties in this country. My sympathies and feelings have always been with the people from whom I spring; and when obliged as a member of this House to join a party, I joined that party with which I believe the people sympathize. I continue to hold substantially the same opinions as I have always professed; and when the hon. member talks of my going "into his camp," I never heard that he had a camp. How the solitary sentry talks of his garrison! He a leader of the people! In my opinion, there is no greater opponent of real democracy than a modern Liberal.

I emphasize these two declarations as indicating the point for which I am contending: that his programme all along was determined by larger views than those whereby the mere opportunist seeks for immediate success. Such declarations of democratic sympathy could not have been especially welcome to the aristocratic section of the Tory party, with which Disraeli was at the moment identifying himself. Had he looked only to immediate influence, had his method been confined simply and solely to strengthening his position with the party, he would not have gone out of his way to proclaim views so widely unwelcome to them.

Taking, then, the two instruments which Disraeli advocated for the attainment of success—great talents and great truths—it is clear enough that there was no lack of what he himself regarded as great truths in his first important Parliamentary campaign—his attack on the proposed repeal of the Corn Laws. When we come to the exercise of his great talents on the occasion, the

record is not so entirely satisfactory. Disraeli's talents included prominently an extraordinary gift for personal attack which was apt to degenerate into invective. In the acute tension of this memorable struggle, it was natural enough that he should use to its utmost effect this his special gift. Moreover, he had tested its effect on the House of Commons in attacking Peel before the Corn Law struggle began, and with brilliant results.

Up to a certain point his attacks on Peel in 1846 were justifiable. They belonged to that opportunism which may be regarded as legitimate. Peel's action offered an extraordinarily good target. Although the absolute sincerity of his conversion to Cobdenism is undeniable, his party had been elected as staunch protectionists. The mandate of the people was not, indeed, in those days as imperative or as exacting as it is now. Still, it had to be reckoned with, and the mandate to the Tories was based on a protectionist programme. The potato famine in Ireland had thoroughly alarmed Peel, and he had come to think that the repeal of the Corn Laws was the only wise course under the circumstances. He recognized in the first instance the almost impossibility of the Tory protectionist party undertaking this measure. He resigned, and Lord John Russell was sent for by the Queen. Repeal was obviously a measure naturally falling to a Liberal administration. When, however, Lord John had failed to form his ministry, Peel took office again with the avowed object of reversing the policy which was an essential part of the original Tory programme. So far as Disraeli confined himself to scathing attacks on this course of action, he was playing the game fairly enough. In one of his wittiest and most effective speeches he pilloried Peel by the following ludicrous comparison:

> Sir, there is a difficulty in finding a parallel to the position of the right hon. gentleman in any part of history. The only parallel which I can find is an incident in the late war in the Levant, which was terminated by the policy of the noble lord opposite. I remember when that great struggle was taking place, when the

existence of the Turkish Empire was at stake, the late Sultan, a man of great energy and fertile in resources, was determined to fit out an immense fleet to maintain his empire. Accordingly a vast armament was collected. The crews were picked men, the officers were the ablest that could be found, and both officers and men were rewarded before they fought. (Much laughter.) There never was an armament which left the Dardanelles similarly appointed since the days of Solyman the Great. The Sultan personally witnessed the departure of the fleet; all the muftis prayed for the expedition, as all the muftis here prayed for the success of the last general election. Away went the fleet, but what was the Sultan's consternation when the Lord High Admiral steered at once into the enemy's port. (Loud laughter and cheers.) Now, sir, the Lord High Admiral on that occasion was very much misrepresented. He, too, was called a traitor, and he, too, vindicated himself. "True it is," said he, "I did place myself at the head of this valiant armada; true it is that my Sovereign embraced me; true it is that all the muftis in the empire offered up prayers for the expedition; but I have an objection to war. I see no use in prolonging the struggle, and the only reason I had for accepting the command was that I might terminate the contest by betraying my master." (Tremendous Tory cheering.)

This speech and its fellows were immensely effective, and in delivering them Disraeli was above serious criticism on the score of excessive personalities. But in the exuberance of success he went much further. He attacked Peel's whole political character. He denounced him as an out and out opportunist, a mere trimmer. "Nursed in the House of Commons," he said in one speech, "entertaining no idea but that of Parliamentary success, if you wish to touch him to the quick you must touch him on the state of the poll."

When Peel impressively spoke of looking in his policy to the verdict of posterity, Disraeli contemptuously retorted that the only future to which such statesmen as he were sensitive was the coming quarter-day. He taunted Peel with his whole past career, his political apostasy, on emancipation, on Parliamentary reform, as well as on the fiscal question. His present, he argued, was but in keeping with his past. Here Disraeli laid himself open to a most

damaging retort. He had in 1841 besought Peel to give him office. There is nothing unjust or unreasonable in condemning utterly on a specific point the policy of a Minister whom nevertheless one may have respected and trusted sufficiently to join his administration. But if Peel was the utterly untrustworthy opportunist whom Disraeli was now describing, how came it that Disraeli himself had only five years earlier desired to join his ministry? Peel drove home this argument with great dignity and effect. " If," he said, " after reviewing my whole public life—a life extending for thirty years previously to my accession to office in 1841—he then entertained the opinion of me which he now professes, . . . it is a little surprising that in the spring of 1841, after his long experience of my public career he should have been prepared to give me his confidence. It is still more surprising that he should have been ready, as I think he was, to unite his fortunes with mine in office, thus implying the strongest proof which any public man can give of confidence in the honour and integrity of a Minister of the Crown."

This speech was followed by the famous reply of Disraeli which is quoted as the classical instance of his mendacity. Disraeli admitted that there had been some communication between him and the Government, originating in a confidential friend of Sir Robert Peel. But he denied having asked for office. He added, however: " It is very possible if in 1841 I had been offered office—I dare say it would have been a very slight office—but I dare say I should have accepted it."

A year earlier he had already denied in a speech to his constituents that he had ever asked for office. And even Mr Monypenny does not venture to acquit Disraeli of sheer untruthfulness in these denials. The present writer ventures to take a more favourable view. He believes that these denials may well have been simply due to a lapse of memory. The writer came across a curiously parallel case in dealing with the letters of Cardinal Newman, a case in which this explanation was undoubtedly

the true one. Newman was charged in the *Standard* newspaper in 1869 with having in a letter to a friend designated the advanced champions of Papal Infallibility as "an insolent and aggressive faction." Newman publicly denied that he had ever used such words, but admitted that they were not alien to his sentiments. In the end it was proved that he had used them. He remembered accurately, that is, his state of mind, but he had a strong impression that he had not expressed it. So, too, Disraeli did not deny that he had been ready to accept office, but only that he had actually asked for it. No one who knows anything of Newman's character would doubt for a moment that his was simply a case of a keen and overconfident memory going wrong. In Disraeli's instance the letter in which he asked for office was such that it might easily have remained in his mind as having been rather a remonstrance at getting nothing than a direct request for office. It was written not before Peel formed his ministry, but when he had nearly completed it. The burden of the letter *was* a remonstrance and a reminder of his services to the party and of the intimation he professed to have received from a member of Peel's Cabinet that those services would be rewarded. Peel, in his reply, dwelt entirely upon this professed half-promise of office, and Disraeli's further rejoinder dealt exclusively with this point, and did not renew the request for office. It is surely by no means improbable that the correspondence may have dwelt in his mind as only a remonstrance—which carried, no doubt, the implication that if at the eleventh hour he was offered some post he would accept it, but did not include a positive request for office. Mr Monypenny tells us that Disraeli kept no copy of his letter; and it was obviously written in a hurry. This view of the case is at least quite a conceivable one, sufficiently within the realms of possibility to call, in any case, for a suspension of judgment. And when we consider the overwhelming damage which would have been inflicted on Disraeli if the letter had been found and published by Peel, we may feel that whatever view we hold of his morality, his

sagacity would have prevented his taking the risk involved in his two denials had he accurately remembered the letter. This phase, then, in Disraeli's attack on Peel, while it is fairly open to the charge that he was carried away in the heat of the struggle into giving a more damaging estimate of Peel's political character than he really entertained, does not, in my judgment, at all certainly include the serious blot on his veracity of which his enemies have made so much. Let us recall his own words in reference to Peel himself as to the duty of generous judgment in the case of a great statesman. " In passing judgment on public men, it behoves us ever to take large and extended views of their conduct, and previous incidents will often satisfactorily explain subsequent events which, without their illustrating aid, are involved in misapprehension or mystery."

The account of these years would be far from complete if it did not give us (as Mr Monypenny does) a picture of Disraeli's social triumphs. His own description of these to his beloved and sympathetic sister Sarah illustrate the excessive imaginative pleasure he took in this aspect of his life—a characteristic of which I have already spoken, and his transparent satisfaction at all the attentions that were paid to him.

Here is an account written to his sister of an entertainment by the Londonderrys (after a review in Hyde Park), which " was so magnificent," as he declares in the course of his description, " that everybody lost their presence of mind."

July 11, 1838.

Yesterday, the day being perfect, there was a splendid review in Hyde Park. I saw it admirably from Mrs Wyndham's. The Delawarrs, Rolles, Lawrence Peels and Dawsons were there, but no one was allowed to be on the drawing-room floor, lest there should be an appearance of a party, except old Lord Rolle and myself to be his companion. Lord R. sat in the balcony, with a footman each side of him, as is his custom. The Londonderrys, after the review, gave the most magnificent banquet at Holdernesse House conceivable. Nothing could be more *recherché*

There were only 150 asked, and all sat down. Fanny was faithful and asked me, and I figure in the *Morning Post* accordingly. It was the finest thing of the season. Londonderry's regiment being reviewed, we had the band of the 10th playing on the staircase, the whole of the said staircase (a double one) being crowded with the most splendid orange trees and Cape jessamines; the Duke of Nemours, Soult, all the "illustrious strangers," the Duke and the very flower of fashion being assembled. The banquet was in the gallery of sculpture; it was so magnificent that everybody lost their presence of mind. Sir James Graham said to me that he had never in his life seen anything so gorgeous. "This is the *grand seigneur* indeed," he added. I think it was the kindest thing possible of Fanny asking me, as it was not to be expected in any way. The splendour of the uniforms was remarkable.

The Disraeli atmosphere is equally visible in the following account by Mrs Disraeli of a function at the Duke of Buckingham's at Stowe in 1845, at which the Queen was present:

We were for the first hour in the vestibule, like a flock of sheep, half lit up, and no seats or fire, only a little hot air and a great deal of cold wind; a marble floor. Fancy, dear, shivering Dizzy, and cross-looking Mary Anne, in black velvet, hanging sleeves looped up with knots of blue, and diamond buttons. Head-dress, blue velvet bows and diamonds. After a time we passed Her Majesty and the Prince, the Duke and Duchess and the rest standing behind, the Duke giving our names exactly the same as an ordinary groom, and we making our curtseys and bows. About eleven, or soon after, Her Majesty retired, and then all became joy and triumph to us. First, Sir Robert Peel came to us, shaking hands most cordially, and remained talking for some time; then Lord Nugent, introducing his lady, Colonel Anson, Sir James Graham, Lord and Lady de la Warr, Lord Aberdeen. The Duke almost embraced Dizzy, saying he was one of his oldest friends; and then he offered me his arm, taking me all through the gorgeous splendid scene, through the supper room and back again, down the middle and up again—all making way for us, the Queen and your delighted Mary Anne being the only ladies so distinguished. After this I retired to a sofa, with the Duchess, who told me that Her Majesty had pointed Dizzy out, saying: "There's Mr Disraeli." Do you call all this nothing? The kind Duchess asked me to luncheon the next day and to see the Queen's private apartments.

Disraeli

Disraeli's interviews with Louis Phillippe while in Paris in 1842, probably kindled his imagination yet more than the scenes of the great world in his own country. He was received with great distinction. He discussed international politics with the French King. The visit was repeated in 1845, and led to interviews with Guizot and a correspondence with Lord Palmerston on the relations between the two countries.

Here is Disraeli's account of his first dinner at the Tuileries:

On Saturday last I received a command to dine at the Tuileries on the following Monday at 6 o'clock. I was ushered, through a suite of about twenty illuminated rooms, to the chamber of reception, where I formed one of the circle, and where I found seated the Queen of Sardinia, at present a guest, and her ladies. Soon after the Court entered and went round the grand circle. I was the only stranger, though there were sixty guests. Dinner was immediately announced, the King leading out the Queen of Sardinia, and there were so many ladies that an Italian princess, duchess or countess fell to my share. We dined in the gallery of Diana, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Louis XVI, and one of the most splendid apartments perhaps in the world. . . . In the evening the King personally showed the Tuileries to the Queen of Sardinia, and the first lady in waiting, the Marquise de Dolomieu, invited me, and so did the King, to join the party, *only eight.* It is rare to make the tour of a palace with a King for the cicerone. In the evening there was a reception of a few individuals, but I should have withdrawn had not the King addressed me and maintained a conversation with me of great length. He walked into an adjoining room, and motioned me to seat myself on the same sofa. While we conversed the chamberlain occasionally entered and announced guests. "S. A. le Prince de Ligne," the new Ambassador of Belgium. "J'arrive," responded his Majesty very impatiently, but he never moved. At last even majesty was obliged to move, but he signified his wish that I should attend the palace in the evenings. . . .

You must understand that I am the *only* stranger who has been received at Court. It causes a great sensation here. There is no Court at present, on account of the death of the Duke of Orleans; and the Ailesburys, Stanhopes and Russian princes cannot obtain a reception. The King speaks of me to many with great *kudos.*

Disraeli

In a later reminiscence of Louis Phillippe we have a very curious account of one personal peculiarity of that King which recalled his earlier life of vicissitude and adventure:

In the King's time there never was a dinner given at the Tuileries, no matter how stately, without a huge smoking ham being placed, at a certain time, before the King. Upon this he operated like a conjurer. The rapidity and precision with which he carved it was a marvellous feat; the slices were vast, but wafer-thin. It was his great delight to carve this ham, and indeed it was a wonderful performance. He told me one day that he had learnt the trick from a waiter at Bucklersbury, where he used to dine once at an eating-house for ninepence per head.

One day he called out to an honest Englishman that he was going to send him a slice of ham, and the honest Englishman—some consul, if I recollect right, who had been kind to the King in America in the days of his adversity—not used to Courts, replied that he would rather not take any. The King drew up and said: "I did not ask you whether you would take any; I said I would send you some." A little trait, but characteristic of the dash of the *grand seigneur*, which I often observed latent in L. Philippe, though from his peculiar temperament and his adventurous life of strange vicissitude he was peculiarly deficient in dignity. . . .

There can be little doubt that this period of rapid rise to fame was a very happy one in Disraeli's life—perhaps the happiest. The opportunity had been quite unlooked for, and the change in his position from a merely clever though somewhat erratic member of Parliament to one of the most prominent men in England, was extraordinarily rapid. There were the special sweets of confident anticipation. He was also comparatively young and capable of keen feeling. There were still living and in constant intercourse with him his devoted wife and his sister, Sarah. The full sympathy of both of them in the drama of his career was an important ingredient in his cup of happiness. His greatest acts of constructive statesmanship no doubt belong to a later period. He was twice Prime Minister, and in his first tenure of that office he realized by the Reform Bill of 1867 one of his ideals,

namely, the attempt to enlist on the side of the Tory cause "the invigorating energies of an educated and enfranchised people." During his second reign he devoted himself, as has already been said, to the development of the Imperial idea in his party. He brought into prominence the position of England as an Imperial Power, and substantially increased her influence on Continental politics. But before his first innings his sister Sarah was dead; and before his second his wife had been taken from him. He was elderly in 1867, old in 1873. "It has all come too late," he said.

Of these later days I shall not now speak in detail, as Mr Monypenny's volumes have not yet told us their inner history.

WILFRID WARD

THE CATHOLIC PARTY IN THE NETHERLANDS

Paul Verschave. La Hollande Politique. Paris. 1910.
Le Dr Schaepman. Par le Dr Brom.
"Les Pays Bas" Leyden, 1898. pp. 86-94.

I

THE object of the present article is to give to British Catholic readers some knowledge of their co-religionists across the North Sea, whose history presents in some respects striking analogies with their own. As in our own country, Catholics in the Dutch Republic during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were a helpless and often persecuted minority. In both countries the obscurity of social and political disability in which Catholic society was plunged is irradiated by a few eminent names, of whom one is in Holland a household word, Vondel, the greatest of Dutch poets, whose masterpiece, *Lucifer*, may be compared with *Paradise Lost*. The hierarchy was restored in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that event was one of the chief incidents which marked the early stages of the Dutch Catholics' brave struggle for liberty and justice. A marvellous transformation has taken place in their position during the past sixty years. In some readers' minds a feeling akin to envy may even be aroused by the spectacle of such a splendidly drilled and equipped fighting force as the Catholic party now presents, thanks to years of strenuous effort. On the other hand, it may be urged that such highly organized political activity would be unsuited to our own conditions. But whatever may be said for and against "clericalism" in politics, no British Catholic can fail to yield unbounded admiration for the way in which purely religious and social work is organized by the Church in the Netherlands, or will omit to draw salutary lessons from such a stimulating example whenever they may be applied with profit to the somewhat but not entirely different circumstances at home.

Catholic Party in Netherlands

Those readers whose interest may be awakened by the following brief outline of a vast subject are strongly recommended to study *La Hollande Politique, un Parti Catholique en Pays Protestant*, by M. Paul Verschave, to whom the present writer is indebted for most of the facts given below.

In the Netherlands the wars of religion differed from the same conflicts in Germany and France in that they were of a patriotic rather than of a confessional character. For this reason the Dutch Catholics did their best to remain neutral in the struggle with Spain. Yet it is not altogether surprising that their victorious Protestant compatriots identified them with the enemy and treated them as outcasts. The children of Alva's victims had more excuse for persecuting his coreligionists than had their contemporaries in England. And yet by the time that the Treaty of Westphalia had ended the Thirty Years' War in 1648 the Orangist fury seems to have spent itself. The Catholics, though still excluded from political rights and treated with contempt by the governing class, could now quietly practise their religion in relative safety; they might hear Mass, but only in a building without window panes or roof of tiles or slates. As generally happens, this contemptuous semi-toleration succeeded in quenching the zeal and sapping the fortitude which had resisted more positive methods of persecution. Verschave observes that on the whole the treatment of Catholics in the Dutch Republic was less harsh than in England and other Protestant countries. For in the national character fanaticism strove with a passionate love of liberty which, without preventing, certainly tempered persecution, and rendered it possible for whole provinces to remain in the ancient faith. Various causes, however, contributed to the marked decline in numbers and influence which by 1798 had still further reduced the Catholics in the Netherlands to the position of a powerless minority. In the words of Monsignor Schaepman, "A party when forced to hold aloof from public life should above all things retain in its midst those who may be styled its 'patriarchs,' viz., the

territorial and civic aristocracy, the magistracy, the provosts of guilds, in short all those elements which may be said to preserve within them the living wisdom of the past; for then such a party can again emerge, renew its youth, and resume its rôle in the common life of the people." Unfortunately when the hour of deliverance struck the Catholic Patriarchs failed to answer the call. For a large proportion of the nobility who had long held staunchly to the old faith had finally fallen away from the tradition of their ancestors. Those who remained shut themselves up in their country homes, excluded as they were from public life, for which indeed they ultimately lost all taste, sheltered the priests and succoured their poorer brethren in the faith, and acted in short as the faithful guardians of all that remained of the splendid past.

The revolution of 1796 and the foundation of the Batavian Republic brought emancipation to the Dutch Catholics from those civil and religious disabilities which had weighed them down for two centuries. They naturally hailed with joy the Constitution of 1798, which endowed them with at least theoretical liberty, of which they hastened to avail themselves to repair past disasters. The significance of this revival is illustrated by the following figures: in 1784 there were only 350 Catholic parishes and 400 priests in the Dutch Netherlands. By 1815 there were 673 parishes and 925 priests. Between 1830 and 1900 500 new churches are said to have been built and 150 enlarged, at a cost of 500 millions of florins. By the latter year the Protestant Pastor Buitendyk estimates the Catholic parishes at 1,014 and the priests at 2,310. These figures are the more striking when it is remembered that the Dutch Catholics belong mainly to the middle and poorer classes of the community. The newly emancipated body neither embraced revolutionary principles, nor did they form a political party in the true sense of the word. But they coalesced and gradually emerged as an integral force in the body politic, inspired by a tradition of their own and by the determination to

guard their heritage as well as to foster the rights and liberties which they had now acquired before the law.

With the restoration of the House of Orange in 1815, the return from England of the banished Stadtholder and his proclamation as King William I there began a period of reaction which was one of the causes of the Belgian rising and separation in 1830. In 1848, however, William II, who was more tolerant than his father, took the initiative in the matter of constitutional revision. In this great task Catholics and Liberals gladly gave him their wholehearted support. The former demanded freedom of conscience, religious equality before the law, liberty of the press, liberty of instruction, and freedom in respect of meeting and association. They also advocated a liberal policy in regard to the extension of the franchise. It was generally, though erroneously, supposed that they had become identified with the Liberal party, which amid the abuses of the counter revolution could fairly be called the party of liberty and justice, and had certainly earned the gratitude and raised the hope of the Catholics. These, without forming a regular party enjoyed that union which is often better than formal unity. Events, however, soon justified a need for a closer independent organization. In 1853 the Catholic hierarchy, which had been suppressed since 1608, was restored. A "No Popery" cry was thereupon raised by those who resented the blow at the Protestant supremacy, which, though no longer legally in force, was still vigorous from historical tradition and social custom. This violent opposition had the effect of deepening the attachment of Catholics to their own faith and of hastening their development as a religious party in the State. This process was completed by the burning question of religious education which first made its appearance upon the establishment by the law of 1857 of a system of State-aided undenominational instruction. Many Catholics fell into the snare and accepted the principle of neutrality in the hope that popular education would thereby lose its distinctive Protestant colouring. They soon perceived their mistake. From neutral the

system of instruction rapidly became irreligious, and it became evident that energetic action was necessary. It should be explained that in every Dutch commune the different confessions take the initiative in charitable work by means of their local organizations, some of which have considerable sums of money at their disposal. Through the agency of these parochial institutions the Catholic community had founded private schools unsubsidized by the State at a date prior to the issue in 1868 of a collective note by the Dutch Episcopate, solemnly affirming the rights and duties of parents with regard to the education of their children. This pronouncement at once rallied the Catholic forces and became the watchword in the prolonged and apparently hopeless struggle upon which they were about to enter. At the time the Catholic vote was represented by no more than one-fifth of the members of the Second or Lower Chamber. The proposal to revise the Education Law of 1857 was opposed by Liberals and Conservatives alike. The former maintained that the Constitution prohibited the grant of subsidies to free schools, while the latter would only consent on condition that the instruction given should be "neutral." The Bishops' Manifesto terminated a brief and unsatisfactory alliance between the Catholics and the essentially Protestant "Conservative" party, which to-day has ceased to exist. From that moment the logic of events begins to show itself in the nascent agreement between Catholics and the small but strenuous group of "Anti-Revolutionaries" under the leadership of Groen van Prinsterer.

No sketch of Dutch political history, however slight, would be complete without some account of the rise of this remarkable body, which was destined to absorb a large proportion of the old Conservative party, and which now, at any rate, in conjunction with its loyal Catholic allies governs the kingdom of the Netherlands in an avowedly theocratic spirit. The title assumed by the party is admitted by its prophet, Dr A. Kuyper, to be somewhat paradoxical, for, as he points out, it is an

outcome of three successive revolutions: the revolt against Spain in 1572, the English Revolution of 1688, and the Dutch rising against Napoleonic rule in 1813. The motive force, however, in all three cases was Calvinism, and Calvinism is by its very nature opposed to the spirit of the French Revolution of 1789 embodied in the formula "Ni Dieu, ni Maitre." In the words of Dr Kuyper, "The object of the Anti-Revolutionary party is to secure full recognition to those ideals which inspired us in the days of our national greatness. This appears from the first article of its programme: 'The Anti-Revolutionary party represents the bases of our national character as it was in 1572 under the guidance of the House of Orange and under the influence of the Reformation.'" The party then is essentially Calvinist, and so proclaimed itself when under the pressure of the education controversy in 1868 it first took definite shape. But in spite of its Calvinism the ideas of the party in regard to this question were calculated to attract the Catholics rather than to repel them. Verschave describes the situation at the close of 1868 in the following terms: "On the heights of power the Liberal camp, already divided on certain questions, but united in defence of the official educational policy: in the plain below the Catholic and Anti-Revolutionary forces, relentless in their attacks and operating independently in the sacred battle of the schools." This parallel action was bound to result sooner or later in an alliance, produced at first by the force of circumstances and ultimately based on the open advocacy of a common principle.

Meanwhile the need for a thorough party organization became increasingly apparent to the Catholic representatives. For a minority wishing to make its influence felt must of necessity possess a definite programme set forth by its organs in the press. This lack was painfully felt in 1878, when the existing education law was rendered more rigorous by a fresh measure which still further opened the Treasury to State schools, and reaffirmed in more drastic terms the continued exclusion of voluntary

schools from the benefits of State aid. With the indomitable tenacity of their race the Dutch Catholics, far from being crushed by this disappointment of their hopes, renewed the struggle with untiring energy, and were rewarded by the advent of a leader capable of completing their organization as a militant party.

In 1880 the constituency of Breda elected the Abbé Schaepman to the States General, and for the first time a Catholic priest sat among the deputies. At thirty-six Schaepman enjoyed a considerable reputation as an orator and poet. In appearance he is said to have recalled the type dear to Rembrandt and to Frans Hals. He has been described as a practical idealist: a priestly knight errant. His motto, "Credo pugno," was an epitome of his life. He may be said to have created the Catholic party as it now exists. And as he rapidly became the most popular man in Holland his position was one of no small power. Schaepman's first act was to create a Catholic press. He found it represented by a single organ, *De Tijd*, but at the time of his death he had brought the number up to thirteen dailies and about 150 other papers, including weeklies and periodicals. Schaepman first bent his energies to the conclusion of an alliance with the Anti-Revolutionary party. It is not clear whether this idea originated with him or with Dr Kuyper, who already was, as he still is, chief editor of the party's newspaper, *De Standaard*. It is difficult not to be impressed by the circumstance that at this juncture two leaders should have appeared at the head of movements which at first sight seemed far asunder, but were yet mutually drawn together by the magnetism of a common belief in God. For some ten years this movement, termed by its opponents "The Monstrous Alliance," took the form rather of a tacit understanding than of the offensive and defensive partnership which it has since become.

The first victory of the Christian parties was won at the General Election of 1884, in connexion with the burning question of constitutional revision. They were however unable to profit by their success at the polls, as

they remained in a minority in the Upper Chamber. There followed a period of confusion which even spread to the Catholic ranks, in which disaffection and disagreement wrought a havoc of which the effects had scarcely disappeared by the end of the century. The rebellious movement tended in a conservative direction, while the rest of the party, under Dr Schaepman's leadership, were regarded as democratic in character. Paradoxically enough, the former faction chafed at the alliance with the Anti-Revolutionaries and looked back with regret on the historic alliance with the Liberals under Thorbecke. It is of interest to recall that this illustrious statesman, who had distinguished himself in 1853 by his tolerant attitude in regard to the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy, saw himself compelled in 1871, during his third period of office, to acquiesce in the suppression, consequent upon the Italian occupation, of the Dutch diplomatic mission to the Vatican, a retrograde step illustrating the direction in which Liberalism had evolved during the interval and one which aroused great indignation among the Dutch Catholics.

From 1878 to 1888 the great feature of Dutch political history was the gradual disappearance of the old Conservative party. Their brief alliance with the Catholics was of little permanent use to either partner, as the Conservatives never gave whole-hearted support to the cause of religious education, and the understanding rested merely on an opportunist basis, the result on both sides of dissatisfaction with the Liberal party. Although M. Heemskerk, the greatest of the Conservatives, was Premier during a considerable portion of the ten years with which we are dealing, the Cabinets under his sway were always predominantly Liberal, at any rate in their administrative results. In the meantime the rank and file of the Conservatives was gradually absorbed by the Anti-Revolutionary party, while a few joined the right wing of the Liberals, and fewer still retained their party character. In spite of much internal wrangling the Catholics and Anti-Revolutionaries drew ever nearer

together in practice. The Ministries which succeeded each other without much variety of colouring, were mainly preoccupied with the question of revising the Constitution of 1848. While admitting the necessity of revision in principle the "Christian" parties stoutly maintained that they would lend no hand to it until their grievances in the matter of religious education were redressed, that is, until the obnoxious Article 194 of the Constitution, which consecrated the principle of State-aided undenominational education and ignored the claims on the public funds of the voluntary schools, should be amended to their satisfaction.

The General Election following the revision of the Constitution, which was completed for the time being by the end of 1887, in spite of the opposition of the Christian parties, and in virtue of which revision the numbers of the electors were about doubled, curiously enough returned the parties of the Right to power, thus giving to the Christian coalition their first solid victory. The revision had practically left the educational clauses of the Constitution unchanged, but in the course of the furious battle waged round this question the Liberals had been forced to admit that the law as it stood was patent of an interpretation permitting State subsidies to voluntary schools. The "business" Cabinet (*Cabinet d'affaires*) which with the aid of a Liberal majority had forced through the constitutional revision, was now replaced by the first coalition ministry (1888), with a distinguished Anti-Revolutionary, Baron Mackay, as Premier and Minister of the Interior. In the first chamber the Liberals had retained an imposing majority, but in the popular chamber they only held forty-five seats against twenty-seven Anti-Revolutionaries and twenty-six Catholics. The remaining two seats were held respectively by the last of the "Conservatives," Count Schimmelpenninck, and by the first Socialist ever elected in Holland, an ex-pastor Domela Nieuwenhuis. In the programme of the new Government educational reform occupied a prominent place. But the proposed measure

for " the development of private instruction " was so just and moderate that even the Liberal majority in the First Chamber had no cause to offer it any very strenuous opposition, and on December 8th, 1889, the Law of Pacification was promulgated, to the relief and satisfaction of the majority of Dutchmen. It laid down in unambiguous terms, without modifying the language of the famous Article 194, that Free Schools may receive State aid *in spite of their denominational character*. The rights of parents met with fuller recognition than heretofore, and various minor reforms in the allocation of funds were introduced. The Mackay Act represents a new spirit, and in one sense a breach with the past; it is consequently a landmark in the social and political history of the Netherlands.

The triumph of 1889 was soon followed by a deplorable reaction. As though exhausted by the strain of cohesion Catholics and Anti-Revolutionaries had no sooner effected the educational reform for which they had originally combined than they began to quarrel, not only with each other, but also among themselves. "The Monstrous Alliance" was temporarily dissolved, on the question of compulsory military service (1891), but the real cause of divorce was to be sought as much in apparent incompatibility of temper as in differences on public policy. The Catholics complained of the arrogance of the Anti-Revolutionaries, while Calvin's sons suddenly remembered that they were before all else anti-Roman. It is not surprising that the Liberals should have profited by the state, bordering on anarchy, into which their opponents had fallen to rally their forces and win the General Election which, under the operation of the quatrennial system, recurred in 1891. The Anti-Revolutionaries lost nine seats, the Catholics one only, but that single loss was " equal to ten," for Dr Schaepman himself was beaten at Wijk, owing to the intrigues of the rebellious Catholic faction.

Although through the depths of disunion into which the parties of the Right had fallen, the Left was again

victorious at the elections of 1894, there was little to choose between Right and Left as regards discipline and co-ordination either as to means or end. A tempest was again raging throughout the country on the subject of the franchise. The revision of 1888 had satisfied none, and the Progressives on both sides, including Kuyper and Schaepman themselves, were in favour of an extension which would have amounted practically to universal suffrage. In the end a determined Liberal Minister, van Houten, forced a compromise upon the country, which, exhausted by the controversy, grudgingly accepted it in September, 1896. Thus ended the period of almost inextricable Parliamentary confusion, dubbed at the time "rumor in casa," after one of Troost's humorous pictures. Verschave quotes in this connexion the Dutch proverb: "Een ieder stuurt zyns weegs en niemand weet waarheen" (every one goes his own way but no one knows whither it leads).

The reconstitution of the Christian coalition was effected on the morrow of the acceptance of van Houten's Law of Revision. He himself unwittingly furnished the cry which rallied the forces of his opponents after years of disunion. No sooner had the Bill become law than van Houten, like a second Gambetta, called all good Liberals to arms against the clerical forces. At once the mists which had confused the issues were dissipated, and again Left and Right re-grouped themselves instinctively, according to fundamental principles, and stood confronting one another in battle array. Although the reconciliation of Catholics and Anti-Revolutionaries restored to them something more than their former strength the country was not ripe for their immediate victory at the polls. After the elections of 1897 a transition Ministry was formed under the Liberal statesman Pierson, who governed the country without violent attack from the Opposition until 1901, when the Christian coalition once more triumphed at the polls, and Dr Kuyper assumed office with a preponderantly Calvinist Cabinet. The years 1897-1901 provided the Catholic party with a

respite in which to set their house in order, to take stock of their ideals and aims and to draw up a programme covering more ground than the education question which had formed their original platform.

II

In an article published in 1898 Dr Schaepman gives a rapid sketch of the party programme, which was first accepted by the Catholic electoral associations in 1897, and further developed in 1901. It is based on obedience to the Holy See, loyalty to the House of Orange-Nassau, and "sincere adhesion to the Constitution." For the solution of social problems, to which great prominence is given, it follows the principles laid down by the Encyclical "Rerum novarum." In addition to the observance of Sunday and the prohibition of excessive labour, even for adults, the programme demands the revision of the duty on imports, with a view to the protection of agriculture and industry. It also adumbrates a scheme of national insurance against sickness, accident, invalidity and old age. With regard to the education question, parental rights and responsibilities are looked upon as the fundamental principles of all legislation, which should tend to make voluntary schools the rule and neutral teaching exceptional and supplementary. The equality before the law of free schools and State schools alike had to a certain extent been secured by the law of 1889, but it remained to be extended to the higher grades of education. Apart from the emphasis which they naturally laid on the importance of missionary work in the Colonies, there was nothing distinctive in the policy of the party in regard to other public questions.

Dr Schaepman in the article previously cited calls attention to the broad lines and central position advocated by his party in its official programme. This was to be as wide and flexible as possible, and to steer clear as far as feasible of the dangerous question of tendency or direction, whether in a conservative or progressive sense. No doubt in the elaboration of some of its articles by the

Catholic members of the Second Chamber it was necessary to take a definite line on matters which, though purely secular, were still highly controversial. Most of the constituencies represented being in Limburg or Brabant, two provinces almost entirely devoted to agriculture, the Catholic electorate has always been decidedly protectionist in its aspirations. (It will be remembered that Holland is still practically a Free Trade country.) Moreover a leading item of the programme, and one which was made especially prominent in the General Election of 1901, was, as it still remains, a scheme for old age pensions. Furthermore, the party were strenuously opposed to an increase in succession duties in the direct line of descent, and they were even in favour of their abolition; and it is therefore intelligible that they should have advocated a scheme for raising the customs duties as an alternative means of obtaining revenue. This latter question has now passed from the realm of theory into that of practical politics. The official programme records its regret at the suppression of the mission to the Holy See, and its desire for its ultimate restoration.

It would of course be impossible within the limits of a short article to do justice to a portion even of so rich and varied a chapter of Dutch Parliamentary history as the Kuyper Ministry 1901-1905. The Cabinet was composed of five Anti-Revolutionaries and three Catholics. The speech from the Throne, with which the Government first met Parliament, was couched in language of a specifically Christian character, to which the country had not yet been accustomed. This pronouncement contained the significant phrase that the numerous measures about to be introduced for the moral and material amelioration of the Dutch people must rest "on the Christian basis of the national life." If the promised reforms were not immediately carried out in their entirety this cannot be laid to the charge of the Government. Numerous excellent measures were elaborated with the care and thoroughness which characterizes all Dutch legislation. By the end of 1904 Dr Kuyper could reply to hostile

critics by pointing to over thirty measures, some of which had already been adopted by the States General, while others were still engaging the attention of Parliament. The latter included three highly important projects, viz., Old Age Pensions, Revision of the Customs Tariff, and the settlement of questions connected with Secondary and Higher Education.

Unfortunately the attention of both Government and public was for a time diverted from the work of constructive legislation by the labour troubles of 1903. How Dr Kuyper dealt with the great railway strike of that year is an episode of Dutch history too familiar for recapitulation here. The policy of the iron hand succeeded admirably in crushing the movement with its far-reaching Socialist ramifications, but won the Minister many and deadly enemies. The work of social reform was retarded while widespread unemployment and its attendant misery were the net result of the agitation, so far as those who had taken part in it were concerned.

The work of social legislation having been interrupted by the labour agitation, and the exceptional measures which it called forth, the States General upon their reassembly after the recess in September, 1903, proceeded to discuss educational reforms. These were all in the direction of giving greater freedom to the higher grades of denominational education. The Second (Lower) Chamber accepted the Government's project without serious opposition. But the First Chamber, which, it will be remembered, had a Liberal majority, stoutly resisted it, particularly in respect of one article which placed the Free Universities on an equal footing with the others in the matter of conferring degrees. This opposition on the part of the Upper House developed into a grave crisis. Dr Kuyper saw himself confronted with the alternatives of resignation or of dissolving the First Chamber. The latter step, although within the letter of the Constitution, was undoubtedly alien to its spirit, for the First Chamber had since 1848 been held sacred as the symbol of order and stability. Many of the Government's

adherents shrank from such an unprecedented exercise of Ministerial authority. On the other hand, it was improbable that a Liberal Cabinet, in the event of its accepting office and dissolving the Second Chamber, would command an adequate majority in the country. Dr Kuyper, at any rate, did not hesitate long. His Bill was rejected on July 14, 1904; on the 19th the Crown dissolved the First Chamber, and on August 3 a new Senate was elected, consisting of thirty-one Ministerialists to nineteen Liberals. Thereupon arose one of those tempests which occasionally sweep the calm waters of Dutch political life. The heterogeneous factions composing the Left were provided with a rallying cry in view of the approaching General Election, due in 1905. The storm of "Kuyper hate" which swept the country carried with it all the groups of the Opposition from Old Liberals to Social Democrats. When, however, it came to drawing up an electoral programme there was less unanimity. A formula was finally arrived at, sufficiently comprehensive to suit all the parties of the Left, and leaving undefined the exact nature of the electoral reform to be introduced after a Liberal victory. Despite the ingenuity displayed by the leaders of the Left in framing their appeal to the electorate it seemed unlikely that they would succeed in defeating the Government, which could go to the country with a record of useful legislation to its credit. The electoral battle was fought with a ferocity unparalleled in Dutch Parliamentary history. The Left stuck at nothing in their efforts to sow dissension among the allied forces opposed to them, and above all to fan the flame of "Kuyper hate" among all classes of the community. The great Minister had made enemies not only among the proletariat but he had alienated many of the bourgeoisie by his action in founding a secession from the national Reformed Church, which he considered too tolerant of "Modernist" doctrine. Dr Schaepman had died in 1903, and his successor, M. Kolkman, the present Minister of Finance, in a rousing speech addressed to the Roman Catholic

Parliamentary Club, had urged the party to maintain close co-operation with the Anti-Revolutionaries; and indeed loyal adhesion to the Christian Block was required of all Catholic candidates in the constituencies. The other groups of the Right failed to maintain equally good Parliamentary discipline, despite the efforts of the Anti-Revolutionary leaders to enforce it. The bond of " hate " which had welded the Left into a temporary union proved a driving force stronger than any opposed to it. The final result of the 1905 election gave the Left a majority, narrow indeed, but sufficient to afford them their revenge and to bring about the downfall of Dr Kuyper. In Liberal circles, fully alive to the slenderness of a victory based on a majority of four, the idea was canvassed of sounding the Moderates of the Right, both Catholic and Protestant, as to the possibility of a coalition. But the Catholics perceived that a regrouping of parties on the basis not of fundamental theocratic principles but of more or less progressive tendencies of a secular character would be an irretrievable error. At length a Liberal Ministry was formed under the leadership of M. de Meester. The problem of the suffrage, which constituted the most important task of the new Government, was referred to a Commission, whose labours, it was secretly hoped, would prove so protracted as to absolve Ministers from the embarrassing necessity of coping with the question before the next General Election. Meanwhile some measures of minor importance were proceeded with, of which the most useful—the law dealing with labour contracts—was passed with the aid of the Opposition, one of whom—the Catholic ex-Minister of Justice, Loeff—was its original promoter. In June, 1907, the elections to the Provincial Councils took place, and after a strenuous fight, resulted in a crushing defeat for the Liberals. This was an event of first-rate magnitude, for these Councils, apart from their other functions, constitute the electoral colleges for the First Chamber. Following upon this initial reverse the position of the Government was rendered still more precarious by their action in bringing the franchise

question forward with disconcerting suddenness at the beginning of the autumn session of 1907. The Ministry received the *coup de grâce* in December of the same year, when the slumbering controversy on the Army Budget reached a final climax and the Government were defeated in the Second (popular) Chamber by a majority of fifteen. Thereupon the Clerical coalition once more returned to office under the premiership of the Anti-Revolutionary leader, M. Heemskerk, son of the former Conservative statesman, while owing to a variety of circumstances Dr Kuyper remained without office, though in general sympathy with the new administration. The Cabinet comprised three Catholics, among whom was M. Kolkman, the Parliamentary leader of the group, who still holds the office of Minister of Finance. The work of Government during the sixteen months which elapsed between the accession of the new Government to office and the natural demise of the existing Parliament in 1909 was carried on in a cautious and moderate spirit. Two of the less controversial among the articles of the "Christian" programme, both of which have since been translated into law, were brought forward, viz., a measure for the repression of public immorality, and the grant of subsidies to free secondary education.

The national events which have preoccupied the Netherlands during the Heemskerk administration are too recent for discussion here. Those readers who do not follow continental politics may be reminded that the General Election of June, 1909, resulted in a brilliant victory for the Clerical Government, whose supporters in the new Second Chamber outnumbered their opponents by a majority of twenty. A spirit of optimism and conciliation, following on the happy fulfilment of the nation's "joyful hopes" in the birth of the Princess Juliana, pervaded the country and robbed the contest of much of its customary bitterness. In connexion with the elections Dr Kuyper addressed the Anti-Revolutionaries at Utrecht in April, 1909, and recapitulated the

Christian programme, advocating a scheme of Old Age Pensions, on the basis of a revision of the tariff, and the grant of the franchise to all heads of families. The Catholics supplemented this declaration by a resolution in favour of proportional representation. One result of the 1909 elections was to show that Liberalism, where not defeated by the Christian Block, has lost ground owing to the rising tide of Social Democracy, which would have been represented in the new Parliament by no fewer than ten deputies but for the dexterous tactics of the Catholics and of the " Christian Historical " section of the Calvinist wing, who succeeded in wresting three seats from formidable Socialist candidates.

III

The above sketch may be said to close the chronological record of the Catholic party in Holland down to the present time. A few words may be added in conclusion upon the social and political organization of the party. In the Parliament elected in 1909 the Catholics in the Second Chamber numbered twenty-five out of a total of 100, while in the First Chamber, which, as will be remembered, was newly elected in 1905, and which is gradually renewed by an automatic process of rotation, they held in 1910 eighteen of the fifty seats. The members of the party in both Chambers constitute the Roman Catholic Parliamentary Club, of which the successive presidents (the *ipso facto* chiefs of the party) have been since the Club's foundation: Dr Schaepman, M. Kolkman (the present Minister of Finance), M. Loeff (the eminent international jurist and a former Minister of Justice) and since 1910 Dr Nolens. The Catholic Deputies are most of them still in the prime of life. They are earnest and strenuous men, worthy of the great Parliamentary influence they enjoy. Among the most prominent is Mgr Nolens, aforesaid member for his native Venlo, and now the only Catholic priest in the Chamber. In any country the personality of this eminent man would command a position worthy of such varied gifts. Appointed

a professor at the University of Amsterdam in 1909, Dr Nolens is at once politician, student and philanthropist, a worthy priest, and a genial man of the world.

The main features of the party, and those to which much of their public success is due, may be stated to be in the first place their consistent attitude of obedience to the Episcopate and of unswerving loyalty to the Holy See; secondly, the goal that they have set themselves from the outset, viz., the reconstruction of society on a Christian basis, which explains the party's constant preoccupation with the whole problem of social reform, thereby bringing them into contact with many questions not specifically Catholic or even Christian in character. Any narrower conception of their rôle would from the beginning have branded the party as a mere faction or group instead of an integral part of the national comity. In the words of a well-known writer, the Dutch Catholics may be described as "a political personality demanding liberty." If the simile be carried a little further this collective personality can be said to lead a three-fold life—religious, social and political. As a religious body the Dutch Catholics set an admirable example of zeal and fervour. It would carry us too far to give even an outline of the various pious, charitable or philanthropic organizations—many of them on an imposing scale and having large sums at their disposal—which provide for the spiritual and material welfare of the individual Catholic, from the cradle to the grave. These include the Christian "Boerenbond," or Peasants' League, which has done much to stimulate agriculture and to develop the principle of co-operation among such unpromising subjects as the intensely individualistic Dutch farmers; the "Volksbond," which unites Catholic artisans in an association, more successful perhaps than its Socialist rival in promoting practical measures of social reform, because more moderate and steadfast in its demands; and the "Hanze," which embraces a large proportion of the smaller Catholic "bourgeoisie." Be it noted that the Boerenbond is termed "Christian" and not "Catholic." For in fact it

is not exclusively Catholic except in its local branches. Unlike the Boerenbond, the Volksbond is purely Catholic. A collective note of the Dutch Episcopate issued in July, 1906, condemned the formation of mixed Christian syndicates of working men on the German pattern. In view of the profound disagreement which has recently come to light between the mixed syndicates of the Rhine Province and the exclusively Catholic associations of Berlin this point is worthy of notice. As regards common action with Protestants, the Bishops' word of command runs: "March separately, but fight side by side." The aforesaid associations are united and crowned on federal lines by the "Catholic Social Action," which is supreme among them. No doubt these institutions, which are primarily benevolent, are not always easily distinguishable in their activities from those party organizations, both local and central, which exist for purely political or electoral purposes. The latter, however, are to be met with in almost every commune where Catholics can claim to exercise influence. Each constituency possesses in addition a central association, which deputes one delegate to the committee for the whole province, which latter in turn manages the elections to the provincial states or councils (the modern equivalent of the ancient Provincial Estates). The entire organization is controlled by a central council, composed of delegates from the provinces. The rearing of this great edifice, which, be it understood, is peculiar to the Catholic party, was begun by Dr Schaepman, who superposed the district and provincial associations upon the humble foundation of the village committee already existing in connexion with the voluntary schools. Shortly after his death the "General Union of Roman Catholic Electoral Associations in Holland," a federation of the aforesaid provincial bodies, came into being. With such elaborate party machinery it is not surprising that in the matter of political discipline the Dutch Catholics are far more advanced than their coreligionists in many other European countries. Moreover, the party in its present phase is

frankly democratic in character and is in close touch with all classes of Catholics throughout the country, for which its social policy has already done so much. In spite of certain Conservative tendencies among its members the party finally resolved to adopt the motto of the great Bishop Ketteler of Mayence, " For God and the People," which Dr Schaepman had already made his own. It should be recorded to their lasting honour that this party, which were propelled by the hand of circumstance into the political arena, untrue to the history of many religious bodies which mingle gratuitously in the fray of public life, have neither forfeited the completeness of their faith nor degenerated into an instrument of bigotry and fanaticism.

After several years' residence in the Netherlands the impression left by Dutch Catholicism on the mind of the writer almost approaches an ideal picture. There are about twelve Catholic parishes in the Hague and its suburbs alone. The churches are all large, and crowded with worshippers at every one of the numerous Sunday Masses. In spite of the wars of religion, the most complete toleration prevails, and religious orders abound. The Jesuits possess two houses in the Hague, and they are said to have recently acquired a much coveted site in the vicinity for the erection of a secondary school. There are certain minor regulations in force which differentiate the more Protestant parts of the country, such as the provinces of North and South Holland, from Catholic districts as those of Limburg and Brabant, whose towns present an aspect similar to that of Belgian cities. In the Protestant provinces the Catholic clergy, both secular and religious, wear a peculiar dress in the public streets, somewhat recalling that of an Anglican Archdeacon. Open air processions are prohibited; and the Midnight Mass, which formerly attracted large mixed congregations to the fashionable Franciscan Church in the Hague on Christmas Eve, has been discontinued on grounds of expediency. The writer never perceived any symptom of hostility between the majority and minority of the popu-

lation (the proportion being in the ratio of rather less than three to two). Socially, however, there would appear to be an almost complete segregation, and in smaller centres it is usual only to employ tradespeople of the householder's religious persuasion. Owing to the fact that in the provinces adjoining the Capital there are very few Catholic houses of standing, the society surrounding the Court, with some notable exceptions, is overwhelmingly Protestant. Broadly speaking, the cleft is to a large extent a class distinction, and Catholics are chiefly to be met with among the shop-keeping and peasant classes, more rarely perhaps among the fishing population. This fact may account in part for the lack of fusion above alluded to, as a consequence of which Catholic increase in the Netherlands is said to be mainly a question of birthrate. It has been suggested that possibly the identification of the Church with party politics might to some extent obscure her spiritual character in the eyes of non-Catholics. No doubt the crystallization above referred to is also due to diverse social causes. In the words of an eminent ecclesiastic, the Catholic party and the Christian alliance are a necessity, if the Dutch people are to live and legislate for something beyond the material needs of the hour, and if their children are to be taught a code other than the shifting ethics of secularism. However that may be, there is little doubt that even should the alliance, through some unforeseen contingency, cease to exist, the Catholic party would still fight on for their cause—taking, perhaps, for their watchword the motto of the present pontificate: "To restore all things in Christ."

DOROTHY ACTON

September 1912.

ON EPITAPHS, CATHOLIC & "CATHOLIC-MINDED."

THE chief interest, the cherished hobby of a certain enthusiastic antiquary, is the obituary record of the post-Reformation Recusants. He has sought out the graves of the faithful in county after county of his own West, and copied their inscriptions, beginning with the reign of Elizabeth. He has done this from boyhood well into middle life, collecting entries, yet unpublished, which are certain to be of measureless value in time to come; then he stopped, or rather had to stop, for a compelling and unnatural-looking reason: the too active piety, what some would call the mimicry, of High Churchmen!

In the ancient times an epitaph invariably contained: "Pray for the soule," or "Jesu mercy, Ladye help!" or "whose sowle God pardon." But in the long day of persecution such simple outspoken application of a familiar doctrine had to be abandoned as illegal: nominally abandoned, that is. The poor Papishers were, and are, terribly obstinate people about doing what they have always done. They kept in all their epitaphs a certain turn of phrase, opaque for a while to the pursuivant's eye, but not so to the sympathetic charity to which its only appeal was made. When that turn of phrase itself became suspect, they (who could have corporately, it must be remembered, no churches nor burial-grounds) had other recognizable devices to cut on brass or stone: the sacred monogram, a little cross or heart, a crowned M, or a three-lobed leaf. By such inconspicuous symbolism, when nothing else was possible, their dead still bade not in vain for the suffrages of fellow-believers. In another generation, *Requiescat in pace* had boldly crept in, and, lastly, after the Emancipation Bill, up rose the long-obliterated inscriptions, openly once more begging the passer-by "of his charity" to "pray" for a departed brother. But by that time the Oxford Movement was abroad. Its offspring were developing on an increasing scale their

remarkable scent for things Catholic. A change of disposition in the best part of the nation meant a chase after the very catchwords and shibboleths loved secretly by the old Catholic remnant spared from dungeons, exiles, martyrdoms, and, alas! apostasies. And so it came about that Anglican graves began to look exactly like certain others. And the diligent antiquary who has been mentioned was brought perforce to a halt. Any real Catholic epitaph, so far as it can serve his purpose now, might as well be an imitation one. It may be asked whether there is no way out of the present national confusion, when both camps are wearing practically the same uniform. Could a new tag be invented by ourselves for use on our headstones in a general cemetery?—an unmistakable one, such as: "God bless our Pope"? Somebody will say: "Allow to that a twenty years' run at the outside, and our *nouveaux riches* will steal it, too!" But, to be serious, there is much to be said for them in the matter. Epitaphs which are Catholic in spirit are not, and never were in England, save for short intervals of time, exclusively our own. They are part of the history of Anglicanism: approximations which betoken the presence, outside our body, of a popular impulse, a good one and an old one.

The Middle Ages had their perfect formula for the dead. Tomb or floriated slab was inscribed with the barest of data, and the humble invariable ending: *Cujus animae propitietur Deus. Amen.* One likes that even better in its commonly abbreviated form, which is like a pathetic lisping: *Cu' aīe ppcieť Dē. Amē.* You find these scrolls about, despite the war waged upon them all over the land, despite the smashing and ripping machinery of the Tudor Settlement, and of the less systematic Puritan Parliament, a century later. It was absolutely against the mediaeval spirit to enthrone compliments above the dead, even the most famous or the most beloved or the holiest: they "whose names are written up in gold" as the makers of the history of Europe, were content to lie unadjectived. Death, save the death of a child, was still looked upon primarily in its judicial aspect, and its unfurling banners bore

not for device: " Come, ye blessed of My Father," as they do in the vision of undiscriminating modern sects, but another motto with no qualifying footnote: " Nothing defiled can enter heaven." There was naught to do or say or write but to commend the now self-helpless soul to the redeeming love and fathomless pity of God, and to the spiritual alms of the Mass and the prayers of his lay brethren left on earth. He was laid to rest in chantry or cloister, in the solemn hope of the Resurrection, but there was little biographical pother, and no prating there about his fate, either for weal or for woe.

Robert Bucel gyt ici:
Priet pur la alme de li.

The childish idiom and rhyme are at Easington. For comprehensive theology and compact rhetoric, it would be hard to beat them.

I may not praye now: praye ye
With a Pater and an Ave,

is part of the arresting script on Sir John Tame's tomb in his Late Perpendicular church at Fairford. The plea was not to be uttered openly much longer, but came with extreme suddenness to an end, like the angle of a long sea-cliff dipping headlong to the shore. Was ever such a change? Think of all the bewigged Deeply Lamenteds, with their escutcheons and antitheses, in the year of grace, say, 1750, and contrast them and their memorials with the thoughts evoked by some fragment of lettering from the Catacombs! A whole world lies between. The older habit of reticence, of quiet, of the heavenward instinct, of the negation of fuss and rivalry, had lasted in England until the Reformation destroyed it. With it (just before it, rather), went all sense of the soul's unworthiness to look unprepared upon the Beatific Vision; and all sense, too, of human solidarity, of the great family office of mutual helpfulness by which the quick and the dead keep in touch before God.

and "Catholic-minded"

It was the Reformation which brought into being the cocksure upstanding breed which Milton grandly calls "God's Englishmen." Far from confessing themselves sinners, on their tombs, they paraded on that conspicuous farther frontier the whole of their unequalled qualifications. *Nil nisi bonum*, indeed! So naturally has one come to expect rose-coloured dissertations on monuments of the time, that one instinctively resents any obtruded criticism on the ended lives. Who that ever looked behind the south-east door of St Margaret's, Westminster, has not been angered more or less by the servility of tone with which Ralegh is commemorated: magnificent Ralegh, who so poetically found his headsman's axe "a sharpe medecin, but a Cure for all Diseases"? For what possible cause, save the fear of King James, should his "many failings" be admitted on brass, and the gaping reader cautioned to "remember that he was but a Mortall"? How gallant by comparison had been an impersonal well-won *Orate pro anima:* a bygone and forfeited pall of honour, under which Constantine or Charlemagne might lie content!

People do not now find long laudatory inscriptions a bore. They have gone beyond that, and find them funny. We have all smiled our fill over the ubiquitous Attached Husband, Prudent Parent, Benevolent Neighbour, Accomplished Scholar, Painful Preacher, and what not, in one; or over some kerchiefed dame gone to her reward after a career which was, among a hundred other things (at least in one Oxfordshire village), "hospitable without Ostentation, and pious without Precision!" Best of all, perhaps, is the graven subterfuge of a too economical Chelsea heir: "Here lies Rear-Admiral N. N., who died" —I forget the detail on the walls—"1801; and whose many virtues are too well-known to be inscribed here, being sincerely regretted by all his friends." Much "virtue," indeed, lurks in these ticklishly connected clauses! "Where be all the bad people buried, Mary?" These energetic creatures must lie, like the genuine saints, under epitaphs of few words.

On Epitaphs, Catholic

The passion for making inventories of moral worth, actual or imaginary, played strange tricks on the composer or the artisan. A certain long, long eulogy of an incumbent of a west country parish never once alludes to his pastoral functions, their existence, nature, or duration: but every honeyed polysyllable in the dictionary fills up the gap. In the same section of England a bereaved baronet's tribute to his wife, a very procession of choicest superlatives, actually omits to provide the poor lady with any name of her own at all! How frequent, too, is the arch-omission, that of the record of religious faith! It is striking by how many means, and under how many forms, English Christian folk in general have managed to elude, on sepulchral stones, any verbal dealings with eternity except as the trysting-place with the beloved. Courage in grief is a precious thing, but the true critic will look upon it as extraneous in an epitaph. It obtrudes a personality other than that of the dead. Epitaphs of this sort have their poignant beauty. There is one at Cuddesdon, radiant yet with a father's tears:

Eheu, eheu, vale, vale, carissima, vale; vale, eheu! vale: ut veniat felicius aevum quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.

Equally heartfelt is the somewhat similar and much later inscription in Clevedon Church, where sleeps the subject of Tennyson's noble threnody, Arthur Hallam, truly an angelic apparition in his generation:

Vale, dulcissime, vale, dilectissime, desideratissime: requiescas in pace. Pater ac mater hic posthac requiescamus tecum, usque ad tubam.

The Anglican Bishop is at least looking forward to rejoining his little girl in heaven, but (were one to judge by this alone) Mr and Mrs Henry Hallam see no horizon beyond their sorrow except the grave. Haunting words, words of every grace, but without wings, they are like the sculptured farewells of a pagan civilization.

Everybody knows of the existence of distressing epitaphs, in fashion during the first century and a half of the Reformation, of which Shakespeare's is the most famous

example. Is it too far-fetched to suspect that the forbidden prayers were nevertheless in the subconsciousness of nearly every mourner who conformed to the new order of things? As that subconsciousness expressed itself in multiform assurances, by means of vigorously-carved letters, that the departed was already in the enjoyment of God, so may it also have been responsible for all these inscriptions holding damnation over the head of him who would " digge the Dust encloasèd here." The idea of the wished-for " rest " seems to have got transferred from the soul altogether. It was certainly safer for the common people to gabble as little as possible about souls and their rest, in the reign of Good Queen Bess. A suspected epitaph would have the worst possible (i.e. the most Catholic) interpretation put upon it: hence in self-defence, it may be, survivors took to explaining that their thoughts, far from wandering into the final beatitudes of the world yonder, were exclusively concerned with possible excavations in a world better known. To help a man to " rest " used to mean " Pray for him; " now it began to mean " Don't shovel him out of this! " All through the Middle Ages the common trench and the carnary were matters of course, and looked upon with no squeamishness either by the peasantry or by others; but the trench then had its great cross, the carnary its Altar of remembrance. These being destroyed, souls and their rights being ruled out of court, what wonder if with anxious care, with the very terror of sorrow, tombstones began to beg you to leave the bones of the dead where they had been laid? Every other courtesy gone, let that one at least be shown them! Not the dread of the infrequent body-snatcher at all, but the thwarted human love of men and women robbed of their religion, may well have been responsible for the purely deprecatory epitaph, one of the ugliest and most anti-spiritual creations of Protestantism.

When more poetry, more chronology, more architecture, more colour and gilding, and more money began to be put into monuments, to make up for what had to be deleted, that is, the *Orate*, the soul of the thing, there

were at first all sorts of verbal lights and shades flying over that uncomfortable void where the *Orate* used to be, and where it was to be again. In the case of the universalists in religion, their guarded language has a recognized origin: they were a people penalized and gagged, and lying low until the never-despaired-of day of freedom. But the nationalists in religion were uneasy as well under their new art of expression. In what might be called in England the interregnum age of epitaphs, both parties were struggling with the stonecutter and with each other, on the subject of prayers for the dead. Observe that the passionate aim of the one was somehow still to convey the idea, by whatsoever unwilling makeshift, that prayers were desired; the aim of the other was not emotional, but controversial, and strove to convey the idea that prayers were a blunder. This as a rule. There were exceptions, but not many.

Walking once among the Staffordshire hills, I came to a solitary disused church, and in it was one effigied tomb in colour, dated from the reign of King Charles the First. A young country squire lay there who had borne arms in " the Warres." His brief memorial would have you know that he died " desiring Remembraunce of all Christian soules." Some not of the Household, in every generation of passers-by, must have inferred that the man was bidding for posthumous fame, as guerdon for good deeds now forgotten. Not he: the rune is plain enough to those who have been brought to understand an old hunger, and to use the precious privilege of allaying it. Such an instance, perhaps an unhackneyed one, makes plain the maintained, though cramped, Catholic position. May Richard Drayton have won in good measure, what he sighed for, and have entered long since into his everlasting peace! Whispering a *De Profundis*, on that glorious September day, the pilgrim left between his folded hands a highly sentimental bunch of rich purple heather, gathered a moment before on his native roadsides; it was in affectionate token that a passing child of the unchanging Church had understood without effort his soul's old vernacular cry.

and "Catholic-minded"

All that supernatural "Remembraunce" interested the pride-mad Reformed mind not at all. The new style of obit delighted the majority. Name and date in full were habitually followed by pedigrees with connexions, and a grand dress-parade of boasts and flatteries, for the benefit of posterity. In a short time even fatal diseases came in for mention, as items which, it was felt, conferred a certain distinction: this was especially true of the small-pox. A gentleman's epitaph, *febre pleuratica lassatus*, was rivalled often by some poor farmer's vicarious doggerel about

> Affliction sore long time I bore:
> Physicians were in vain, etc.

Everybody bluffed it out, and irrelevancy reigned. Clumsy marbles, under their black-and-gilt lettering stood up as in a conclave for the abolition of that corrective ante-Paradise so dear to the Christian past. A stern truth, this, that even the purest dead must be made purer before they are worthy to see God! Much more easeful and thought-saving is the assumption that one has only to die in order to be ranked among saints and angels for ever. The correct thing, since Cranmer rearranged the Christendom of Aidan and of Augustine, has been to adopt in such matters the simple declarative sentence, thus defining doctrine where no definition can possibly be. Those who know Bradford-on-Avon may recall a graven date in the chancel, 1601, and a name above it, that of Mistress Anne Long, "whose knowne good lyfe sheweth that God hath taken her sowle to his mercye." There are hundreds of emphatically reassuring epitaphs in the interiors of English churches. In Ripon Cathedral (to give one instance of a new kind) is found under the date of 1839, the positive statement with a parenthesis. It applies to some among the young, but adult, members of a Dean's family: "early removed, as it may be humbly hoped, to an eternal inheritance in Heaven." Nothing is more common in newspaper columns

to-day than the consoling, if premature, announcement of a safe journey into bliss. No founderings at sea or derailings by land on that line! And how well one knows the texts popular in Protestant cemeteries: beautiful uplifting prophecies, spoiled by their too immediate applications! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord"; "Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him"; "There remaineth also a rest for the people of God." The beginning of the hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," is likewise much favoured.

Of dear Henry Purcell, laid in Westminster Abbey under the organ, you are indeed charmed to be told that "he hath gone to that Blessed Place where only his Harmonies can be exceeded." The sweetness of it is disarming. In fact, the sweetness is disarming of nearly every English epitaph of the seventeenth century. Between the day of brief words, seemly and impersonal, consecrated to the newly dead, and the day of catalogued garrulities serving as a memorial and not always free from the tang of insincerity, shines that vista of "black armour, falling lace, and Altar-lights at morn," that blessed time when every epitaph was literature! All the manly religiousness; the high romance; the mental animation; the intricate simplicity, like Saxon knotwork; the intensely pure poetical sense of the best spirits of that time, cling like a fragrance to its inscribed marbles. An exquisite book could be made of them; manifold beauties of this kind have so far evaded the compilers. Amid their strangely delicate wording, with so much "relish of eternity" in it, you must search narrowly for the concept of intercessory prayer for the departed. But it is there, and can be found. "Doubtlesse God hath shewn her His mercy," is a Laudian form, with rather more than a lingering echo in it of bygone devotion. Has not Sir Thomas Browne, prince of witnesses, written it down that to him "an *Orate* is more noble than a history"? All the Carolians lived and died heartily, and speculated continually on life and death: there were very many among them who felt with Browne.

At Coxwold, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, sleeps

since the year 1651 a girl named Elizabeth Faucon, a Rector's daughter. Her charming memorial in the porch ends in a fine concentrated line:

Dormientem Jesu respice: surgentem recipe.

Applied only to the mortal body, this is perfect. Henry Vaughan, a Cavalier High Churchman, has *Peccator maximus, hic jaceo: Miserere*, and little else, on his tomb by the waters of the Usk. Its other telling clause is *quod in sepulchrum voluit*. Dr Barrow, the celebrated Bishop of St Asaph, figures much to the point in an unpublished MS.* in the Bodleian Library. Dean Nicholas Stratford writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury on July 2, A.D. 1680, giving an account of his Lord Bishop's burial immediately outside the door at the west end of the cathedral. He proceeds: "But because a great noise is made both by Papists and Presbyterians about his Epitaph left written by his own hand, I shall therefore for your Grace's satisfaction give it to your Grace in the very same words in which it was delivered to me by his executors.

Exuviae Isaaci sancti Asaph Episcopi,
in manum Domini depositae
in spem laetae Resurrectionis
per sola Christi merita.

O vos transeuntes in Domum Domini
Domum Orationis
orate pro Conservo vestro
ut inveniam misericordiam
in die Domini."

An uncomfortable request, perhaps, of the Right Reverend deceased, and a thorny responsibility for the Dean and Chapter! But the responsibility was not shirked. And here begins quite a history. A plate was duly inscribed, and placed on the tomb. Browne Willis, who died just eighty years after Barrow, saw it there, and quotes it in his Survey of St Asaph. True, he gets *inveniat* for the *inveniam* of the MS., and probably, after his fashion,

* Tanner, cvlvi, f. 43

copied exactly what he saw; the word in the third person, after all, is the better, if there be any choice, for certainly the variant conveys no doctrinal difference. But a breeze blew up in succeeding times, and the tradition goes that the poor sepulchral brass was parted from its grooves and rivets, and packed off to London, to stand witness in the law-courts that Barrow believed in prayer for the dead; and also, that after performing in person this not difficult office, it was duly returned to its native air. Strange to say, it was never replaced, but got lost, and for a long time Barrow could not accost his possible beadsman. About 1897, the then Archdeacon, being in Oxford, chanced to see the Tanner MS. referred to, and did a pious work by copying the extract relating to Barrow, and on his return the Dean (now Bishop of Bangor), with filial generosity, had a new tablet made to mark the defrauded grave. It bears in full the old inscription. *Orate pro conservo vestro* figures also on a flagon which Bishop Barrow gave in his lifetime to Llandrinio Church.* Browne Willis himself, who died in 1760, composed, like Vaughan and Barrow, his own epitaph, for the chapel in Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire, where he lies.

O Christe, soter et judex! huic peccatorum primo misericors et propitius esto.

It is noticeable how many of these Anglican examples, ancient and modern, keep to the medium of Latin.

The Georgian paganism saw to it that there were few such Christian inscriptions on contemporary monuments. But after a time, her better spirits revived the dormant idealism of the Church of England. A good if inconspicuous example occurs in the old parish church of Stonegrave by Caulklass Bank. In the chancel there is a tablet to the memory of Mrs Comber, set up in 1831 by her son. It contains these tender lines: " May her soul be fed from the splendour of the Sheckinah in the Garden of Eden; and in the World to come be made Partaker of a joyful

* The modern details are due to the kindness of the Ven. Archdeacon Fletcher of St Asaph.

Resurrection." And then came the Oxford Movement, opening " a great door and an evident," after which this sort of thing becomes by no means exceptional. Yet the graves of the pioneers, Hurrell Froude, and Keble, too, who so long survived his younger friend, are without one distinctively Christian word. Dr Pusey, on the other hand, has the *Requiem aeternam*, the whole versicle. Dean Church wished (and his wish was observed) to be laid in country grass, under the shadow of one sublime imploring stanza of the Stabat Mater:

> Rex tremendae majestatis
> Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
> Salva me, fons pietatis.

When this saintly scholar of the Victorian era, a great character without eccentricity, of whom could be spoken truly whatsoever is lovely and of good report; when a son of the revivified Church of England, who in his day had been one of her most generative spirits, goes to dust, and has for epitaph nothing but his name and date, and a meek commending of his soul to the Eternal Mercy, we may indeed feel that the nation has had time to go the rounds, and that men have put one blind aspect of the ruining Reformation well behind them. So far as known, no modern Bishop of the Establishment has cared to rival Dr Barrow. Masonry and rhetoric have their uncaptured strongholds, but the whole trend of fashion, nowadays, in cathedrals and elsewhere, is towards a noble humility in death, instead of the foolish old verbosities, which bespoke little awe of One who makes and unmakes and remakes the body of man.

The exceptional eighteenth century, which fatally affected Anglican pieties, had made large inroads even upon the customs of the conservative little flock which kept to the Unity of the Apostolic See. Every function not in use becomes more or less atrophied, and the penal laws had taught Catholics to be non-committal, in so far as the honour of God allowed. They learned to mobilize without bugles or guidons. Read all that can be read in

the aisles and chancels of parish churches where Recusant families had a prescriptive right of burial, and there is nothing beyond an "R.I.P."—not always that—to make one aware what had been the religion of the dead sleeping below. Pope was a Catholic; his epitaph at Twickenham is not only non-religious, but as flippant as Prior's. Samuel Johnson and William Law were men "Catholic-minded" in the extreme (far more so than Pope); no unction of spirituality is on the stones which cover their venerated heads. They who prayed so much for others passed away, had none of their household to pray for them in their final need. Pope certainly had many prayers offered for him. The two "publics" are so different! We Catholics still have one monopoly in the dogma of the *Orate pro anima:* the monopoly of hard work. "Of your charity" and the rest, is a strong challenge always to ourselves; without malice, may it not be set down as still a bit of difficult paleography to frequenters of "advanced" Anglican churchyards?

An American, enthusiastic as thoughtful Americans are over the work of Mr Walter Pater, made a pilgrimage lately to his grave in Oxford. Upon it is a quite ordinary white cross, and on the cross is *In te Domini speravi.* The American remarked that the four feeling words are, as it were, intoned there, asking their response of four other words familiar to educated Christians, and that the author of *Marius*, if anyone, deserved the antiphonal courtesies of the sanctuary. "That debt will never get paid," an elder man said slowly, "unless by you Roman Catholics." We all knew he was right.

As to the conventions forced upon Catholics in regard to the Catholic epitaph, they ended long ago: ended the instant the laws of the nation recovered their reason, and allowed us to utter again a thought which had never known change. It is not thus with the variations of the religious epitaph in the Church of England. Many minds on the subject there were from the beginning; and many minds there still are. It is safe to suppose that belief in prayer for the dead is infinitely more general among High

Anglicans than all their epitaphs care to state. Imply it they do indeed, often in touching innuendo, often in awkward reachings-forth no less touching. The present writer stood only the other day in the newer burial-ground of a parish church of "six points," musing upon a cottager's tombstone which bore the quaint unexpected words: "May I rest." Quite near, on the other side of a rectangular hedge, lies a young viscount who was a sore loss to his country. On his grave, his pious family have put for blazon: "Let there be light!" Now it is evident, on a moment's reflection, that the familiar *Fiat!* of Genesis does not furnish quite the right analogy. Both epitaphs, though dated only a dozen years back, are really transitional Tudor forms. "May I rest," is the timid shot of the uneducated past a sacred racial reminiscence of "May he rest in peace. Amen." The other, "Let there be light!" is the equally timid editing of culture, conscious of a lost birthright reading thus: "Let light perpetual shine upon him." Refracted rays of one and the same brief prayer, how oddly do they manage to be just barely recognizable, and no more! Not a "Roman" in the land, yokel or aristocrat, could thus have voluntarily fallen foul of an age-old and world-wide context.

The following is an extract from the *Church Times*, December 20, 1912:

"The Rev. W. F. Eustace, vicar of Bishop's Lydeard, and Rural Dean of Wellington, passed away quite suddenly on Thursday, December 12, and the news of his death came as a great shock.

. . . . . .

His body was laid to rest amidst unmistakable signs of respect and sorrow. The Bishop of Bath and Wells was present and took the last prayers, and just before the Blessing of all those present, raised his hand over the grave and said: 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up the Light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace now and evermore.' So that the Bishop was at one with those who said in their hearts, 'Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine upon him.'"

That the Bishop should have been moved to pronounce

over his dead priest the famous Blessing of St Francis is poetical and suitable, but not astonishing. What is astonishing is the inference that the Bishop thereby committed himself to being doctrinally " at one " with the mourners of his own communion!

Can anyone say, then, that English non-Catholics have uniformly shown a hostile spirit towards prayer for the dead? No: what is true of Nonconformists would be " unhistorical " of our Anglican brethren. Their theory and practice have been demonstrated. That all along a few among them have held with us may be gathered from several sources, of which existing mortuary inscriptions are not least. Something which can be glanced at while on a ramble in the country, is perhaps more of an argument to the general public than a tome which must be delved for in a library. This quoted conviction of one party in the national Church has not been, like ours, a strong vital stream running underground when Kings and Parliaments blocked its accustomed channels, but a little devotional fountain, thoroughly tentative and self-willed, representing the right of private judgment as much as the unappeasable instinct of nature. The Catechism, in the most matter-of-fact way, has taught us; humanity itself, as by a special revelation, has taught them. They were, and perhaps still are, a minority, a brilliant dynasty of discoverers, rather than keepers of a tradition. How can we forget that they, in honouring, in the past, the proscribed doctrines of Purgatory and the Communion of Saints, and thereby tacitly defying their own formularies, never have run any risk of life or property? How can we forget that we, on the other hand, were bound in conscience to be true to every jot and tittle of our ancestors' Faith and ours, and by that very loyalty bound also, if detected in so much as an *Orate*, to stand in danger of the Council? All the world knows we did so stand for long, and did it alone, till the fight was won.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

CANON *for the* REPOSE *of* THE MOTHER OF GOD

(AUGUST 15)

ST JOHN DAMASCENE: Died circa A.D. 780.

Taken from an *Anthologia Græca Carminum Christianorum*, edited by W. Christ and M. Paranikas. (Teubner, Leipzig, MDCCCLXXI, pp. 229–232.)

Done into English verse by G. R. Woodward, M.A., sometime Scholar of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

ODE I

I will ope this mouth of mine,
To be fraught with breath divine,
Anthem loud that I may raise
To the Royal Mother's praise,
Whom, and that in glorious wise,
Openly I eulogize,
And the wonders of the same
Readily herewith proclaim.

Virgin damsels, more and less,
With the Songster-prophetess,
Miriam, exalt with us
Greater Mary's Exodus:
For the Maiden, whom alone
Mother unto God we own,
Meriteth to journey o'er
Jordan to the heavenly shore.

Sooth, 'twas very meet that thou,
Seen as "Heaven on earth" till now,
Shouldest be, most holy Maid,
Into heavenly courts convey'd;
That thou shouldest, on this day,
Glorious and in bright array,
Take thy stand, a spotless Bride,
By thy God and Sovran's side.

[This Canon has no Second Ode.]

Canon for the Repose of

ODE III

Goddès Mother, Fountain rife
With abundant streams of life,
Stablish us who hymn thy worth,
In concént of holy mirth;
Think on us; and, more than this,
Win us crowns of heavenly bliss.

Born of mortal womb, fair Maid,
Debt to Nature thou hast paid,
Hast accomplish'd thy decease,
And hast pass'd, by glad release
(Not till thou hadst given birth
To the Life of all the earth)
To that Life which is divine,
Real, true, and hath no fine.

From the North, South, East and West,
Sped the Twelve Apostles, prest:
Thither drew there, from on high,
Flocks of wingèd Angels, nigh;
Urged by God's Almighty will,
Bound were all for Syon's hill;
Lady, straining every nerve,
At thy grave-side thee to serve.

ODE IV

This unfathomed godly plan
Of the Word in Flesh of Man,
Offspring of a Virgin-womb,
Was foreseen by Ambakoum,*
When he cried in olden days,
"Mighty Lord, be thine the praise."

'Twas a wonder-sight to see
Soaring over lake and lea
Her that was the lively Shrine,
Palace of the King-Divine.
Marvellous are thy works and ways;
Mighty Lord, be thine the praise.

* i.e. Habakkuk, or Habacuc.

Mother of thy God, to-day
Upward as thou went'st away,
Angel-hosts, in joy and dread,
Snow-white wings around thee spread,
O'er that body, which could fold
Him, whom heaven can no-way hold.

If the Infinite, her Child,
(Whereby " Heaven " she is styled),
If the Fruit of Mary's womb
Fain endured a mortal tomb,
Why should be the Mother spared
Sepulture, whereof He shared?

ODE V

All Creation with amaze
Eyed thy glorious heavenly rays;
When, unwedded Maiden clear,
Thou didst quit this earthly sphere
For abodes, that last for ever,
And the life that endeth never,
Granting life with ceaseless days
To the hymners of thy praise.

Let th' Apostles wake the morn
With the winding of the horn;
Let the anthem now be sung
By the men of many a tongue;
With unbounded light ablaze
Let the welkin ring her praise,
While the Angels, all of them,
Chaunt our Lady's *Requiem.*

In thy praises, Maiden blest,
One by far out-ran the rest:
'Twas that " chosen vessel," Paul,
Wrapt in ecstasy withal,
One that had himself been caught
Into bliss exceeding thought,
'Fore his fellows, truth to own,
Consecrate to God alone.
He to-day, beyond all other,
Magnified thee, Goddès Mother.

Canon for the Repose of

ODE VI

Come, good Christens, West and East,
Keep to-day a solemn feast:
Clap the hand, with one accord,
For the Mother of our Lord,
Praising God, who did indeed
From her blissful womb proceed.

From thee sprung the Life-Divine,
Nor unbarr'd thy Virgin-shrine:
How, then, did that stainless Tent
Which to Life once shelter lent,
Share the death, that doth befall
Eva's sons and daughters all?

Life's own Temple heretofore,
Life thou gainest evermore:
Through the gate of death thou hast
Unto Life eternal past—
Thou who erst didst clothe and wind
Life itself in human kind.

ODE VII

Sooner far than disobey
Their Creator's law, and pay
Worship to the Image, see
How the Holy Children Three
Trod the fire, and play'd the man
Gladly, while their anthem ran;
" Thou, our fathers' God and Lord,
Alway art to be adored."

Come, young men, with maiden-kind,
Bear this Maiden well in mind,
Goddès Mother, mild and meek.
Come, old men, and rulers eke,
With the judges of the earth:
Come, ye kings, make solemn mirth:
" Thou, our fathers' God and Lord,
Alway art to be adored."

With the Spirit's trump around
Let the heavenly heights resound;
Let the mountains merry be,
And th' Apostles leap for glee.
Mary's feast it is to-day:
Raise we then the mystick lay.

Lord, thy Mother's pure decease,
Her departure in thy peace,
Gath'red beatifick legions
From aloft to earthly regions,
To rejoice with men who cry,
" God, thou art extoll'd on high."

ODE VIII

Holy Childer Three were freed
In mid-fire by Mary's Seed:
There the shadow, dimly shown,
By the substance here is known;
And it setteth all and some
Carolling through Christendome:
" All thy works, above, below,
Bless thee, Lord, for evermo."

Maiden clean, thy fame is sung
By Angelick trumpet-tongue:
Theme of Archangelick zones,
Virtues, Princedoms, Powers, and Thrones,
Dominations, Cherubim,
Yea, of awe-full Seraphim:
And with these we men below
Magnify thee evermo.

Maiden, in unheard-of way,
God in thy clear cloister lay,
Borrowing pure flesh and breath,
Born as mortal, prone to death;
Wherefore, Mother, we below
Magnify thee evermo.

Oh, the wonder passing thought
Of that humble Maid that brought,
From her ever-Virgin shrine,
Unto birth the Son Divine:

See, her grave is, in our eyes,
Turnèd into Paradise;
Whereby standing, we, to-day,
Full of joyaunce, sing and say,
" All thy works, above, below,
Bless thee, Lord, for evermo."

ODE IX

Let us, every child of clay,
In the Spirit leap to-day,
Holding each his lighted lamp:
Next, let yon supernal camp
Of unbodied beings bright
Celebrate this heavenly flight,
By a path, as yet untrod
By the Bearer of our God;
Hailing Mary, blest o'er other,
Holy, ever-Virgin Mother.

Come, on Syon's Olive-hill,
Of the living God the Rill,
Make we joy; as in a glass,
Viewing what is come to pass.
Christ, to far more worthy station,
And more sacred habitation
Doth convoy his Mother lowly
To the Holiest of the Holy.

Come, ye faithful, haste away
To the tomb where Mary lay:
It salute we, e'er we part,
With true homage of the heart,
Of the forehead, lip and eye,
Drawing thence full free supply
Of the healing balms, that mount
From this everlasting Fount.

Take of us, thou blest Abode
Of the Living God, this Ode
On thine Exodus from hence;
And, of thy beneficence,
By the bright and heavenly grace
Streaming from thy blissful face,

the Mother of God

Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Give the victory to the King;
To good Christen people, peace;
To thy Quiristers, release
From their sins, that they may thrive,
Yea, and save their souls alive.

NOTE

Dr John Mason Neale, one of the earliest and most accomplished of the translators of the sacred verse of the Orthodox Communion, in his "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (1863, 2nd edition), gives some account of the poetical Canons which are used in the Office for Lauds, and explains the omission of a Second Ode in the present version of the Canon on our Lady's Assumption. In a passage which is here somewhat shortened, Dr Neale says that a Canon consists (in theory) of nine Odes, each one of which contains any number of Troparia, or Stanzas, from three to beyond twenty. The reason for the number nine is this: that there are nine Scriptural Canticles employed at Lauds, on the model of which the Odes in every Canon are formed. The first is that of Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea; the second is that in which Moses blessed the Children of Israel before his death; and third and following ones are those of Hannah, of Habakkuk, of Isaiah, of Jonah, of the Three Children, of the Benedicite, and lastly, of the Magnificat and Benedictus. From this arrangement, Dr Neale adds, it follows that, as the Second Canticle is never recited except in Lent, the Canons (in actual fact) never have any Second Ode. Dr Neale's valuable estimate of the composition and contents of the Odes, as well as of their style and manner, is too long to be quoted. But one sentence, in regard to the Author's history, whom he considers to be the greatest of the poets of the Eastern Church, may perhaps be permitted. It is surprising, he tells us, how little is known of the life of St. John Damascene: that he was born of a good family in Damascus; that he made great progress in philosophy; that he administered some charge under the Caliph; that he retired to the monastery of St Sabas in Palestine; that he was the most learned and eloquent with whom the Iconoclasts had to contend; that at a comparatively late period of life he was ordained a Priest of the Church of Jerusalem; and that he died after A.D. 754, and before A.D. 787—these facts seem to comprise all that has reached us of his biography. [Introduction, p. xxxij: and Text, p. 33.]

THE RHEIMS VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

ONE is sometimes tempted to wonder how far Catholics are aware of the deficiencies of their version of the New Testament. Scholars, of course, know that it is not what it should be, and there must be many who, without any minute study of the version, feel that the Epistles and Gospels read to them on Sundays are often difficult to follow, owing to the baldness of the version; and if those who listen to these same Epistles and Gospels have ever been members of the Anglican Church they must often experience a rude shock. But the majority of us are, it must be feared, in a state of sublime unconsciousness of the very grave deficiencies of our version. The reason is patent: our version is not read out loud day after day, and thus is not subjected to the severest test to which any book can be put.

In a previous paper* we gave some account of the making of the Rheims version. We endeavoured to show that it was originally a magnificent piece of work, that it was undertaken by men who lived in expectation of martyrdom, who had the very highest of claims to the title of scholar, whose preparation for their work was as complete as it well could be, and who carried it out with a fidelity beyond praise. Their version laboured, however, under one defect, which was later to prove its ruin: it was too literal a translation of the Latin text, and the translators had for polemical reasons preserved in many cases even the Latin forms of words which had their English equivalent. Hence Sir Toby Matthew's remark on reading the title, *The New Testament, etc., faithfully translated into English*, "It is a lie, for it is not English!"†

* Dublin Review, July, 1910.

† Attention has often been called to these Latinisms; we will mention only a few. The *Epistle to the Hebrews* provides us with some which are exceedingly quaint. Thus ii, 17, gives us "repropitiate"; iii, 13, "obdurate with the fallacy of sin"; iv, 9, "sabbatism"; ix, 23, "It is necessary therefore that the examplers of the coelestials be cleansed with these:

The saintly Dr Challoner set to work in 1749 to remedy this defect, and he accomplished the prodigious task of revising the whole Bible. Nor was his revision a perfunctory piece of work. As Cardinal Newman remarks, it resulted "in little short of a new translation."* Challoner only published one edition of his revision of the Old Testament, but no less than six editions of the revised New Testament appeared during his lifetime. The last three of these, however, were practically identical with the third. There is no denying the magnitude of this task, and anyone who will take the pains to examine the Rheims New Testament, as originally published, will realize how absolutely imperative it was that a revision should be undertaken. The marvel is that, with the enormous amount of work of other kinds which fell to his share, Dr Challoner should have ever had the "magnanimity"—we use the word in its ethical sense—to undertake it. It would be impossible to exaggerate the debt which English Catholics owe to him for this revision alone. And the fact that he, alone and unaided, in times of stress and persecution, and with disabilities of which we can nowadays form little conception, should have been able to carry it through, makes us blush for the supineness which has allowed Cardinal Wiseman's earnest appeal for a fresh revision to pass unheeded.†

but the coelestials themselves with better hosts than these"; xi, 9, "cottages"; this is still in Challoner's editions! xi, 23, "Moyses was hid by his parents because they saw him a proper infant"; St Jas. iii, 6, "the wheel of our nativity," still in Challoner; in Apoc. iv, 3, it is disconcerting to be told that He that sat upon the throne "was like in sight to the Sardine"! xxi, 6, "And the city is situated quadrangle-wise"; lastly, in Acts xxvii, 12, the harbour which in Challoner and A.V. is said to look "towards the south-west and north-west," and in R.V. towards 'the north-east and south-east," is said in the Rheims version to be "looking toward the Afrike and the Chore." The old English "certes" was much favoured by the Rheims translators, and sometimes with pleasing effect, e.g. in 1 Cor. vi, 11, "And these things certes you were!" where "certes" shows that the Rheims translators read *quidem* instead of *quidam*.

* *Tracts Theological and Ecclesiastical*, p. 370.

† Dublin Review, ii, 476, quoted by Burton, *Life and Times of Bishop Challoner* i, p. 285.

The Rheims Version of

For Challoner's revision of the New Testament fell on evil days. As Newman says, " Challoner's revision is the first and the last to which the Douay version of the Old Testament has been subjected; the text remains almost *verbatim* as he left it. . . . The same, however, cannot be said of Challoner's New Testament, and for this reason, if for no other, that the texts of his editions vary from each other; and, moreover, as he was not the author of all the changes introduced into the later editions (for, as Charles Butler tells us, ' alterations were made in every edition to his dissatisfaction '), it is not wonderful that the tendency to fresh changes which was powerful enough, even in his lifetime, to introduce itself, in spite of his wishes, into his own work, should have had actual results after his death."*

Thus the same fate has befallen the Rheims version of the New Testament as befell St Matthew's original Aramaic Gospel, which, according to Papias, " each one interpreted as best he could." The consequence is that the present editions now in circulation are a hopeless medley, and it has become well nigh impossible to distinguish between the original text, Challoner's various emendations, and the improvements (?) due to later correctors. Cardinal Wiseman's verdict is severe but not exaggerated: " We cannot but regret that no one properly qualified and properly authorized has yet been found to undertake such corrections and improvements in our received version as would finally settle its text and save it from the repeated liberty which has been taken with it. To call it any longer the Douay or Rheims version is an abuse of terms. It has been altered and modified till scarcely any verse remains as it was originally published, and, as far as simplicity and energy of style are concerned, *the changes are in general for the worse.*"†

More than seventy years have elapsed since Dr Wise-

* Dublin Review, p. 383, Burton, p. 286.

† Dublin Review, II, p. 476. Italics ours. In the following pages we shall, to avoid confusion, speak of all versions, other than Rheims, as " Challoner."

man penned these words and things have gone from bad to worse with our version; for the cheap editions which have been published, and for which we cannot be too grateful, have stereotyped a multitude of errors due to compositors, so that, to take but two instances, in Ps. cxiv, 8, we read in at least one edition, "He hath delivered my . . . *ears* from tears," and in 2 Paral. xxxii, 32, half the verse is wanting in some editions! But apart from typographical errors it remains that we have to put up with a version which can only be described as shocking. In the Old Testament, with which, however, we are not here concerned, we still have to read of Sisera's mother that she "looked out at a window and howled, and she spoke from the dining-room. . . . ."*; the Psalmist is made to speak of "the voice of Thy thunder in a wheel";† we are still told to "take courage and perform";‡ and we still read of "Athersatha" in the Book of Nehemias"§ instead of "the Tirshatha," though it must be confessed that there remains some doubt even now as to the real meaning of this word.

In the New Testament, while the Latinisms have for the most part disappeared, we still have such disfigurements as "light" for "lamp" in St John, v, 35; St Paul says to the Thessalonians: "Our testimony was believed upon you" (2 Thess. i, 10); in Acts, ii, 1, we have "They were *altogether* in one place," probably a misprint; in 1 Cor. ix, 17, we have the very ambiguous expression, "a dispensation is committed to me."

* * *

The above are but a few of the blemishes which mark our version in its present state, and the list might be indefinitely extended. But it would be idle to give them in detail unless, with a view to a fresh revision, we indicate at least the main causes which have combined to produce the disfigurements we bewail. And these causes may be stated briefly as follows: (1) The striving after greater clearness at the cost of accuracy. (2) Neglect of

* Judges, v, 28. † Ps. lxxvi, 19. ‡ Aggeus ii, 5. § Neh. vii, 70.

the Greek text, whether it be that of the best attested reading in the Greek, or of the precise meaning of the Greek, or failure to express the tenses of the Greek verb, or disregard of the Greek article. (3) The adaptation of the Rheims version to the Authorized Version, and (4) to the Clementine Vulgate. (5) Mistaken adherence to the Latin text in general. (6) Failure to translate correctly the Latin text. (7) Failure to appreciate the real sense of a passage. (8) Lack of a sense of balance and proportion in the sentences. (9) Want of consistency. (10) The abuse of italics.

We propose to take each of these categories in order and to indicate some of the blemishes arising from the various causes.

(1) The exceeding literalness of the Rheims version was such as at times to make it practically unintelligible. But in attempting to render the meaning clear Challoner has sometimes sacrificed the accuracy of translation which is so distinguishing a feature in the Rheims version. Thus in St Luke xxi, 30, the latter version read: " See the fig-tree and all the trees; when they now bud forth fruit *out of themselves*, you know that summer is nigh." When the passage is thus translated the words *out of themselves* seem superfluous and Challoner consequently omitted them and read: " When they now shoot forth their fruit you know. . . ." But the Rheims translators correctly rendered the Vulgate text: *Quum producunt jam ex se fructum.* Whether St Jerome had a different Greek text here to any that we now have is, of course, uncertain; as a matter of fact, all MSS. of the Vulgate agree in this rendering, though the Greek MSS. are equally unanimous in reading: " When they now shoot forth, ye *see it* and know *of your own selves* that. . . ." It is impossible to say which is the true reading, the Greek might be thought too suspiciously easy. Challoner, it will be observed, has given us neither the Greek nor the Vulgate. Similarly, in 2 Cor. iii, 15, we now read: " But even unto this day *the* veil is upon their hearts," where the definite article has been inserted by Challoner

for clearness sake, though it is not in the Greek and was not given in the Rheims version, for, as is clear from the context, the veil in this verse is not the same as that spoken of in vv. 13-14. Again, in Acts ii, 31, St Peter is made to say : " Foreseeing *this*, he (David) spoke of the resurrection "; but the demonstrative pronoun is superfluous and indeed destructive of the sense, and we should read: " Whereas he was a prophet and knew .... *foreseeing* he spoke." Another good instance is furnished us in St Luke xii, 15. The Vulgate translates the Greek literally: *Quia non in abundantia cujusquam vita ejus est ex his quae possidet*, a sufficiently vague sentence! The Rheims has: " For not in any man's abundance doth his life consist, of those things which he possesseth." Challoner simplified this by saying, with A.V., " For a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth "; he thus secured a clear meaning but at the cost of sacrificing the original as well as the Vulgate. The real meaning of the passage is, as Plummer* says: " Not in the fact that a man hath abundance is it the case that his life is the outcome of his possessions ": i.e. " it does not follow because a man has abundance, that his life consists in wealth." For parallel cases of striving after clearness at the expense of accuracy see Acts ii, 36, where the pronoun *Him* has been omitted, and 1 Cor. v, 10, where the preposition *with* is quite unnecessarily inserted.

(2) That the Rheims translators were fully equipped as regards their knowledge of Hebrew and Greek is certain. But Dr Challoner certainly lacked knowledge of Hebrew,† and though his biographer claims for him that, " trained in the sound classical tradition of Douay," he " brought to his task a good knowledge of Latin and Greek,"‡ it must be conceded that he either had not sufficient knowledge of it to allow him to use it in any critical fashion, or that the immensity of his task—and this seems the most probable explanation—precluded him from using the Greek text for the elucidation of the Latin

* *International Critical Commentary*, St Luke, *in loco*.

† Burton, 1, p. 273. ‡ *Ibid*, and see p. 19.

version. The examination of but a few passages will show how deficient is our present version owing to this neglect of the Greek text; it will also show how inferior it is to the original Rheims version.

(*a*) One of the rules laid down for themselves by the framers of the Revised Version of 1881 was that identical Greek words should be rendered by the same corresponding English word, at least when the same word was repeated in the same passage or was characteristic of a particular writer. The framers of the Authorized Version had deliberately adopted the opposite principle: "We have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing or to an identity of words." And in this respect the Rheims version was superior to the Authorized. In our present edition, however, there are some lamentable discrepancies introduced by neglect of the principle advocated by the Revisers of 1881. Thus, in Acts xxvi, 24-25, Festus says, "Paul, thou art *beside thyself*, much learning doth make thee *mad*. And Paul said: I am not *mad*. . . ." But the Greek word is the same in all three instances, and Rheims has been careful to keep the word *mad* throughout. Again, there are certain well-known "Pauline" words which must, if we would appreciate the Apostle's thought, be always rendered in the same way. We may instance προσκαρτερέω, which receives at least *seven* different renderings in Challoner's edition. And any one who will be at the pains to study the words καταργέω, ἐπιγορέω, ἀπορέω, διακρίνω, διατρίβω, περιποίησις, etc., or the Latin words *Benedictio*, *expectatio*, in a Concordance, will arrive at some startling results if he compares the corresponding passages in our present version. A particularly awkward case is that of the words κοινωνία and μετέχω in 1 Cor. x, 16-17; *cf.* also the translations of the word ἀσχημονέω in 1 Cor. vii, 36, and xii, 5.

Again, the real force of certain words is often missed; for example, in St Luke xviii, 5, the unjust judge says, according to the Rheims version, that he is afraid of the importunate widow "lest at the last she come and *defame* me." This is certainly not a correct rendering of the Latin

sugillet, still less of the strong Greek word ὑπωπιάζω, which really means to "hit under the eye." But when Challoner changed "defame" into "weary" he simply followed the Authorized Version. He could never have so rendered it if he had examined the Greek, or even the Latin, still less if he had remarked that the Greek word is the same as that used by St Paul in 1 Cor. ix, 27, when he says, "I chastise my body." The R.V. is nearer the mark when it renders the word by "wear me out" in St Luke, and in 1 Cor. by "buffet." Nor should it be thought that all such corrections were due to the Authorized Version; in 1 Cor. xi, 19, Challoner has changed the correct "approved" of Rheims, so also R.V. and A.V., into "reproved," thus going contrary to both the Greek and the Latin.

For similar cases of weak translations due to neglect of the Greek text see the renderings of the verb ἐνδημέω in 2 Cor. v, 6–9, and Acts xvii, 21; also of κτάομαι in St Luke xviii, 12, and xxi, 19, where it should be rather rendered "acquire" than "possess."

(*b*) The Authorized Version is notoriously deficient in its rendering of the Greek article, and in this respect Rheims and Challoner often present a better translation. Thus in St Luke xxiv, 10, 1 Cor. ix, 5, 2 Cor. xii, 13, the article is not rendered in A.V., but is present in Challoner's editions. Even the Revised Version is not always consistent on this point; thus in St Luke xxiv, 35, R.V. has correctly "they knew Him in the breaking of *the* bread," in Rheims and Challoner the article is omitted and thus the Eucharistic significance of the passage is lost. On the other hand, in Acts ii, 42, the Greek has "in the breaking of *the* bread and *the* prayers," Rheims and Challoner consistently, but wrongly, omit both the articles, R.V. has the second but not the first!*

(*c*) A fertile source of confusion is to be found in the inconsistent and often incorrect rendering of the Greek conjunctions and particles. Thus in St. Matthew xix, 30, Rheims and Challoner have "*And* many are called. . . ."

* For St John i. 20 and 25, see page 297, under (9).

whereas the Greek, the Vulgate, A.V. and R.V. have "*but.*" In St Luke xii, 47, Rheims, Challoner, A.V. and R.V. unite in rendering "*And* that servant . . . " whereas the sense, as well as the Greek and Latin text, demands "*but.*" In St Luke xv, 1, Challoner and R.V. have "*Now* the publicans and sinners . . . " Rheims has "*And* . . . " A.V. has "*Then* . . . " It is true that the precise shade of meaning to be given to the Greek particle δε is a delicate question, but it is hard to justify the rendering "And . . . " in St Luke xv, 3, though this is the translation given by the Vulgate, Rheims, Challoner, A.V. and R.V. A peculiarly instructive case is furnished us in Acts xiii, 35, where the Greek διὸ is rendered by the Vulgate *ideoque*, by Rheims and Challoner "And therefore . . . ", A.V. has "wherefore . . . " and R.V. has "because," a meaning which the Greek can well bear and which alone accords with the sense of the passage. Lastly we may instance 1 Cor. vii, 29 and 37; the Vulgate, Rheims and Challoner have "This *therefore* I say . . . ", a rendering which spoils the argument, it should be, as in A.V. and R.V., "*But* this I say . . ." In ver. 37, the Vulgate, Rheims and Challoner have "*For* he that hath determined. . . . ", whereas the Greek demands, as also does the context, "*But* he that hath . . . " or as in A.V., "nevertheless he that hath . . . "*

(3) Challoner, as is well-known, made large use of the Authorized Version in his work of revision. This was perfectly intelligible, since his aim was to render the version more agreeable to English ears. At the same time where the Vulgate text differed he naturally followed it. Unfortunately both these versions frequently led him into error. The immensity of the task which he carried through can only be appreciated by those who have attempted something similar, and it was inevitable that he should from time to time correct the cast of the sentences in the Rheims by referring to the Authorized Version, or retranslate passages from the Vulgate, without looking at

* For renderings due to readings only preserved in the Vulgate see page 292, No. (5); and for disregard of the Greek tenses, see No. (6).

the corresponding Greek text. As instances of the numerous passages where A.V. has led him astray we may note "he was a burning and a shining *light*," instead of "he was the *lamp* burning and shining" of St John v, 35, in Rheims—the *lucerna ardens et lucens* of the Vulgate. Challoner's rendering destroys the distinction which the Evangelist was always so careful to make between the Christ and His Precursor, *cf.* i, 8, viii, 12, and ix, 5. Similarly, Challoner has followed A.V. in St Luke xiii, 7; Rheims had "whereto doth it *also* occupy the ground?"; the word *also* was omitted by A.V. and Challoner, presumably as being superfluous, yet it is in the Vulgate and the Greek. Once more, in Acts xiii, 27 and 29, Challoner, following A.V., has in each case "fulfilled," yet these are two distinct Greek verbs with a subtle distinction of sense which the Vulgate and Rheims were careful to preserve. Compare, too, in St Luke xii, 20, the Rheims rendering "and the things that thou hast provided whose shall they be?" with the emasculated rendering, "and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" Challoner has here followed the order given in A.V. and has thus destroyed the forceful inversion so remarkable in the original, in the Vulgate and in Rheims.*

(4) When the Rheims version was made neither the Sixtine nor the Clementine Vulgate had appeared; but when Challoner's revision was made the Clementine Vulgate was, of course, the authoritative text and the revision of the English translation had to be adapted to the Vulgate text as issued by Clement VIII. This must have meant an immense amount of work for the Bishop, for as far as we are aware he has in no single instance failed to make the changes thus necessitated. This is not the place in which to enter upon a discussion of the merits of the Clementine Vulgate, sufficient to say that its imperfections are many, as will appear when the new revision now in progress is brought out. Dr Challoner's

* For similar instances see Acts xiii, 32–33; xxviii, 2; St Luke xii, 15; xiii, 7; xviii, 1.

work, however, was not to criticize but to accept the work of the Clementine revisers. But it will be of interest to note some of the changes for the worse which this accommodation of the Rheims New Testament to the Clementine Vulgate involved.

In Acts xv, 34, the Clementine reads: *Visum est autem Silae ibi remanere. Judas autem solus abiit Jerusalem.* The history of this verse is most interesting. Beginning at the end of the verse, the word *Jerusalem* occurs in absolutely no Greek Codex whatever. It is found solely in the Clementine and Sixtine Vulgates, in Stephens' edition, and in the margin of the thirteenth century *Correctory* of the Vulgate preserved in the Vatican. Cassiodorus in the sixth century knew the phrase regarding Judas, but in the form: *reversus est Hierosoluma*, not *solus abiit Jerusalem.* The Rheims translators followed the Louvain Bible as edited by the Dominican Hentenius, and this edition omits the word *Jerusalem*, so in accordance with this the Rheims version has *Judas departed alone.** Naturally enough copyists thought this clause defective and it was easy to append the word Jerusalem and so provide Judas with a goal for his peregrinations. Needless to say copyists never dreamt of cutting out clauses which they did not understand: they amended them. But even the words *Judas departed alone* are only to be found in one Greek Codex, viz., the erratic *Codex Bezae*, D. As far as Latin authorities go it is found in the Vatican *Correctory* above-mentioned and in five Latin Uncial Codices, of which only Bezae is held to be of first-class importance in Acts.† Nor is this all; the first portion of the verse: *Visum est autem Silae ibi remanere* has a place in only two of the great Latin MSS, it has been erased from the text of the Vatican *Correctory*, and is omitted by the *Codex Carafa*. These facts are sufficient to show that the presence of the text in the Clementine Vulgate is somewhat of an enigma, for whatever authority there may be for its presence in the Greek text there is only the very smallest

* Cf. Zahn, *Introd. to the New Test.*, Engl. tr., vol. I, p. 207.

† Wordsworth and White, *Acts*, pp. xiii–xiv.

for its presence in the Latin text. But those who are acquainted with the history of the formation of the Clementine and Sixtine Vulgates will call to mind that Pope Sixtus V had strong views of his own regarding the principles to be followed in deciding upon the text, and he gave great offence to the members of the Commission presided over by Cardinal Carafa by the way in which he rejected or favoured readings of which they approved or disapproved. These readings were noted in the margin of an edition of the Louvain, or Hentenius' Bible, and this particular copy is known after the President of the Sixtine Commission which collected them, as the *Codex Carafa*; it is well known that Sixtus did not agree with these readings on principle,* though he made use of the *Codex* in preparing his edition for the press. It is at least possible, then, that in this famous verse with its peculiar history we have an instance of one of those readings which the Sixtine Commission rejected but which Sixtus himself adopted.

Another very clear instance of the presence of a bad reading in our present version of the New Testament, owing to its being adapted to the Clementine Vulgate, occurs in Acts xxvii, 2. Remembering that St Paul, and St Luke, too, for that matter, were prisoners, it is somewhat surprising to read "Going on board a ship of Adrumetum, we launched, *meaning* to sail by the coasts of Asia. . . ." One naturally marvels that such liberty should have been accorded the prisoners! What had they to do with the choice of route? The explanation is simple. The Sixtine and Clementine Vulgates read *incipientes* instead of *incipientem*, thus referring the intention to the *prisoners*, whereas it was the *ship* that was intending to sail by the coasts of Asia. In this instance there can be no question as to which is the true reading. The three oldest Greek MSS, many cursive MSS, and the Syriac texts, all read *incipientem*, i.e. of the ship. The Latin evidence, too, in favour of this reading is overwhelming,

* Ungarelli, *Historia Vulgatæ Bibliorum editionis a Concilio Tridentino*. Ed. Vercellone, Rome, 1847, p. 169.

and it is preserved in the Rheims rendering: "We going up into a ship of Adrumetum *beginning* to sail about the places of Asia," etc. Here again the *Codex Carafa* had indicated this reading as the one to be followed; presumably it was Sixtus who rejected it. The A.V. which depended so much on Rheims,* has the same reading as in Challoner, presumably because the "Received Greek text" reads *incipientes;* it is corrected, however, in R.V.

Another interesting text, the history of which will serve to illustrate the changes which have been wrought in the English version by adapting it to the Clementine Vulgate, is St John v, 2; the Clementine Vulgate, as well as the Sixtine, and Stephens, have *Est autem Hierosolumis Probatica piscina*, and this is followed by the A.V. and Challoner: "Now there is at Jerusalem a pond *called* Probatica." But the Rheims version has: "And there is at Jerusalem *upon* Probatica a pond which is in Hebrew surnamed Bethsaida," and the Greek reading upon which this translation is based is followed by the R.V., which, however, translates the word "Probatica": "Now there is in Jerusalem by the sheep *gate* a pool . . . " In estimating the evidence it must be borne in mind that the object of the Sixtine and Clementine Revisers was to restore the Hieronymian Vulgate, not to correct it by the Greek. Hence a preponderance of Latin MSS in favour of any reading had to be decisive, whatever might be the evidence of the Greek MSS, and this apart from the fact that the Vulgate version antedated any Greek MSS that were known to them. Now the reading *super probatica* "upon Probatica," has in its favour no less than nineteen of the Vulgate MSS, as well as all the Greek uncials save *Sinaiticus*. How, then, did it come to pass that the Sixtine and Clementine revisers preferred the reading without *super* and thus identified the pool with Probatica instead of making it lie at or on Probatica? The marginal note in the Rheims version hints at the probable explanation: "by our Latin text and the Greek this miraculous pond was

* Cf. Carleton, *The part of Rheims in the making of the English Bible.* 1902. Clarendon Press. Tables I and II.

in or upon Probatica. . . . but by other Latin copies, St Hieron and some Greek Fathers, Probatica is the very pond itself." Similarly in their *Preface* they remark that the reading *est autem Hierosolumis Probatica piscina* occurs in no Greek text but only in St Chrysostom, St Cyril, and Theophylact; they could not, of course, have known of the *Codex Sinaiticus* nor of the three cursive Greek MSS in which it occurs. St Jerome's statement regarding the pool is to be found in his translation of Eusebius's *De Situ et Nominibus Locorum Hebraicorum* where, under the heading *Bethesda*, Eusebius has: " Bethesda, piscina in Jerusalem quae vocatur προβατική," to which St Jerome appends the remark " et a nobis interpretari potest *pecualis*." It seems probable, then, that the Sixtine and Clementine revisers allowed themselves to be governed by this remark of St Jerome's and used it as a key to the reading which he preferred. But in the first place it should be noted that the topographical remark is not St Jerome's but Eusebius's, and though Eusebius was a painstaking collector of traditions we must not forget that as long a period separated him from the Jerusalem of Our Lord's day as separates us from the London of King James I.* Secondly, even if the remark had been St Jerome's, it ought not to have been allowed to outweigh the evidence of the Latin and Greek MSS, for St Jerome only undertook to correct the New Testament, not to re-translate it, and he insists that in so doing he has only made use of the oldest MSS.

Here, then, it seems that the Rheims translators showed the true critical sense, for they refused to depart from the witness of the MSS in favour of a reading which was easier and also supported by the apparent authority of St Jerome. And modern criticism has justified their procedure.

Similar instances of accommodation to the Clementine text with what must be regarded as unfortunate results will be found in St Luke xvi, 21, where the words " and no one did give him " are an evident gloss taken over

* Cp. Lagrange, O.P.; *Conférences de Saint-Etienne*, 1910–11, pp. 13–17.

from the parable of the Prodigal Son in the previous chapter, xv, 16; the Sixtine and Clementine retain them against the Louvain Bible which the Rheims translators used. Neither the A.V. nor the R.V. have them. In St John viii, 56, the omission of the first *et* in *et vidit et gavisus est* spoils the otherwise perfect balance of the sentence; the Rheims version retained it: "and he saw and was glad," but it is hard to understand why both the A.V. and the R.V. follow this translation instead of rendering it: "he both saw and he was glad." In Acts vi, 10, it is impossible to say whether the pronoun *qui* in the sentence *resistere . . . spiritui qui loquebatur* was understood by the Clementine and Sixtine revisers as an ablative, but it certainly is the old Latin ablative, and many MSS have *quo*, as in the Greek; neither the Rheims translators nor Challoner saw this, however, and hence we have "the spirit *that* spoke," instead of "*with which* he spoke."

In Acts xxviii, 2, we have a reading which will, we fancy, prove a stumbling-block to the present revisers of the Hieronymian Vulgate. The vast majority of Vulgate Codices read: "Cognovimus quia *Militene* insula vocatur . . . . " and that St Jerome so read it seems clear, for in the *De Locis Hebraicis* the last proper name explained by him is *Militene*, *de infirmitate*, *sive mandatum humilitatis*. The same reading was accepted by Stephens and by Hentenius in the Louvain Bible, consequently it appears in the Rheims version. Yet the Sixtine and Clementine revisers, on what authority it is impossible to determine, preferred the Greek text and read Melita or Malta. Now no doubt they were correct; no doubt can exist that the shipwreck took place on the island of Malta; neither can there be any doubt but that the reading *Militene* is due to the way in which the words in uncial MSS were written without separation from one another, so that the first syllable of the Greek νῆσος has been read twice, thus forming ΜΕΛΙΤΗΝΗ ΝΗΣΟΣ out of ΜΕΛΙΤΗ ΝΗΣΟΣ, i.e. *Melitene insula*. Stephens, Erasmus and the Louvain Bible of Hentenius read *Mitylene* by a natural meta-

thesis, but Luke of Bruges, Hentenius's successor, notes: "*non scribas* mitylene *quadrisyllabam pro trisyllabo melita.*" The Rheims version has Mitylene after Hentenius.* The dilemma then consists in this: Are we to correct St Jerome's text or merely to reproduce it? If we merely reproduce it we are bound at times, as in the present instance, to perpetuate blunders. If, on the other hand, we permit ourselves to correct his text—within what limits are we to do so? The Clementine Vulgate in the case under discussion has the correct text but has arrived at it on false principles. In St John v, 2, it has the wrong reading, but has endeavoured to arrive at it on right principles which it has misunderstood.†

In pointing out these deficiencies of the Clementine Vulgate as far as they affect the revision of the English version we are far from wishing to imply that the Clementine is a very imperfect edition. One chapter alone of St Luke's Gospel will provide us with at least two good proofs of the superior character of the Clementine. In ch. xv, 21, some Latin MSS read after the words of the Prodigal to his father, "I am not now worthy to be called thy son" "make me as one of thy hired servants." The two famous Greek MSS, *Vaticanus* and *Sinaiticus*, to which, especially when in conjunction, Westcott and Hort pinned their faith, have these words, and consequently the R.V.

* On this reading cf. Burgon, *The Revision Revised*, pp. 177–8.

† 1 Cor. vii. 33–34, affords a particularly interesting example of St Jerome's application of the principles of textual criticism. In his treatise *De Perpetua Virginitate B. Mariæ*, xx. (Migne, II., col. 213) and in *Ep.* xxii, 21 (Migne, I, col. 408), he reads in accordance with the Old Latin. ". . . Et divisa est mulier, et virgo quæ non est nupta cogitat quæ sunt. . . ." This reading has everything in its favour as regards sense, yet in 393, ten years later, when writing against Jovinianus, I, xxvii, 13 (Migne, II, 241), he positively rejects this reading in favour of that which stands in our present Vulgate, and which it is exceedingly hard to understand grammatically; of the older reading St Jerome here says: "Quanquam habeat suum sensum," and "a me quoque pro qualitate loci sic edissertum sit, *tamen non est Apostolicæ veritatis.* Siquidem Apostolus ita scripsit . . ." and he proceeds to give our present Vulgate text. Upon what, however, he based his assertion that the former reading was not "Apostolic truth" he nowhere states.

feels bound to insert them in the margin with the note, "Some ancient authorities add *make me as one of thy hired servants* (see ver. 19)." The addition is not intrinsically wrong, yet St Augustine's comment is irresistible: "Nec addit quod in illa meditatione dixerat (ver. 19) *fac me sicut unum de mercenariis tuis.*" Again, in ver. 16 of the same chapter the Clementine Vulgate reads *implere ventrem suum,* in accordance with the Greek *textus receptus.* But the same two Greek MSS mentioned above have here a much stronger word Χορτασθῆναι, so also the *Codex Bezae* and two other uncials as well as some MSS of the Old Latin version. But there is immense authority for the less usual Greek expression, coarse though it is, and it is not easy to see on what grounds Plummer* asserts that "there is no doubt that χορτασθῆναι is not a euphemism for γεμίσαι τὴν κοιλίαν ἀυτοῦ but the true reading." Again, in St Luke x, 30, a large number of Latin MSS read: "*Suspiciens* autem Jesus"; no less than sixteen Latin uncials have this reading, and it is followed by Stephens and the Sixtine. The Clementine, however, has eliminated it, rightly judging that this was simply a case of metathesis, and that *suspiciens* was simply a scribe's error for *suscipiens.* An exact parallel, though an instance of the converse change, occurs in St Luke xix, 5, where *suscipiens* is read by many MSS in place of the undoubtedly correct *suspiciens.* And in the case before us we must admire the wisdom of the Rheims translators who knew the reading *suspiciens* and the weight of authority in its favour, yet rejected it as absurd.†

(5) While the Rheims translators based their work mainly on the Latin text they at the same time took account of the Greek, as they say in their Preface and as

* *International Critical Commentary,* St Luke, p. 373.

† In Bagster's edition of *The Vulgate New Testament with the Douay Version of* 1582 *in Parallel columns,* published in 1872, it almost seems as though exactly the same mistake, i.e. *suspiciens* for *suscipiens,* had been made in St Luke x, 30; it is true that this is a Sixtine reading, but Bagster's edition is not of the Sixtine, but of the Clementine, Vulgate, as is clear from many passages, e.g. St Matth. xxiv, 41, where the Sixtine addition, *duo in lecto,* etc., is not given.

is evident in many of their marginal notes. But at times they seem to neglect to do so and have allowed themselves to be misled by the Latin version. Thus, in St John x, 16, we have the unfortunate rendering "fold" instead of "flock," "there shall be one *fold* and one Shepherd." It is true that here St Jerome may possibly have had a different Greek text before him, a text, namely, which read "fold" and not "flock"; indeed Plummer* calls this particular passage "crucial" as a proof of the fact. Still it must be remembered that St Jerome only "corrected" the Latin version of the New Testament, and he expressly says "calamum temperavi."† A very difficult textual question has to be faced in 1 Cor. x, 13, *Tentatio vos non apprehendat nisi humana;* the Greek has the perfect indicative tense, "there *hath taken* you no temptation...." This would seem the easier reading, and we might therefore be inclined to prefer the Vulgate reading on the principle, *proclivi lectioni praestat ardua*, but Cassian (*Institutes*, v, 16) remarks that "some not understanding this testimony of the Apostle have read the subjunctive (as in Vulgate) instead of the indicative mood, *tentatio vos non apprehendat nisi humana.*" He thus suggests that the Greek is the easier reading and that the present Vulgate reading was by no means universal in his day.‡

In St Luke xv, 30, it is hard not to prefer the Greek text, which makes the Elder Brother say to his father, "This thy son who has devoured *thy* substance." The Vulgate, followed, of course, by Rheims and Challoner, has *suam*, or "*his* substance," where the delicate irony is lost. So also in St Luke x, 31-2, the Vulgate has missed the force of the Greek compound ἀντιπαρῆλθεν and has *praeterivit* and *pertransit* instead of the "passed by *on the other side*" of A.V. and R.V., hence the weak "passed by" of Rheims and Challoner. A particularly interesting example is given us in Acts xxvii, 40, where Rheims and

* *International Critical Commentary*, St Luke ix, 44, p. 256.

† Ad Damasum, *Praef. in Quatuor Evangelia.*

‡ Quoted in Robertson and Plummer, *International Critical Commentary* on 1 Cor. x, 13, p. 210.

Challoner have rightly translated the Vulgate *sustulissent* by "when they had *taken up* the anchors." But very little thought will show that the crew could hardly have wanted to burden themselves at that moment with four heavy anchors (ver. 29). The marginal reading in A.V. and the text of R.V. is "*casting off* the anchors," i.e. cutting their cables and leaving the anchors in the sea. This is the reading of the Greek text, and the best MSS of the Vulgate have *abstulissent* instead of *sustulissent*. How the Clementine revisers came to retain *sustulissent* is not easy to see.*

(6) Challoner, as we have seen, followed the Vulgate Latin text in his revision, but it is remarkable how frequently he fails to do justice to it. This is particularly the case in his rendering of the tenses. The Vulgate itself is not irreproachable in its rendering of the Greek tenses, always a crux for the translator, but even when the Vulgate has faithfully rendered the Greek imperfect, for instance, Challoner often fails to realize the precise significance of the tense employed. Thus, in St Luke xviii, 3, the Greek tense implies that the importunate widow *kept*

* Cf. Wordsworth and White *in loco;* also Smith, *Voyage and Shipwreck of St Paul.* Second ed. 1856, p. 137. Note.

For similar instances of our translators being misled by the Latin text see 1 Cor. vii, 32–34; 2 Cor. xi, 5 and xii, 11; St Luke xiv, 18; xvi, 25; xxi, 30; Acts xiii, 18; xix. 40. A more complicated instance occurs in St John xiii, 23–25, "Now there was *leaning on* Jesus' bosom one of His disciples . . . he therefore *leaning on* the breast of Jesus saith to Him. . . ." This repetition of "leaning on" seems meaningless until we look at the Greek text; for while the Clementine Vulgate, and indeed most MSS of the Vulgate, has *recumbens*, i.e. "leaning on," in both verses, a reading which is supported by very influential Greek MSS, many Greek MSS read in ver. 25 ἐπιπεσὼν δέ, i.e. "leaning *back* then," and this reading is found in some Latin MSS which have *incumbens ergo;* or, as in R.V., "he leaning back as he was." It must be acknowledged that this gives a more intelligible sense, but the text is so disputed that it is difficult to decide which is the preferable reading.

The influence of the Vulgate is particularly noticeable in the expression "in Christ Jesus"; in many cases the Greek has here the preposition with an accusative, e.g. Gal. ii, 16, iii, 17, 24; Rom. vi, 3; 1 Cor. i, 13; x, 2; &c. The Vulgate uniformly renders this accusative as though it were an ablative, with consequent loss of the real meaning of the expression.

coming to petition the judge, and this is brought out in the Vulgate *veniebat*, the Rheims translators, however, failed to notice it, and Challoner retains their translation, " and she *came*." The same mistake is observable in ver. 13 of the same chapter, where the Vulgate has *percutiebat* correctly, viz. " he *kept beating* his breast," but Rheims " he knocked " and Challoner " he struck." In Heb. ix, 6-8 the correct rendering of the tenses is necessary for a right appreciation of the argument, but the Vulgate, as well as Rheims and Challoner, has failed to express the true shades of meaning. Similar instances will be found in St Mark xiv, 29; St Matth. xxvi, 36, 37, 45; St Luke xiv, 1, 7, etc. In St John iv, 30, the just sequence of tenses is perfect in the Greek and in the Vulgate; it is a pity it should be missed in Rheims and Challoner. In that most difficult chapter. 2 Cor. iii, the shades of meaning are indicated by the tenses of the participles, but the Vulgate, Rheims and Challoner have failed to indicate them and have thus increased our difficulties.*

And this failure to do justice to the Latin rendering is not confined to the tenses. To any one acquainted with the topography of Jerusalem it must always be a surprise to read: " The days shall come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a *trench* about thee. . . ." (St Luke xix, 43). No one who wished to storm Jerusalem would think of " casting a *trench* about it "! But the truth is that neither the Greek χάσμα nor the Latin *vallum* ever mean a trench but " a rampart," or, as in R.V., " a bank " (in margin, " a palisade "), such as Titus actually did make. In Acts xiv, 1, we have an instance where the English rendering, both in Rheims and Challoner, is clearer than that in the Vulgate, which reads: *Et loquerentur ita ut crederet . . . . multitudo.* This is the literal rendering of the Greek text to the order of the words, but it results in confusion, and we should read, as in Challoner, " and so

* In 1 Cor. iii, 11, not a single version has attended to the present participle: " the Foundation which *lieth*," i.e. which hath been placed once and for all, and which no man can change; the distinction between the tenses of the same Greek verb is very clear in St Matth. v, 14–15.

spoke that . . . . ." On the other hand, in St Luke viii, 29, both Rheims and Challoner tell us that the man with the unclean spirit " was bound in chains and kept in fetters "; but neither the Greek φυλασσόμενος nor the Latin *custoditus* are used in the sense of binding *with something*. The Greek text, correctly translated in the Vulgate, says: " He was bound with chains and fetters, *being kept under guard*."*

(7) It is evident that revision of any translation demands not merely a knowledge of the languages in which the original texts were written but also of the context of any passage which calls for change. A reviser, then, must also be an exegete: he must fully appreciate the *sense* of the passage he undertakes to correct in details. And it is remarkable how frequently Challoner fails to grasp the real significance of a passage. Thus in Gal. iii, 16, where Rheims reads correctly, " He saith not, And to seeds, as in many," Challoner has inserted, presumably for clearness sake, the pronoun *his*, " He saith not, And to *his* seeds . . . " thus destroying the sense. Again, in iii, 22, he has " the Scripture hath concluded *all* under sin." A glance at either the Latin or the Greek would have shown him that it should be, as in Rheims, *all things* (cp. Rom. viii, 19-23). But the worst instance of all occurs in St John ii, 4, where Rheims has rightly, " What is to Me and thee, woman? " but Challoner has inserted the fatal *it:* " What is *it* to Me and to thee? " Once more, in Acts iii, 16, by changing the order, Challoner has given a misleading signification to the whole passage. Rheims read, " his name hath strengthened," for which Challoner has " hath his name strengthened," thus leaving it uncertain whether it is the lame man's name or the

* A curious instance of vagueness due to want of care in translating occurs in St John vi, 68, vii, 17, viii, 44, where the English " will " may be either the auxiliary verb or the finite verb meaning " to deliberate "; it should of course be taken in the latter sense in the above-mentioned passages, as is clear from the Greek as well as from the Latin *vultis* or *voluerit*. The same confusion sometimes arises with regard to the substantive noun " will "; in Acts xiii, 36, it should rather be " the determinate counsel of God " than " the will of God."

Name of Christ which is the subject. In 1 Cor. v, 9 and 11, St Paul says: "I wrote to you in an epistle not to . . . .", in v. 11 he goes on to explain in what sense he had written, hence it is a mistaken piece of exegesis to render the first time "*I wrote*" and then "*I have written*"; Rheims has correctly "I wrote" in both instances. In Acts xv, 11, both Rheims and Challoner have "But by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we believe to be saved, in like manner as they also." This is exactly the order of the Greek and of the Vulgate, but in English it is misleading. Moreover, the word *also* is superfluous and tends to confuse the meaning still more. In R.V. the sense is clearly brought out, "But we believe that we shall be saved through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, in like manner as they."

(8) And even when the sense of a passage has been correctly expressed we sometimes find that the translation has failed to give us the delicate balance of the sentence as it stands in the original, and shades of meaning are thus lost to view. Thus, in St Luke xvi, 11, Challoner has, "If then you have not been faithful in the unjust mammon, who will trust you with that which is the true?" The translation is correct, but Rheims has preserved the true order in the last clause, "with that which is true who may credit you?" R.V. has failed to render this delicate inversion and reads, "who will commit to your trust the true *riches*?" A somewhat similar instance occurs in St Luke xvii, 7, where Challoner's "Immediately go, sit down to meat" compares unfavourably with the Rheims, "Pass quickly, sit down."

(9) And while it would not be fair to shut our eyes to the real improvements which Challoner effected in the Rheims version, it must be confessed that these improvements are marred by a great lack of consistency. Thus, in St John i, 20 and 25, Rheims had omitted the article and had thus weakened the appeal of the Pharisees, but Challoner has rightly "I am not *the* Christ" in v. 20, but, inconsistently enough, has omitted it in v. 25, where A.V. has "*that* Christ"! In Apoc. xviii, 16, and St Luke xvi, 19,

we have an improvement. Challoner has correctly "fine linen" instead of the "silk" of Rheims, though Rheims had rightly given "fine linen" in Apoc. xviii, 12. So also in 1 Cor. vii, 3. Here Challoner has not allowed himself to be misled by A.V. "due benevolence," and has also avoided the mistaken rendering of Rheims. The Latinisms, too, have for the most part disappeared; but some of them one is almost inclined to regret, e.g. the "magnifically" of St Luke xvi, 19. Challoner's "sumptuously" does not do justice to the original (cf. the marginal rendering in R.V.). It is permissible to question, too, whether the translation "that which is committed to thee," in 1 Tim. vi, 20, etc., is preferable to the "depositum" of Rheims. One Latinism has indeed been introduced by Challoner himself. In 1 Cor. ix, 17, "a *dispensation* has been committed to me" is certainly no improvement on the homely and accurate "charge" of Rheims. It is regrettable, too, that Challoner did not see his way to alter the Rheims translation, "I have *replenished* the Gospel of Christ" (Rom. xv, 19), nor the somewhat quaint statement that Abraham dwelt "in *cottages* with Isaac" (Heb. xi, 9). A puzzling inconsistency occurs in the use of the form *Jesse* for the father of David (St Matt. i, 5, and St Luke iii, 32); in O.T. the form *Isai* is always used. This inconsistency is not due to Challoner nor to the Rheims translators, for of the Vulgate MSS only two offer any variation in form from Jesse, *Cod. Toletanus* having *eseiae* in St Luke and *Cod. Vaticanus iessae*. Why, too, is Josue presented to us in the form Jesus in Acts vii, 4, and Heb. iv, 8?*

(10) Another source of misunderstanding is the arbitrary use of italics to indicate words which do not find a place in the original but which the English sense demands. Thus, for example, in the opening formula of his Epistles, St Paul joins with him some companion, e.g. Sosthenes in 1 Cor. i, 1, "Sosthenes *a* brother," in 2 Cor. i, 1, this

* For further instances of inconsistency see the translations of the verb ὑστερέω in 2 Cor. xi, 5, and xii, 11. Compare, too, the translation of Isaias iv, 3, in O.T. and as quoted in Acts xiii, 34.

becomes "*our* brother" for no assignable reason. A particularly objectionable instance occurs in Challoner's formula "men *and* brethren," e.g. in Acts ii, 37, where the conjunction is not wanted and is misleading. In Acts v, 33, *dissecabantur* is rendered "they were *cut to the heart*"; in vii, 54, the phrase "dissecabantur cordibus suis" is rendered "they were cut to the heart" without any italics at all; presumably the extension of the italics to the word "cut" in the former passage is simply due to a misprint, but misprints are far too numerous in our version.* The variation in the different editions regarding these italics is at times very disconcerting; thus in Ecclus. ix, 4, the word *charms* is italicized in some editions, not in others. In xii, 13, it is the same with the word *wild*. Again, in St John viii, 24, italics are wanting just where they are most needed; Challoner reads "If you believe not that I am He,"and Rheims has the same. But the word *He* is superfluous and indeed destructive of the sense, for Our Lord is undoubtedly referring to the famous passage in Ex. iii, 14, "I am who am," as is clear from v. 58, where He says "before Abraham was, I *am*."

Enough has been said to show the need of a fresh revision. Is it within the bounds of possibility that such a revision should be undertaken speedily? One difficulty will occur to everybody: Challoner's revision consisted in part, as we have seen, in adapting the Rheims version to the Clementine Vulgate; but a Commission is now engaged on a revision of the Clementine; is it not therefore imperative to wait till that revision is complete before we undertake any revision of our own version? But the revision of the Vulgate will not be accomplished in a hurry, many

* The writer has noted from time to time at least thirteen misprints, and his list is far from complete. It is fair to say that these are not all to be found in the same edition. But as for the cross-references at the foot of the page! The less said about them the better. At least eighteen in one edition of the New Testament are incorrect. Punctuation, too, is a delicate question, more especially as the MSS did not indulge in it to any great extent; but how Stephens, the Sixtine and Clementine Vulgates, can have punctuated Acts iv, 16, as they have done, is a mystery! Challoner follows them; Rheims, with the assistance of a comma, is better.

years must elapse ere it will see the light, or at least ere the New Testament appears. And a revision such as is called for will demand an immense amount of preparatory work. What is there to prevent that preparatory work being set in hand at once? There are plenty of scholars fully capable of taking up the work; if they begin now there will be no danger of the work of revision being taken in hand only when the new edition of the Vulgate New Testament appears, with the consequent danger of its being rushed through. And though in these pages we have spoken only of the New Testament yet the Old needs revision too; why then should not advantage be taken of the work now being done at Sant' Anselmo to prepare the way for a complete revision of our Catholic Bible?

Just at the present moment we are many of us occupied with the *Life of Cardinal Newman* and have probably read with mingled feelings the account of his contemplated translation of the Bible. Why should not the mistakes then committed be remedied now and the work of translation seriously taken up?

HUGH POPE

MUSIC IN MOSLEM SPAIN

WITH the advent of Islām the Iberian Peninsula entered upon an era of wonderful progress. The Moslemin cultivated arts and science to such an extent that, with Sevilla, Toledo, Zaragoza and especially Cordova as centres of learning and refinement, they became the teachers of mediæval Europe, and stimulated the western mind to efforts well defined by Robert of Gloucester, when their example was also leavening these isles: "Vor the more that a man con the more worth he ys." They possessed the advantage of a language which seems to have sprung into existence as nearly perfect as a language can be, infinitely rich, and so complete, remarks Renan, that from the earliest times up to the present day it has not undergone, in fact not needed, any important modification. Copious and marvellously flexible, it embraced all branches of literature with the utmost ease. Poetry, always in great favour with the Arabs, even in their days of ignorance, flourished exceedingly in the track of the Mohammedan conquests, bards of repute, warriors themselves, glorifying the lions of the faith. God's peace being established, the heroes showed no less ardour in the cultivation of science and philosophy, or the arts which gladden the soul, their literary pursuits taking a gentler form by way of recreation from learned research and abstruse reasoning. The love song came again to the fore after the manner of the ancient *kasidahs*, and minstrelsy could not do without music, "the lute's complaining string, one of life's dearest joys," to quote Sulmi bin Rabiah of Dabbah. The Arabs counted it a universal blessing,—for some a restful pastime, for some a bracing tonic, for some more necessary than even meat and drink. If, nowadays, its astonishing evolution in the concert hall and on the operatic stage tends most to emphasize its usefulness as a pretext for a social function, the Arab considered it essential to his heart's content, independent of money-making on the one side and the distinction of conferring patronage or swimming with the artistic current, on the other.

Music in Moslem Spain

As a Moslem, the Arab's musical talents were, however, severely handicapped by his obedience to the word of the Prophet. Music had been discountenanced by Mohammed, who prided himself upon his matter-of-fact temperament, notwithstanding the poetical elevation of the Book,—notably of its passages first revealed. Singing and hearing songs, he said, "cause hypocrisy to grow in the heart, like as water promoteth the growth of the corn"; musical instruments, he contended, were devised by the Devil to seduce man. Musicians, and artists in general, he classed almost with wine bibbers, with sinners of the worst description. The orthodox, therefore, looked down upon such offenders as debauchers of the ear, despising them in their hearts, not otherwise than Michal, the daughter of Saul, despised her husband when she beheld him dancing and playing before the Ark. The first Caliphs condemned the evil practice in strict adherence to the tradition upon which their authority and prerogative rested. But when morals grew more lax, the Commanders of the Faithful succeeding the Four chosen among the Apostle's nearest associates, suffered music to come into its own with a people whose religion partook of the nature of a compact between enjoyment of their fleeting life on earth and good works in the service of God for the sake of eternal life in heaven. Under the influence of non-conformist Persian culture, all sorts of frivolity filtered into Arabian custom and observance. Simplicity fled with orthodoxy from the Omayyad and Abbasside Courts. "Without flowers, love, wine and music, the spirit gets mouldy," sang the poets of Damascus and Baghdad; and in regard of the Prophet's admonitions concerning the two last-named items, as of those concerning the pictorial and sculptural representation of animated creation, the maxim held good, so happily formulated by Molière: *Avec le ciel il y a des accommodements.*

The Arabs borrowing freely from Persia in their cult of *Wein, Weib und Gesang*, as in their development of the graphic and plastic arts, Persian music followed them when the wave of Mohammedan conquest rolled West,—

eastern sounds of vocal and instrumental harmony, an echo of, or rather an improvement on, the "noise with psalteries and harps" rendered familiar by the sacred history of another Semitic race. Moslem musical parties were very different from our public concerts with competing impresarios, subtle advance agents to look after the advertising, and eminent critics tilting in the Press, and making reputations; but what they lacked, compared with later times, in loud publicity and affected enthusiasm, constituted the true virtuoso's advantage in purity of purpose, and his auditory's in sincere delight. The Arab's music, like his religion, was interwoven with his daily business. On still nights, resting from the cares of office, from warfare or traffic, gazing at Suheil on the banks of the Tigris or the Nile, at the snow-capped peaks of Lebanon and Hermon, or the Sierra Nevada,—such starlit nights as made Jessica say: "I am never merry when I hear sweet music,"—he loved to listen to pleasant voices, accompanied by dulcimer or lute, which refreshed his weary soul like rain falling upon a desert land. Where friends met friends in social intercourse, the success of the entertainment depended on the singer and the musician, who considered their gifts more a claim to distinction than a means to sordid gain; cultivating art for art's sake, not exclusively as a trade; endeavouring to give their audience a foretaste of the transports of Paradise.

They were honoured accordingly, and honour took often a very substantial form as a reward at the same time of their disinterestedness, especially from the side of musically inclined potentates whom their martial strains and tender lays of love happened to touch. If the Caliphs and Emirs of the eastern and western Mohammedan empires associated habitually with the learned, some of them taking high rank as scientists, philosophers and poets, they befriended also the professional musicians, not a few glorying in being more than *dilettanti* themselves,—cunning players like King David. The Abbasside Haroon ar-Rashid made much of Ishak bin Ibrahim as

Music in Moslem Spain

Yezid II of the house of Omayya had done of the songstress Sallama; the Omayyads of Spain encouraged the sisters and brethren of the craft at Cordova and treated them right royally. We are informed that Abd'ar-Rahman II rode out to meet Ali bin Zeryab, whom his father, Hakam I, had called to Andaloos; Abd'ar-Rahman III showed favour to al-Farabi, the Arabian Orpheus who, among his many other accomplishments, "charmed men and all that goeth on the belly and walketh on four feet and flieth in the air," with his exquisite renderings of his own compositions, written, it seems, in the tricky manner long afterwards so highly developed by Paganini, and which, by multiplying the difficulties of interpretation, was calculated to dismay and distance competition. No wonder that musicians flourished and multiplied in Moslem Spain, where the Court set an example in dignifying their profession. Like Ibrahim of Mosul, his son Ishak and other companions of the lute in the East, they were as a rule good poets too; at all events, if they did not furnish their own words to their own music, their memory had to be stocked with a large quantity of poetry, old and new, for immediate use. But we may take it that no one was considered a master of the art whose skill did not prove equal to original thought in original forms consistent with the melodies composed for his lyrical effusions; and, however original his efforts, he had to comply in theme, text and notes, with well defined and very strict rules.

These rules were taught in conservatories, one of the most celebrated being founded at Cordova by Ali bin Zeryab, just mentioned, the famous musician and composer of Irak whom Yahya bin Yahya al-Laiti, the distinguished traveller, had brought to the notice of Hakam I—whose son, Abd'ar-Rahman al-Ausat, made good all his father's promises. Instructing about the song, like Chenaniah of old, because he was skilful, he tarined many great vocalists and performers on different instruments as he had himself got his training from Ishak bin

Ibrahim al-Mausaly.* A certain Abu Mohammed of Baghdad set up rival claims as an instructor during his stay in the capital of the western Caliphate, and it was the tradition of such artists that we find continued in the polyhistor al-Farabi, referred to in connexion with Abd'ar-Rahman an-Nasir. It is related that once, when entertained by the Governor of Aleppo as an unknown stranger, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, he astonished his host and fellow-guests by his melodious accompaniment of the singers in attendance. His playing stirred those present, at his will, to the wildest merriment or plunged them into the deepest melancholy, so that they cried for joy, laughing and dancing, or wept for sorrow, the tears streaming down their cheeks, until at last his soothing accords lulled them to sleep. The custom of Arab musicians was, and still is, says Lane, to commence a piece slowly and afterwards, becoming excited, to accelerate the measure. If this trilling and quavering, raised to the highest pitch, does not bring the performance to an abrupt ending, it subsides again. Then it is repeated *da capo*, conformably to the requirements of the composition,—the rules laid down for the fundamental theme or "root," as the Arabs call it.

De la Borde† distinguishes four roots with their derivations, according to the feelings they intend to illustrate. Love songs were constructed on the root Ishak, funeral songs on the root Dughia, and so forth. In those fundamental themes, as in the airs characteristically assigned to the "glass" tones of the *gamelan salendro* or the "metal" tones of the *gamelan miring* of the Javanese orchestra, may already be recognized the rudimentary idea, and not so very rudimentary either, of the theory of *Leitmotive* developed by Wagner to introduce or, rather, to express

* Zeryab's biography is given by AL-MAKKARI. See R. DOZY, *Les Musulmans d'Espagne*, book ii, chapter 5, where further particulars can be found about this singer and musician as a geographer and astronomer, a wit and *arbiter elegantiarum*, the Beau Nash of Cordova in the 'twenties and 'thirties of the ninth century.

† *Essai sur la Musique Ancienne et Moderne.*

by recurring sound-combinations certain harmoniously defined thoughts or sentiments.

The Arabs treated the theory of music in a highly systematic way, as they did everything. How it was taught in Moslem Spain, we know from what is left of their writings on the subject, e.g. al-Farabi's work on the Elements of Music, which escaped destruction in the library of San Lorenzo del Escorial. It expounds the principles of the art, the laws of composition and notation, of balance and proportion, the concord of vocal and instrumental interpretation, the essentials of voice-culture, the specific fitness of more than thirty distinctly enumerated sound-producers of brass, wood, etc., in combination with strings, to express rhythm and melody. This treatise has been cited to demonstrate that the Arabs developed much clearer ideas on music than the Greeks, improving upon what they had learned in their dealings with the Rumi. Anyway, their superior skill in applied mathematics urged them to happy innovations in the mechanical construction of their instruments. They introduced, with ameliorations, the Persian *chang* which, in their hands, was transformed into a kind of harp. Our drums, tambourines, trumpets and oboes are ascribed to the same origin; also the mandoline, the guitar, the dulcimer and the lute (*al'ood*), provided with a fifth string by Zeryab (it is said), and of which we hear so much in Arabian, Moorish and old Spanish tales of love and gallantry. The exhibition of musical instruments in their historical sequence, held on the Theresienhöhe at Munich, together with the exhibition of Mohammedan art, gave a fine opportunity for comparison. Other oriental devices to tickle the ear, Indian, Chinese and Japanese, were shown side by side with violins from Cremona and the newest salon and concert pianos—implements for the revelation of modern musical possibilities and necessary to the exigencies of the technique of a more and more specialized art.

—The part which the Mohammedan conquests along the coasts of the Mediterranean played in its evolution was a

large one and of enormous consequence,—among other things in the matter of notation. Not only the Arabs improved upon Greek "solmization," if that term may be applied to the Greek method of indicating tone gradation by four vowels, but the introduction of our system of notation in its swaddling bands has been put to their credit on the strength of the innovations which western music owes to the accomplished Ali bin Zeryab, who taught in Andaloos long before Franco of Cologne wrote his treatise, and even before Guido of Arezzo began his work of reform. Considering the similarity of the Arabic and Italian scales and tone-ladders, much can be and has been adduced in support of this view. The degree of perfection obtained by the music of Moslem Spain under the Omayyads, may be further gauged with the help of a second manuscript in the *Biblioteca del Escorial*, of which the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris possesses a copy—namely, Abulfaraj Ali bin Hasan bin Mohammed's Collection of Songs. Herein, besides 150 pleasant airs, the biographies are preserved of fourteen renowned composers and musicians, and of four equally celebrated court-singers who held their appointments as such under the Caliphs of Cordova. The rivalry and strife among the chieftains who carved out kingdoms for themselves after the fall of the Spanish Omayyads, together with Christian raids from the north and the Almoravide invasion from the south, were not favourable to artistic proficiency in general. When the Almohades crossed the straits, music became even more or less taboo. Forerunners of the Wahabite movement of the eighteenth century, bringing their Puritan views with them from Suz al-Aksa, they scorned all lightness of spirit. Though zealous builders and friends of literature, they did not agree with the last component of the notion promulgated in our days by Berlioz, that poetry and music are the two wings of the soul. They rather followed the injunctions of their Mahdi, whose holy yearnings for the beatitude of life after death made him despise the amenities of this sorry earthly vale, whence his rescript to destroy musical instruments wherever found, and to flog

musicians wherever caught in the vain and evil act of raising their voices, save to laud the Most Just Reckoner, or fingering the strings instead of handling arms to confound His enemies. A sound reaction, however, set in with Abulola Edris bin Yacoob al-Mansoor, who revised the decrees and regulations of the Mahdi, allowing some latitude to the natural disposition of the mirth-loving Moors.

The influence of the Almohades in religious and social matters has been felt more severely in the north-west of Africa than in Spain, where their authority was disputed from beginning to end, and where the culture brought by the Arabs at an earlier date was not so easily rooted out. It still sways Spanish art and Spanish customs and manners, especially in those regions where Moslem rule was firmest established and continued longest.

Speaking of this, the present writer well remembers delicious evenings passed in the belfry of Santa Maria, the cathedral of Murcia, watching the valleys of the Segura and the Sangonero as they dissolved in the soft darkness of a summer night, only the Montaña de la Fuensanta being quite distinguishable, far away over the house-tops, against the glimmering sky. These evenings were in full consummation of " touches of sweet harmony," of enchanting music filling the air with the fragrance of the orange groves in the Huerta,—not the music of northern lands, but melodious *cantares* and the thumping of tambourines and the clicking of castanets, *los palillos*,—for in Spain the rhythm of sound goes always together with the rhythm of motion. The essential features of the graceful, passionate Spanish dances as we know them, came also from the East, imported first by the Phœnicians, later to be improved upon by the Arab, Syrian and Egyptian immigrants. Where Spanish music is discussed, Spanish dances cannot be passed over. Space, however, does not permit to follow here the development of *fandango* and *bolero*, of *sequidilla* and *chacona*, of the *tango* and the *bailes de candil* in Triana and Macarena, of the *jota aragonese*, the *malagueña del torero* and the *jaleo*

de Jerez; tracing the art from the *puellae gaditanae,* who delighted the Romans long before the advent of al-Islām, to the Leilas and Fatmas of Andaloos, who perfected it, and on to the Carmencitas and Paquitas who now sustain its reputation, *muchachas que tienen miel en las caderas,* " lasses with honey in their hips."

Talking of these things: serenading, too, is of Moorish origin. We read that, if not in the palmy days of the Spanish Omayyads, at least shortly after, in the reign of Hisham II, the lovesick swains of Cordova, Sevilla and Toledo used to warble the praises of their chosen ones in the public streets, thrumming the guitar or mandoline. These performances often resulted in bloody encounters with equally noisy rivals, suspicious husbands, irate fathers or guardians, assisted by neighbours who disliked to be disturbed in their sleep. Lovers of that musical stamp carried their nocturnal expeditions to such a degree of refinement that not merely the words and the tune of their songs, but the cut and colour of their clothes expressed their feelings. Despairing doubt of ever being accepted, or exultation at an eloquent glance in promise of more substantial favours was duly set forth, so that every one might know what they had come for, if jealousy, guiding a quick rapier or treacherous dagger, should happen to silence them. Niceties of that description are no longer observed, though the practice of attracting the sweetheart's attention by letting the soul overflow in melodious utterance when " the searching eye of heaven is hid," has by no means died out. And the maidens respond gladly, witness the couples one may behold in dusky corners, or roaming through quiet and tortuous streets in the small hours of morning; couples engaged in whispered conversation, *pelando el pavo,* to use the local phraseology, " plucking the turkey," i.e. desperately flirting, she inside the house and he outside, cuddling in defiance of the solid iron gratings which unsympathetic parental prudence constructs as a precaution against too fervent clandestine courtship. Before this stage of " plucking the turkey " is reached, hearts are brought together by *cantares,* the

preliminaries, as it were, to licit or illicit meetings. These are improvised couplets, sung in a certain measure, to reveal the trend of the singer's thoughts, and since the thoughts of youth run mostly in the channel of the tender passion, generally "popping the question," directly or indirectly, a corresponding couplet seldom failing, favourable or unfavourable, or oftenest non-committal to begin with, and keep the ball rolling, for woman will be wooed ere she consents to be won.

These *cantares* are closely related to the *glosas*, the variations on old romances which owe so much to the improvisations of the Arab poets and musicians. They cover a wide field, with love, it is needless to say, as the theme of themes, racy of

. . . el sol de Andalucia
donde nacen las morenas
y donde la sal se cria,

the sun of Andaloos, which makes the swarthy beauties flower and "whence the salt originates," i.e. the salt of speech and song. Volumes could be written on this subject, deducing much of that raciness from the mixture of Arab blood in the high beating veins of *morenos* and *morenas*. To conclude these notes, an instance in proof of that proposition may be permitted. On an excursion to la Mancha, the country of Don Quijote, next door to Andalucia in Murcia and New Castile, as I neared Campo de Criptana, whose windmills revived the memory of one of that *ingenioso hidalgo's* most famous adventures, and reined up at a *venta*, the voice of an invisible Maritornes gave me welcome in dulcet strains, high and pointed. This greeting was intended for my page and groom, her "young man," according to his half proud, half apologetic confession when he had stabled our horses; and its notable feature for me was that, in praising the day, which from black as mud had become white as milk by somebody's arrival, it contained the burden of an Arabic proverb.

J. F. SCHELTEMA

EARLY MAN

Palæolithic Man. By Robert Munro, M.A., M.D., LL.D. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1912.

Ancient Hunters. By W. J. Sollas, F.R.S. London. Macmillan and Co. 1911.

Ancient Types of Man. By Arthur Keith, M.D., LL.D. London. Harper Bros. 1911.

RECENT discoveries of the skeletons of the early inhabitants of these and other parts of the world have excited great interest both amongst men of science and the general public, and the sometimes wild statements as to their antiquity have been exploited for all and far more than they are worth by the facile pens of journalists. Few questions connected with prehistoric science can be of greater interest to intelligent persons than that which relates to the advent and early history of the human race, and this is a matter which we propose to deal with in the following pages. In the works mentioned at the head of this article and in Scientific Journals we have an abundance of materials to aid us in our discussion. Those who would proceed further with the investigation may be recommended to do so especially in the pages of the erudite works of Munro and Sollas.

The discussion on which we enter resolves itself mainly into two divisions. (1) When did man first appear on this planet? Or, to put it in another and more scientific manner, what are the earliest remains of man which have been preserved to this day and so far discovered? With this question is, of course, involved that of the date, or approximate date, of the remains in question. (2) We have to inquire what kind of man this early inhabitant of the earth was physically and, so far as we are entitled to surmise, mentally. To these two inquiries might legitimately be added certain further questions. It might well be asked what light do these discoveries throw upon the Darwinian Theory as to man's genetic relation to the lower animals. Or, again, it might be asked what colour do these discoveries lend to the theory that not

one but several races of men may have inhabited this earth. To these two last questions we are not able to advert in this article, though it may perhaps be possible to return to them at another time.

Turning then to the first question we find ourselves *in limine* confronted with the necessity of considering a few general points before attacking specific examples of early human remains, since on these points depend the value of some of the theories put forward with regard to early man.

(*a*) The age or period of a given find is only determinable by its stratigraphical position and by the objects legitimately associated with it. To put this matter in a simpler form we are entitled to say that a certain fossil which we find embedded in a mass of chalk belonged to the chalk period. Similarly if, *per impossibile*, we were to find the skeleton of a fossilized man embedded in the midst of a solid chalk cliff we might be entitled to claim that fossil as also belonging to the chalk period. But, in deciding this point, we should be face to face with the first difficulty which confronts any discoverer of ancient human remains. This is the difficulty of deciding whether the remains belong to the period—of course the geological period is here meant—of the stratum in which they are found or whether they have been introduced into that stratum by the act of interment. To revert to our former example, it would be obviously possible for persons to construct a tomb in a chalk cliff and place a body therein, subsequently filling up the vertical or horizontal tunnel which they had constructed. The skeleton of such an individual would, of course, not be contemporaneous with the formation in which it was found, but that fact would be sufficiently obvious to any careful, or even careless, observer, who would scarcely fail to discover traces of the method by which it found its rest in that particular spot.

In the case, however, of the discovery of human remains in earth or in gravel it is not by any means so easy to determine whether we have to do with bones contemporaneous with the disposition of the soil or bones

deposited there by interment. This difficulty is intensified by the fact that the bones most commonly are found by labourers, and that the conditions of the ground in which they lie have usually been considerably disturbed before the scientific observer has an opportunity of examining them. The interment may have been made in a pit or in the side of a bank, or it may have been a shallow interment and the body subsequently covered up by a landslip or the results of some great inundation. There are a great number of difficulties to guard against in this direction, and it will be clear that one has to exercise much caution at this the very outset of the examination of the specimen.

The second difficulty arises with the objects found with the skeleton. These may be bones or teeth of animals or actual implements fabricated by the hand of the man himself. To these last we shall return later on. With regard to the former, uncertainty must often, if not always, exist as to whether these objects are contemporary with the human remains or whether their collocation is entirely fortuitous. Yet on this point may depend the most fundamental considerations. For example Elephas meridionalis existed in the Pliocene period, Elephas primigenius (the mammoth) in the Pleistocene.

We know quite well that man was contemporary with the mammoth. Was he also contemporary with the earlier elephant which had disappeared prior to the Pleistocene period? This point, it might be imagined, would be cleared up by the discovery of the bones of man in connexion with the easily recognizable teeth of E. meridionalis. Yet the point cannot be considered to be thus settled, and that because it is by no means certain that the collocation of human bones with the teeth in a given gravel indicates that the two were contemporary with one another. The gravel must have accumulated as the result of some kind of watery action. That action may have brought together in the same place objects belonging to two wholly different dates. Even the finding of implements and other objects of human manufacture in connexion with human remains is not always clear evidence of their belonging to the same period. A careful

observer told me that he had found the bowl of a tobacco pipe deep in a gravel pit. It had probably made its way down a pipe or tube due to the rotting away of the root of a tree. There is a tale, which I believe to be correct, that during the excavations for the waterworks at Lough Dan in the County Wicklow, after a variety of objects belonging to different periods had turned up, at the deepest part of the excavation the last thing found was a donkey's iron shoe. This must have found its way down some crack in the earth, perhaps due to a prolonged period of dry weather. At any rate these two stories will serve to illustrate the possibilities of the collocation of objects, natural and artificial, belonging to wholly different periods.

Still, in spite of these difficulties, the great majority of human remains which have been found can be fairly accurately dated. The Saxons and the Romans were buried with their appropriate and absolutely recognizable "grave-goods." The Bronze and Neolithic people, in their barrows, are scarcely to be mistaken. The Palæolithic people, who buried in caves, do not cost the antiquary hesitation so far at any rate as the second difficulty is concerned. It is when we come to the perhaps still earlier finds in gravel or earth that the real trouble exists.

(*b*) Having decided, as far as we can, that the remains are of the age of the formation in which they are found, and that the objects found with them, if any, were placed with them intentionally or belonged to the same period, that is to say, that the juxtaposition is not merely accidental, how far can we go in the direction of determining the date of our find? Now, on this point, we must make a careful distinction. There is Geological Time which is described in periods, and there is Time, as we commonly speak of it, which is described in actual numbers of years. It is not always easy to affix even the Geological Time with complete accuracy, and in the case of the earlier examples at least it is never safe to attempt to fix a date in actual number of years.

So far, at any rate, the attempts to correlate Geological and Chronological Time have not met with great success.

That is to say all the so-called "Geological Clocks" invented up to the present have proved unsatisfactory. There is, for example, the rate of the deposition of stalagmite. When Kent's Hole, near Torquay, was rediscovered by Fr. McEnery early in the last century, he found engraved on a boss of rock the words "Robert Hedges of Ireland, February, 1688." This was covered by a very thin coating of stalagmite, yet the stalagmitic floor of the cavern, beneath which obvious man-made implements were found, is of great thickness. It might at first sight be thought that in the dated inscription covered by stalagmite we have a ratio which would help us, but, on the other hand, McKenny Hughes, in describing the floods which took place in the Ingleborough Caverns late in the last century, states that he found ginger-beer bottles under several inches of stalagmite. The fact is that the rate of the deposition of stalagmite depends upon the amount of carbonate of lime held in suspension by the water dripping from the roof of the cave, and that this again depends upon various factors, the whole rendering the rate of deposition quite different at different times and in different places. Again there has been an attempt to utilize the rate of movement of glaciers. But here again the differences which are known to exist in different parts of the world at the present day, differences which must have existed in perhaps even greater measure in earlier times, render this method of calculation unsatisfactory. The rate of erosion of the Niagara Falls has been attempted, yet calculations differ so greatly as 40,000 years (Lyell) and 7,600 years (Gilbert) for the erosion of a certain length of the gorge. Prof. Keith has recently attempted to utilize the deposition of recent strata on the banks of the Thames at Tilbury. But Prof. Keith seems to have left out of account the vastly different conditions of Physical Geography which existed in connexion with the Thames at a distant period, and thus has completely vitiated the calculation which he makes.*

* This point will be found well discussed in the *Oscotian*, 3rd Series, Vol. XIII, page 7, by Dom Izard, M.D.

Before proceeding further in this direction one argument often adduced must be mentioned. We may call it the Argument from Evolution, and it may be formulated somewhat in this manner:—Man was developed from a lower form and by a slow process, due to the accumulation of innumerable small variations, therefore a long time, say a million and a half years, is necessary for the process to have taken place. It will not be difficult for the reader to see that this argument is based on two assumptions.

(1) That man's body was evolved from that of some lower animal.

(2) That this evolution was due to a gradual accumulation of minute variations.

These are points which cannot be fully discussed here, but it may briefly be said that of neither of them is there definite proof, and that the second, at least, has no kind of actual facts to support it, and would be disputed by many evolutionists who think that in the Theory of Mutations there is a more hopeful chance of explaining many of the difficulties of evolution than in that of Minute Variations.

The actual dates assigned by different writers for the earliest appearance of man vary enormously—between the figures of three million and twenty thousand years. Surely this variance proves that it is not possible to set down the period of the earliest human skeletons in any term of ordinary years. Shakespeare's clown sings—

> A long time ago the world began
> With heigh ho the wind and the rain,

and we can say no more at this day about the period of these early remains of men.

In discussing the period of the advent of man upon the earth, we must bear in mind that, as far as it is possible at present to form conclusions, the earliest known implements are of a greater antiquity than the earliest known human remains.

Early Man

What are the earliest implements? A few years ago many would have replied "Eoliths," and some would return that response to-day. Without entering into any detailed discussion on this point, it may at least be said that those objects which were generally assigned to the Tertiary period are precisely similar, as has been shown by the Abbé Breuil, to objects of the Eocene Strata, as to which no claim of human manufacture could be sustained. The Abbé has shown that these objects owe their formation to movements of the strata, whilst settling under the pressure of the soil. It is clear, therefore, that Eoliths may be absolutely produced by natural means, and the corollary of that statement is that it is not safe to regard any of them as the work of man's hands.

At the same time it is obvious that the finished implement assigned even to the earliest Palæolithic periods must necessarily have been preceded by much rougher forms. The savage who commenced by employing a natural stone or stick did not at once spring into the position of an artificer of implements such as those found at Abbeville. Whether some of the so-called Eoliths are these natural forms it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to say.

It is hard to think that the Icenian implements described by Sir Ray Lankester,* which we must now look upon as the earliest known implements of indisputable character, are the rude first attempts above alluded to. These implements are found at the base of the Red Crag in Suffolk, and are of a special character. According to Sir Ray, the Red Crag should be grouped with the Pleistocene rather than with the Pliocene series, and the man who manufactured the implements probably lived on a land surface not remote from the sea during the period of the Coraline Crags, but possibly earlier. Apart from these, the earliest implements recognized by science are those of the so-called Chellean period, which show considerable skill in their manufacture, and with which are associated the earliest human remains of which we have any knowledge.

* *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. ccii, p. 283.

Early Man

It now remains to say something about these relics of humanity. There is a bewildering number of examples of human remains, all of interest to anthropologists, but likely to confuse the general reader if any attempt be made to describe many of them.

We shall, therefore, content ourselves with touching upon a few of the most important and instructive examples.

First of all, then, we may consider the specimens found at Trinil, in Java, by Dubois in 1891. These specimens, which consist of the top part of a skull, two molar teeth and a left thigh bone, were found in the same locality, but as much as fifty feet apart from one another. There is some doubt consequently as to whether they all belonged to the same individual, but that point may with some probability be conceded. The name of *Pithecanthropus erectus* has been given to the creature, whatever it may have been. On these relics have been built up all sorts of imaginary representations of the creature to whom the bones belonged. "Attempts," says Prof. Sollas, "have been made to portray him in the flesh, but these exercises of the imagination are of no scientific value." The greatest possible doubt as to the character of the skull exists amongst the scientific authorities who have examined it. Dr Munro (p. 190) gives a list of seven persons who regard the skull as human, six who regard it as simian, and seven who look upon it as a transitional form, and gives the following extract from a paper by G. de Mortillet, which will bear quotation:—

Les avis ont été on ne peut plus partagés. Ils se sont tout d'abord parqués par nationalités. Les Anglais, bien que compatriotes de Darwin, ont fait des grands efforts pour démontrer qu'il ne s'agit que d'un homme, un homme trés inférieur mais déja un veritable homme. Les Allemands, au contraire, se sont froidement ingéniés a prouver qu'il ne s'agit que d'un singe. Les Français ont purement et simplement adopté les déterminations du jeune savant. C'était chose facile pour des compatriotes de Lamarck.

It will readily be understood that when such differences

of opinion exist it is a little rash to base any theories on remains, the character of which is so much contested.

It must, however, be born in mind that the history of the Neanderthal skull, shortly to be touched upon, reveals a similar divergence of opinion, which, by degrees and by the discovery of other specimens, has almost entirely disappeared, and has settled down to the view shortly to be mentioned.

In the case of the Trinil skeleton, however, the situation has not been in any way improved by the reports of Mme. Selenka's expedition to re-examine the district in which Dubois made his discoveries. Some idea of the extent to which this examination was carried out may be gained from the fact that excavations were made for a period of eighteen months, when the ground was dug to a depth of twelve metres, and that more than ten thousand cubic metres of earth were moved. A very large number of fossils of different kinds were discovered, but of man or anything resembling *Pithecanthropus*, nothing whatsoever, though the discovery of such remains was the chief object hoped for in promoting the expedition.*

Another specimen to be considered is also of a very puzzling character. It consists of a lower jaw or mandible, which was found near Heidelberg, and first described in 1908. It will be convenient to reserve the description of this until we have dealt with the following example. This is the so-called Piltdown skull, found in the parish of Fletching (Sussex) by Mr Charles Dawson.†

It has attracted so much attention that it will require on that account, and on account of its own intrinsic interest, a somewhat longer description than has been accorded to the other objects mentioned in this paper.

The things found were discovered in gravel overlying

* *L'Anthropologie*, Vol. XXII, page 551.

† The information which follows is derived from the proof of the paper by Dr Dawson and Arthur Smith Woodward, LL.D., F.R.S., read at the Geological Society; from the report in *The Times* newspaper; from Sir Ray Lankester's article in the *Daily Telegraph*, December 19, 1912; and from private notes kindly given to me by my friend Prof. William Wright, D.Sc.

the Wealden beds. This gravel bed must be of great antiquity, as is indicated by the fact that the valley of the Ouse has been deepened to the extent of eighty feet subsequent to the deposition of the gravel. The objects found consist of part of the skull and the lower jaw of a human being, probably of a woman, with flint implements and animal remains. It must be noted that they are the first fossilized human bones found in a flint-bearing gravel associated with flint implements, and on that account alone of the greatest interest.

The flint implements, according to the authors of the paper, are "of the characteristic Chellean type," though Sir Ray Lankester says that they are earlier than any of those which can rightly be attributed to that period. At any rate they may be fairly described as very early Palæolithic manufactures.

The animal remains of most importance are the teeth of the Mastodon and teeth of Elephas meridionalis, neither of which, as has been already mentioned, belong, in this part of the world, to the Pleistocene period.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the human bones it may be well to say a word as to the relations of the three groups of objects to one another. Whilst it may fairly be considered that the collocation of the bones, implements and teeth certainly suggest their being contemporary, in which case we should have to accept the fact that man existed in the Pliocene period, it is in no way proved that they were contemporary. Sir Ray Lankester's observations on this point will well bear quotation:—

It must, however, be strictly asserted that we have as yet no proof of the truth of such suppositions. The human bones, the flint implements and the mastodon and southern elephant teeth may each be of a totally different age, and yet all brought together by slow wearing away of the solid ground by water and the subsidence of some of its harder constituents into one final gravel deposit at this present day. On the other hand, if we look at probabilities, there is some reason to hold that the man (of the jaw and the skull) did not live later than the makers of the rough flint implements,

since no flint implements of a later type occur in this gravel. To say that he was contemporary with the mastodon and Pliocene elephant, because their fragmentary remains occur side by side with his, is more than we are justified in doing. But it is quite true that there is nothing to prove that they were not coeval. The strongest argument against their being coeval is that the fragment of human skull and the lower jaw were found near each other, and therefore were probably embedded for the first time in the existing gravel, and not washed out of a previous deposit.

We may now turn to the consideration of the skull or that part of it which has been found. This seems to have belonged to a woman, in many ways not very unlike the woman of the present day. It is thick, but it is not thicker than skulls not uncommonly met with in the dissecting room. And it exhibits that transverse groove behind the coronal suture which Rolleston and others have remarked on as a sign of high frontal development.

When we turn our attention, however, to the lower jaw we are confronted with several facts of very great interest. The lower jaw of the ordinary human being may be described as resembling a pair of LJ's united together at the chin. The upper part of the L is called the ramus, its posterior portion, or condyle, forms part of the jaw-joint, articulating as it does with the base of the skull. In front of this condyle is a notch (the sigmoid notch), and in front of this again is a prominence or handle for the attachment of muscular fibres called the coronoid process. As far as concerns this part of the jaw, the Heidelberg and the Piltdown examples resemble one another in being more massive, and having a very much shallower sigmoid notch than modern jaws, or even other mandibles belonging to early human beings. In both of these respects the mandible more closely resembles that of the chimpanzee than what we may describe as the typical human lower jaw does.

Now let us consider for a moment the remaining portion of the L, that part which carries the teeth, and which, uniting with its fellow of the opposite side, constitutes the chin.

Early Man

If the reader will grasp the point of his own chin between his thumb and forefinger he will find that there is a bony prominence projecting forward considerably beyond the level of the front teeth. This prominence—the point of the jaw—is a characteristic of the lower jaw of man which is lacking in the Heidelberg and probably (almost certainly) in the Piltdown skull. In the Heidelberg jaw the place occupied in an ordinary individual by the point of the chin is slightly behind the level of the front teeth. That is to say the slope of the chin instead of being forwards is backwards. In the Piltdown jaw the front part of the one side which was found is largely broken away, but a very important portion, the lower part near where the point of the chin would be, is preserved, and there the bone is flattened on its under side and forms a flat broad union with the other half of the jaw. This part of the jaw is not like the same part in a modern man or even in the Heidelberg jaw. It is like the union of the halves of the jaw in a chimpanzee.

From the standpoint of comparative anatomy and as far as the bones go, it is therefore correct to say that the Heidelberg jaw is more simian than any previously discovered, and that the Piltdown specimen is still more simian. But that does not end the matter. We have still to consider the condition of the teeth. If any person looks at the jaw of a chimpanzee he will at once be struck with the prominent fierce canine teeth, far more like those he sees in a snarling dog than the comparatively low and harmless specimens which he carries in his own jaws. If he examines his own dental apparatus, always supposing that time and dentists have left him such a possession, he will see that his own canines (or eye teeth) do not noticeably surpass in height their fellow teeth. Such is not the case in the chimpanzee or any other anthropoid ape for in these they project to a very considerable extent.

Now as regards the Heidelberg jaw, which has all its teeth, the remarkable point about this is that in spite of the simian appearance of the jaw, the teeth are small and resemble those of the ordinary human being of the

present day, in fact, Prof. Sollas states that " the dentition is in some respects less simian than that which may be sometimes observed in existing primitive races, such, for instance, as the Australians " (p. 43). The Piltdown jaw only possesses two of its molar teeth, and these are typically human. Sir Ray Lankester says that there were almost certainly large canines and incisors, but, on the other hand, the authors of the paper point out that the two molars have been worn perfectly flat by mastication, a circumstance suggesting that the canines resemble those of man in not rising sensibly above the level of the other teeth, an argument which seems to us to be incontrovertible.

If this be so, in regard to these two jaws and, in any case, in regard to that from Heidelberg, we are confronted with the curious paradox that the bone seems to point in one direction and the teeth in another. In a series of researches which the present writer * made a number of years ago on the teeth and jaw of the domestic dog, it was perfectly clear that the teeth resist the influences of variation much more strenuously than the bone does. For example, the great carnassial or molar tooth, which, in a long-snouted dog such as a greyhound, lies in the length of the bone, does not occupy a similar position in a short-snouted dog such as a pug. In order to do this it would have to be very much reduced in comparative length. This, however, does not happen. The comparative length is much greater, and in order to accommodate it the tooth is rotated on its own axis so as to lie more or less transversely. From this it might perhaps not be unfair to suggest the inference that important as the bony part of the jaw no doubt is, the dental characteristics surpass it in importance. It may be well to glance at a statement which has appeared in some of the papers that the Piltdown woman had not the power of speech. This is an ignorant statement, and based on a fallacy. Within the angle of the point of the chin in the human being are small eminences called the " genial tubercles,"

* *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, 1890, p. 5.

to which are attached some of the muscles of the tongue. An attempt was made at one time to show that the absence of this tubercle or tubercles is correlated with the absence of the power of speech. This theory has, however, been exploded by Topinard, who showed

> that it is not unfrequently absent from the jaw of the Bushmen, people no whit less talkative than the rest of mankind, and capable of conversing in English or other languages widely different from their own.*

In the Heidelberg jaw this tubercle is replaced by a pit or depression, and the same is the case in anthropoid mandibles. In the Piltdown jaw this part is missing, and therefore it is impossible to say whether there was a tubercle or a depression.

The Neanderthal skull was very fully treated by the present writer in this Review.†

It was found in 1857 in a cave in the Neanderthal near Düsseldorf, and was for years a subject of great controversy amongst anthropologists. Like the Trinil example, opinion could be divided into different groups. Without delaying over this, it may be stated that scientific men now recognize a race of Neanderthaloid or Mousterian human beings, who occupied parts of Europe at an early period, and of whose characteristics more will shortly be said. A number of skulls belonging to this class have been found in different parts of the continent, one of the most interesting groups being that of the Chapelle aux Saints, discovered (curiously enough, like so many other prehistoric objects, by a priest) in a valley of the Sourdoire, a tributary of the Dordogne. Of later examples, even of the prehistoric period, there is no lack, but for the purposes of this article nothing will be gained in pursuing the question any further.

It remains only to give a brief description, as far as we can form an opinion upon them, of the people of the Mousterian Period.

Attempts have been made to reconstruct the appear-

* Sollas, p. 47.

† July 1905.

ance of the former possessors of the Trinil and Heidelberg remains, but all such attempts are purely fanciful. But little more can be said with respect to the Piltdown remains. But it is possible to form a fair opinion about the Mousterians. In personal appearance they probably more resembled the native Australians than any other race of mankind with whom we have any acquaintance. Like the Australians, but far surpassing them in this characteristic, they had enormously prominent brow ridges. Their chins were much less prominent than those of most existing races, but less receding than was the case of the Heidelberg or of the Piltdown examples. Like these, the teeth were much more like those of modern individuals than the jaw. The capacity of the skull was large, quite up to that of the modern European skull, if not surpassing it.

Cranial capacity is the measure of the volume of the brain and thus it is clear that the Mousterians were men with big brains.*

The implements which they have left behind them show that they were men with the hands of capable artificers. The hands that made the Mousterian implements could, it may be reasonably conceded, have been taught to make almost anything. They buried their dead with "Accompanying Gifts." The remains of the young man of sixteen years of age buried at Le Moustier, and discovered in 1909, lay on a pavement of flint implements with a carefully-dressed stone axe, to use a simple term, within reach of his left hand. Without delaying to submit proofs of the statement, there can be no doubt that this implies a belief on the part of these far-off people in the existence of the spirit after death in another world. "It is almost with a shock of surprise," says Prof. Sollas (p. 146), "that we discover this well-known custom, and all that it implies already in existence during the last episode of the Great Ice Age."

B. C. A. WINDLE.

* Sollas, p. 158.

THE POSITION IN JAPAN

Empires of the Far East. By Lancelot Lawton. Two vols. London. Grant Richards. 1912.

Recent Events and Present Policies in China. By J. O. P. Bland. London. Wm. Heinemann. 1912.

Japan. Described and illustrated by the Japanese. Edited by Captain F. Brinkley. Boston. J. B. Millet Co. 1897.

THE glory with which Japan has been invested in English eyes has shared the fate of many other reputations. It is waning rapidly. Japan was held up as a marvel of progress; in forty years she had risen from a state of barbaric seclusion, to one of enlightened culture and civilization. Her people were a lovable and chivalrous race, and to their innate courtesy and philosophical cheerfulness they were believed to join a keen business acumen and a large-minded statesmanship. Their patriotism and stoical endurance of suffering were magnificent, and in the war against Russia the Japanese soldier was as great a hero as his leader was a military genius. So also the country was rich and fertile, and under an admirably constituted government it was destined to a glorious future. Then with many people a reaction set in. The Japanese were nothing remarkable. They had displayed a wonderful power of mimicry and that was all. Their civilization was but superficial and their boasted high qualities illusory. The natural resources of the country were small, her government was unsound, and her greatness would prove but transient.

In *Empires of the Far East* Mr Lancelot Lawton strikes a balance between these two extremes of opinion. His object is, however, to survey the Far Eastern situation in general, so he treats also of China and Russia, and international politics and finance. But Japan is his central theme, and claims three-quarters of his space, so it will be advisable first to consider Japan by herself, and to deal with the remaining countries in a later article. Mr Lawton has been most thorough and painstaking in his work, and he has put together an array of facts which

will make his book of great and permanent value to all students of Japan. He begins by giving a short account of Japanese history, and goes on to describe some of the national customs and characteristics; but these are considered only in their relation to the political life of the nation, and it may fairly be said that the author's interest in his subject is essentially political. Moreover, his understanding of political and economic reactions is much better than his understanding of character. The best part of his book is that which treats of the financial and international problems of Manchuria, and the least satisfactory that which treats of Japanese civilization and morality. With the art, culture and intimate social life of the country he scarcely deals.

During the period of the Fujiwara ascendency (670 to 1050 A.D.) the aristocracy of Japan was one founded on culture and learning, and the profession of arms was held in minor esteem. In the twelfth century, however, the martial instinct displaced the literary, or, rather, it is more true to say that it absorbed it, for it was always of the essence of old Japan that all gentlemen must be soldiers, and all soldiers gentlemen. Under the sway of the Minamoto the country passed under a more rigid military feudalism than ever existed in Europe. The nation was divided into Samurai, or warriors, and *heimin*, or common people. The Samurai were never seen without two swords, the *heimin* might not carry one. The lords of the Samurai were the Daimyōs, who were often almost independent rulers of their estates, and the government of the whole country was in the hands of the Shōgun or generalissimo. This officer was, however, in theory but the delegate of the Emperor. "The title Shōgun," says Chamberlain, "had been applied in its proper meaning to those generals who were sent from time to time to subdue rebellious provinces, but it took to itself a special sense somewhat as the word Imperator did at Rome. The coincidence is striking. So is the contrast. For as Imperial Rome never ceased to be theoretically a republic, Japan contrariwise, though practically and indeed avowedly

ruled by the Shōguns from 1190 to 1867, always retained the Mikado as theoretical head of the State, descendant of the Sun goddess, fountain of all honour." Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor, is revered as the Japanese Quirinus, and to this day the doctrine of the divinity of the reigning Sovereign is firmly maintained. It has for 2,000 years been the centre and mainspring of national loyalty and patriotism, and the dispatches of Japanese generals invariably attribute victories to the virtue and sanctity of the Mikado. The principle is sanctioned by the official religion of the country, and is, in fact, the tenet which has most successfully survived the modifications which Shintō has at different times undergone at the hands of Buddhism and Confucianism.

When the great change came in 1858, the political, industrial and many of the social customs of Japan were revolutionized, but it is needless to say that the underlying principles of conduct could not be changed at the same stroke. Here Mr Lawton expects too much. He discusses Japanese ethics as he would those of a European nation. To the low status of women and the immorality of the men he recurs again and again, and on them he bases a considerable amount of unfavourable criticism of the race. But in all Oriental civilizations women are less esteemed than in Occidental, and in most Asiatic countries polygamy and concubinage exist to some extent. Why, then, should we expect anything else in Japan? Mr Lawton admits that the status of women in Japan is bound up with the fabric of society to a far greater degree than it is in Western countries, and therefore that " to bring about any drastic changes would strike at the very foundation of the State itself. It would mean a re-shaping of the system of family life upon which the Japanese claim that their greatness as a nation has been largely built up." He shows also that in many ways women are now being allowed to take a more reasonable place in social life. Certainly there is still great need for improvement, and it is deplorable that an eminent writer like Viscount Suyematsu should speak of one of his books as being

written in a language that " women and poorly-educated people could understand." But it is for their actual profligacy that Mr Lawton so severely blames the Japanese, and he seems to forget that the roots of morality run deeper than those of social convention. Hence a real change in moral principles must necessarily take longer to effect than one in forms and ceremonies. The *Yoshiwara*, or " Nightless City "—a quarter of Tokyo to which prostitutes are confined, and in which vice, though regulated, is absolutely unchecked—is repugnant in the extreme to European ideas, and the system whereby children are sold into a life of shame by their parents is iniquitous. But in the opinion of some well-known writers on Japan, the segregation thus secured has much to recommend it. On the whole, therefore, while we may be justified in saying that a nation with such a code of morality as the Japanese cannot claim to be civilized in the accepted sense of the word, we have no right to lay this to their charge as a fault.

So also popular misconception may need correcting on other subjects, but we should not be shocked if we find that in these also the Japanese is still rather a savage. In the war with Russia, quite apart from deeds done in hot blood such as occur in every war, there were some ugly incidents. For instance, the Japanese tried to " cut out " the *Retshitelny* when she was interned in the neutral harbour of Chefoo, and when the Russian commander blew up his ship the neighbouring Japanese vessels refused to pick up the men swimming in the water. It is also alleged that their own soldiers and sailors have sometimes to suffer brutal ill-treatment at the hands of their officers.

Mr Lawton's most serious indictment, however, relates to the administration—or rather, subjugation—of Korea, and he cites in corroboration Mr Hulbert, Mr F. A. Mackenzie and Dr Morrison. Whether the Japanese Government was privy to the revolting murder of the Queen of Korea, who was a firm opponent of the foreign rule, may be an open question. Mr Lawton, however, tells us that when Viscount Miura, the Japanese Minister,

and his associates were tried for "murder and sedition," "the findings of the Court explicitly set forth that at a conference summoned by Miura in the Japanese legation it had been resolved to take the life of the Queen, and also that on another occasion Miura instigated the ringleaders to 'dispatch the Queen.'" In spite of this the accused were acquitted because "there was not sufficient evidence to prove that they actually committed the crime originally meditated by them." Miura was applauded as the lion of the hour in Japan, and his honours and titles, of which he had been deprived for the sake of appearances, were soon restored to him. Mr Lawton may certainly be said to have proved his case with regard to Korea, and the writers from whom he quotes also give terrible accounts of robbery and oppression by the Japanese police in the days of the Protectorate; of the confiscation of lands; of the burning of villages and of cold-blooded massacres of their defenceless inhabitants.

On August 23, 1910, Korea was formally annexed, but there is no reason for believing that matters have improved. On December 28 of last year (according to Reuter) "M. Namakura Rybshu, judge of the High Court of the Taiku District of Korea, dressed in his official robes, committed hara-kiri before the portrait of Jimmu Tenno. He left behind him, according to custom, a will indicative of his reasons, and stating that his suicide was a protest against the prevailing corruption in official quarters, and an expression of the hopelessness of preserving the sanctity of the law or successfully administering justice under the administration of Viscount Terauchi."

This shows that if Japan has not yet acquired all the essentials of civilization, neither has she lost her ancient virtues, and that in some at least of her sons the spirit of *Bushido* still lives. *Bushido* is the chivalry of Japan. It is the spirit which makes a Japanese "gentleman," and its influence on the national life is very great. It exacts gentleness to the weak and vanquished and the sacrifice of self in a noble cause.

The Position in Japan

It cannot be said that the religion of the country has as yet undergone any extensive change, the official figures for 1906 showing that there were then 131,643 Christians in Japan, although Mr Lawton says that in 1912 there were probably 160,000. The Mikado remains divine, sacred and inviolable, and the official religion is still Shintō. "The Way of the Gods" is a poor creed, with no definite dogmas or moral code, and its divinities are the "gods of nature" and "god-men," or the deified dead. It was too weak to resist the advent from China of Confucianism in the third century, and Buddhism in the sixth, but if almost immediately superseded in practice, it successfully held its own in name. The other religions had to be grafted on to the indigenous faith, and to this day a house has often in the same apartment its Shintō shrine and its Buddhist god. In 1904 the number of temples and unenclosed temples nominally Shintō was given as over 190,000, and of priests as 80,000. The Confucian classics are still read throughout the country, and are officially encouraged, but the system of ethics has undergone a change in its transition from China, the filial piety enjoined by Confucius having been subordinated to the principle of loyalty, so that the claims of the ruler or the State take precedence of all others.

Buddhism, however, is the real religion of the country, and it is likely to remain so for many years to come. Not only does it suit the Oriental character of the race, but it is fostered by the rulers from motives of policy. Buddhism makes for family and social duties, and is from its nature free from the uncomfortable elements of fanaticism and intolerance. It has, moreover, an advantage over Christianity in its relation to the martial spirit of the people. A native of Japan has expressed the contrast in these words: "Buddhism preaches contentment and quietness of mind, as does Christianity; but there is this essential difference between the two creeds—Christianity makes much of the individual and insists on his or her importance in the scheme of the universe, but Buddhism consigns each separate *ego* to an insignificant place in the

vast worlds known to man." Thus it may be said roughly that Christianity teaches the value of life, Buddhism that life has no value. Hence comes the fatalism which is so useful an asset to soldiers on the field of battle. Hence also has arisen the practice of hara-kiri, which is a serious obstacle to the acceptance of Christianity. The approved way out of disgrace in Japan is suicide; and a man is considered to have redeemed his honour by death, so that hara-kiri is held by the Japanese in the greatest respect.

Christianity is also in conflict with the widespread agnosticism of the country, witness the words uttered by so eminent a man as the late Prince Ito not very long before his death: "I regard religion itself as quite unnecessary for a nation's life. Science is far above superstition; and what is religion, Buddhist or Christian, but superstition, and therefore a possible source of weakness to the country? I do not regret the tendency to freethought and atheism which is almost universal in Japan, because I do not regard it as a source of danger to the community." Finally, Christianity has for the time being lost much prestige in the eyes of the Japanese through the defeat of Russia—an essentially Christian country—in the recent war.

Religious freedom, "within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects," was granted to the Japanese people by the constitution of February 11, 1889, but missionary enterprise had made a start thirty years before that date. St Francis Xavier's mission in the sixteenth century gained 150,000 converts in thirty years, and within the following thirty years brought that total up to 500,000. The modern missions have taken nearly fifty years to reach the smaller total, and it is to be feared that they will take longer still to arrive at the higher one. It is encouraging, however, to find that the proportion of Christians is very much greater among the educated and official classes, and the excellent work accomplished by Christianity in such charitable fields as the caring for lepers is widely recognized. Mr Lawton is clearly no lover of Catholicism.

His table of the different churches gives a Catholic membership of 56,000, the next largest being the Presbyterian of 15,000; yet, although he discusses in detail the work of the Greek Church and of four Protestant bodies, Roman Catholicism he does not again mention. He acutely discerns one serious danger when he says that the Japanese adopt nothing which they do not adapt, and he tells us that there is an important movement afoot to evolve a cosmopolitan religion which would be practically a Japonicized form of Christianity. He says: "There are signs that Japan will evoke a Christianity different from that which we know in the West—so different that the result will be verily a new religion."

In regard to the military, political and economic expansion of the country, the position is, on the whole, distinctly favourable.

When the feudal class distinctions were abolished and the military system remodelled, there was at hand ideal material for the construction of an army. The hereditary experience of the Samurai made them excellent leaders. The masses, who had previously been forbidden to bear arms, and who included a section known as *hinin*, or non-humans, supplied a rank and file burning with enthusiasm to prove their worth. At the present day the standing army and fully-trained reserves, which are raised by conscription, total a war strength of 1,635,000 men. The navy ranks fifth in the world in number of ships, and enormous programmes of expenditure are entertained for the increasing of both services. The chief defect is in the physique of the men themselves, and a large proportion of those examined annually have to be refused as unfit. That this—and also their diminutive stature—is a fault more of their upbringing than of the race itself is shown by the gigantic proportions of Japanese wrestlers, and steps are being taken to remedy it by more adequate nutrition, the army being now provided with meat rations. Mr Lawton tells us that the Japanese are not the impassive stoics that some people imagine, but that they are boastful and excitable. During the war the

citizens of Tokyo became hysterical hero-worshippers of anyone who had gained the slightest success, and at the same time it appeared that they easily lost heart at news of a reverse. The fact that no decisive defeat was received during the campaign made it impossible to see whether it would have been the same with the armies in the field. The spirit of patriotism is very high, but there have been observed signs of a moral degeneration consequent on the general tendency since the success of the late war to an excessive indulgence in luxury and idle pleasure. The advent of commercial progress is also producing a dislike of military service, and it is feared that sooner or later the fighting, no less than the frugal, spirit, will succumb to the materialistic tendencies of the present age.

Labour is at present very cheap in Japan, not only because of the frugality of the artisan, but because he works for eleven, or more, hours a day, and often for seven days in the week. The trade of the country has also an enormous advantage in the proximity of the markets of eastern Asia, but it is much handicapped by lack of capital. The greatest need, however, is that of more commercial honesty and dispatch, for here again the moral has by no means kept pace with the technical progress of Japan. In the old order of society the traders came last of all; as non-producers they were ranked below the agriculturists and the craftsmen. Hence business has no traditional principles behind it, and the prevalence of various dishonest practices has called forth public rebuke from more than one responsible statesman.

If the trade per head of Japan is still small compared with that of other countries (that of great Britain is thirteen and of Germany seven times as great), its increase has been phenomenal. From 138,000,000 *yen* in 1890 it rose to 491,000,000 in 1900, and to 922,000,000 in 1910. The natural resources of the country are considerable, but the agricultural and industrial methods are very imperfect. For instance, with two-thirds of the population engaged in agriculture, the production of

rice and wheat is not sufficient for home consumption. The trade in lumber is as yet undeveloped, but the vast forests should make this a rich source of income in the future. The silk industry, on the other hand, for which Japan is famous, is flourishing at the present time, but is seriously menaced by the complaints received as to the quality of the material produced. It is not likely that any new sources of mineral wealth remain to be discovered, as mining is an old industry and every corner of the country has been tested long ago.

On the whole, therefore, it would seem that it is only in certain branches of industry that there is scope for much further expansion within the country. The future development of Japan will be in her colonies. She has a population of fifty millions, and this is increasing at the rate of three-quarters of a million annually. Doubtless the growth of the large manufacturing centres will absorb part, but there is already a steady stream of emigration. America has made it clear that she will not be the recipient of this. California has passed measures to prevent Japanese children from mixing with her own in the schools, and she, as well as other States, has asked Congress to extend the Chinese Exclusion Law so as to include all Asiatics. From this arose serious diplomatic friction which culminated in the cruise of the U.S. battle squadron in Pacific waters, and the Tokyo Government has had to undertake to restrict the emigration of Japanese labourers to America. British Columbia has passed resolutions similar in intention to those of California, and it is well known that in Australia the hostile feeling is equally strong. This objection to Oriental immigration is not so much due to race-antipathy as many people believe. The causes are mainly economic, and the Japanese standard of living is almost as frugal as that of the Chinese and his ambition and enterprise are greater. It may be urged that Western policy is selfish and hypocritical in slamming her own doors to the Easterns, when she prates much about their preserving an Open Door for her, but it will be seen later that in hypocrisy one hemisphere is

very much the same as the other. England has been a very good friend to Japan in the past, but it became evident at the time of the Colonial Conference that the Colonies were bitterly opposed to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and it is certain that before very long the Mother Country will have to choose between the friendship of her ally and the loyalty of her children.

The only field practically open for Japanese colonization is therefore Eastern Asia. She is already energetically exploiting the rich camphor-producing island of Formosa, and that part of Saghalien which she gained from Russia. She has annexed Korea, and she means to annex Manchuria. This territory, more than three times the size of the United Kingdom, is one of the most fertile in the world. There are but few products that will not thrive on its soil. Vast crops of the soya bean and the invaluable *kaoliang* are raised annually, and the great wheat plains round the Sungari are comparable with those of central Canada. There is a large trade in furs, and the prospects for silk and lumber are excellent. The mineral wealth of the province has never been seriously exploited, but it is known that there are large deposits of gold, and also of silver, lead, copper and coal. There are natural waterways in the Sungari, Yalu and Liao, and four excellent ports in Dalny, Port Arthur, Niu-chwang and Antung.

The Russo-Japanese war was undertaken professedly to save the integrity of China, and several sections of the treaty of Portsmouth were devoted to the declaration of her sovereign rights. The other principle most emphasized was that of "equal opportunities" in China for all foreign nations. The doctrine of the Open Door was reaffirmed in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and in the Conventions concluded by Japan two years later with France and with Russia. But our Oriental ally has nothing to learn from us in matters of diplomacy. She had taken measures to annul important provisions of these treaties before the ink on the documents was dry. She has instituted her own postal and telegraph system in Manchuria, and she carries her own mails free while she

exacts a toll for carrying Chinese mails over Chinese territory. She has extorted for her Consuls certain rights of control and veto over the Chinese officials. Native property of various kinds, appropriated during the war, has been retained for payment of half its value or for no payment at all. With regard to the principle of equal opportunities, Japan has given preferential treatment to her own merchandise at the Kwantung ports, and has accorded it special privileges on the railways. For nearly two years she refused to institute Customs' duties at Dalny and Antung, where the bulk of the trade is Japanese, and so defrauded the Chinese Government of large sums of money. Not content with thus penalizing the goods of other countries entering via Niu-chwang, she actually seized on the Customs' revenues of that port by compelling the Chinese Government to pay the money into the Yokohama Specie Bank—where it remains.

Railways are the most successful means of "peaceful penetration." The South Manchurian Railway Company is a semi-official corporation with wide administrative powers, and is, in fact, practically a chartered company for the exploitation of the country. Its scope includes the operating of the railways of the province, and the rich coal-mines of Fushun and Yentai, the construction of harbour works, warehouses, electric and gas works, hotels, and the provision of steamship lines. It possesses extensive tracts of land adjoining the line, in which it gives every encouragement to Japanese settlers. Thus there will soon be a strip of land running through the heart of Southern Manchuria, from Dalny to Changchung, which, to all intents and purposes, will become a Japanese colony. Moreover Japan is authorized by the Portsmouth Treaty to maintain fifteen military guards to each kilometre of the railway, and in this way the Governor-General of Kwantung has under his command roughly 12,000 soldiery outside the limits of the leased territory, and inside as many as he likes. In 1907 Japan vetoed the construction by China of a line from Hsin-min-tun, the northern terminus of the Chinese Imperial Railways, to

Fa-ku-menn, on the ground that China had undertaken, "for the purpose of protecting the interests of the South Manchurian Railway, not to construct, prior to the recovery by her of the said railway, any line in the neighbourhood of and parallel to that railway." There was violent altercation as to whether these words of the Pekin Protocol could be held to apply to a line thirty miles from the existing railway and separated from it by the natural boundary of the Liao, but China had finally to give way. Apart from the terms of the Pekin agreement, it is a significant illustration of Japan's regard for the Treaty of Portsmouth that she should own and employ the South Manchurian Railway in such a way as to reduce to farcical proportions all considerations of China's sovereignty not only in the region it traverses but far beyond. There was another serious dispute over the Antung-Mukden branch, and again Japan gained substantially all that she desired. China stated clearly that she did not admit the claims of Japan to exercise administrative and judicial functions in the territory adjacent to the line, but Japan has assumed a "passive attitude" against which it is extremely doubtful whether China will ever obtain any satisfaction. Meanwhile Japanese settlements will spring up along the line, administrative rights will be exercised, and another strip of territory will pass into the possession of the invaders. Lastly, Japan has secured the cession of the Changchung-Kirin line, which will eventually give her the key of the Sungari wheat-plains.

Russia is pursuing an exactly similar policy in the northern half of Manchuria, and for the time being she is bound to Japan by a cynical understanding directed to the furtherance of their respective interests at the expense of other nations, until the time when they will dispute them between themselves. Mr Lawton's exposition of the problems of Manchuria is very valuable and leaves no side of the question untouched. But his dislike for the Japanese makes him find excuses for their rivals, whereas Mr Bland considers Russia's policy to be wholly inexcusable, and "an unnecessary result of the ambitions of megalo-

maniac bureaucrats." Probably there is not much to choose between the two, but Russia has not the same imperative need for expansion as Japan, and her aim is rather the strategic one of re-establishing herself on the ice-free waters of the south. Both countries are actively fostering colonization, so that the "complete evacuation of Manchuria" is likely to be postponed from 1937 to the Greek Kalends.

In all her projects for the future, Japan's chief difficulties are financial. She is granting subsidies to various home industries, and she needs capital for the extension and improvement of her railways—the gauge at present is only three feet six inches—and the exploitation of her own forests and those of Formosa. Korea and Manchuria will absorb vast sums before they yield a return, and finally the military party insist on the maintenance of enormous armaments. It was greatly owing to the exhausted state of her Treasury that she had to terminate the war with Russia and the refusal of the latter to pay one kopeck of indemnity has left Japanese finance in a critical condition. Japan is a poor country. The wealth per head of her population is little over half that of Russia, and her taxation can hardly be increased seeing that the *Jiji Shimpo* estimates that it already absorbs forty-four per cent of the people's incomes. She derives a large revenue from her camphor, salt and tobacco monopolies, but for extraordinary schemes she has had to have recourse to foreign loans. Since 1903–4 her National Debt has risen from £56,000,000 to £265,000,000, so it will readily be seen that she is paying an enormous price for the predominance which she has secured in the Far East.

The difficulty of finance has combined with the constitutional question to produce the present political crisis. The constitution framed by the late Prince Ito was promulgated in 1889, and since that time party government has made constant attempts to establish itself, but never with complete success. It is a lesson to Western institutions that party differences were entirely sunk

during the period of the war, and that in order to ensure a continuity of policy the Ministers for War and for the Navy are, even in peace time, often retained from one Cabinet to the next. The Diet is in practice not much more than a deliberative society, as in twenty years it has been summarily dissolved seven times, and in the natural course only twice.

Bribery and corruption are, unfortunately, much practised, and the class of men who make up the Diet is said to be very inferior. The country is practically ruled by the *Genro*, or Elder Statesmen. These, of whom, in his lifetime, Prince Ito was the chief, are a small band of veteran statesmen who guided the destinies of Japan through the period of transition. They are not a legally constituted body, but their advice is much relied upon by the Emperor, and is, indeed, often sought by the Cabinet itself. There can be no question but that hitherto they have been of invaluable service to their country, but their unconstitutional position is the source of much hostile criticism as it practically gives them control of the government of the country without responsibility for it.

When the first Saionji Ministry fell over the financial question in 1908, Prince Katsura returned to office and magnificently announced that no more public loans would be issued, but that at the same time none of the various programmes of expenditure would be curtailed. His attempt to make money out of thin air was naturally unsuccessful, and before very long Marquis Saionji was again in power. In last December the Saionji Cabinet had to resign, although it held a majority in the Diet, because it could not find a War Minister to make himself responsible for a policy of military retrenchment. On this occasion three prominent members of the old *Jiyu-to* (or Liberal) party presented to the Emperor a petition which gave expression to feelings which are shared by a large section of their countrymen. The petitioners object to the War Minister opposing the whole Cabinet in insisting on increased armaments . . ., they "see the Elder Statesmen, whose status is not of constitutional origin

and who have no responsibility for government, interfering in the organization of the next Ministry. . . . And again they see Prince Katsura petitioning the throne for an edict, thus rashly begging the Imperial authority for his designs."

The Prince, however, formed his third Ministry, but in spite of his policy of reform and constitutional development the recollection of his past methods caused him to be regarded with grave suspicion as being a supporter of bureaucratic government.

On February 5 of this year Baron Ozaki, a prominent member of the *Seiyu-kai* (Unionists), moved a vote of censure on Prince Katsura for his reckless use of Imperial rescripts. The Premier replied very shortly, and soon arrived an Imperial ordinance suspending the session for five days. There was popular clamour for the Opposition, and the serious rioting on the 10th finally decided Prince Katsura to resign. " Events seem amply to show," says *The Times* correspondent, " that Katsura was right in believing that the régime of the *Genro* was no longer possible; wrong in thinking that he was the man to lead the country through the stage of transition."

The references to the obtaining of Imperial rescripts are significant. The statesmen of the old school object to the Emperor being involved in the discussions, but their opponents retort that as he has been brought in by the militarists they are entitled to approach him. Marquis Saionji, who succeeded Prince Ito as leader of the *Seiyu-kai*, took an unprecedented course when he refused the Emperor's request to use his influence with his party to induce them to accept a coalition Ministry. It may here be remarked that the belief in the divinity of the Mikado cannot endure for ever. The crushing taxation levied to support armaments, and the oppressive conditions of labour, have brought about a spread of Socialism. Riots have taken place, and the alleged discovery of a plot against the life of the Emperor and the secret trial of the conspirators, followed by the infliction of the death penalty in some cases and life sentences in others, have come as a terrible shock to the loyal Japanese.

The Position in Japan

The latest news is that Admiral Yamamoto has succeeded in forming a Cabinet of members of the *Seiyu-kai* and *Kokumin-to* (Constitutional Nationalist party), and that in consequence Baron Ozaki and his followers have seceded from the *Seiyu-kai* and are forming a party of their own on the lines of strict party government. Although the Premier has declared his intention of pursuing the work of retrenchment and reform on the lines laid down by Marquis Saionji, the Ministry fails to elicit any enthusiasm. It is criticized by the leading newspapers as a surrender to the clan bureaucrats, and there is a strong feeling in favour of a purely party Cabinet. As there are no genuine party divisions on the lines of rival policies, the experiment would probably fail, but the victory before long of the Parliamentarians over the semi-Parliamentarians is deemed inevitable.

But supposing this question to right itself, the more serious one of financial policy will still remain. Can Japan continue her present rate of expenditure? Baron Takahashi has just asked for a loan of £30,000,000 for "various necessary purposes," and Korea is raising one of £2,000,000.

It is a question of time. If she can keep solvent until her colonial undertakings yield a return, all will be well. But during the interval a sudden catastrophe, such as a famine or an earthquake, may reduce her to bankruptcy. If she escapes this she will probably succeed. She has been in worse positions in the past and has come out of them successfully. In fact, whatever may be her shortcomings, her worst enemies cannot deny that, judged by the standard of results, the Japan of the Meiji era is deserving of the highest praise. The difficulties with which she had to contend in the appreciation of the value of her currency in 1897, and the adoption of a gold monometallism, were gigantic, and as she overcame these we may expect that, with ordinary good fortune, she will succeed in coping successfully with those with which she is confronted.

STEPHEN HARDING.

A SUCCESSFUL CATHOLIC EXPERIMENT IN INDIA

THE Sialkot district of the province of the Punjab was, a generation ago, a vast, waterless waste, spreading its sterile sheet of sand over several millions of acres, shunned alike by man and beast, and devoid of trees. It is now converted by gigantic canals into fertile fields, supporting a large and prosperous population. Here an experiment in transforming densely ignorant, poverty-stricken, dirty, downtrodden humanity into capable, conscientious citizens, possessing an assured economic position, and quickened with high spiritual and moral ideals, is being carried on under Catholic missionary auspices with such conspicuous success as to deserve the applause of the world at large. But the work is being done so quietly that few even in the Oriental Empire know about it, while the outside public is absolutely ignorant of what is going on in this out-of-the-way corner of Hindustan. A brief survey of the activity, under these circumstances, may be of interest.

An outstanding feature of the undertaking is the manner in which the salvation of besodden souls and the reclaimed desert are linked together. To remove the effort from the place where it is at work would be to rob it of the most potent agency which is contributing to its success. To grasp the *raison d'être* of this statement it is necessary first to understand the psychology of the unfortunates whose spiritual and material conditions are being improved. These people, for ages past, have been condemned by the Hindu social system to be out-castes, derisively named "unclean," and treated (literally, and not merely figuratively) as if their shadows were polluting, and contact with their bodies positively demoralizing to members of the higher castes; prohibited from entering temples and worshipping at the altars, and forbidden to listen to God's word on pain of having their ears sealed with molten lead (a penalty which, thanks to

British rule, can no longer be inflicted, though the tradition still lives on); and yet, from time immemorial, they have prided themselves upon being Hindus, have uncomplainingly performed the work of scavengering, and undertaken similar tasks which the high castes of the community consider too filthy to engage in, and have stubbornly clung to the society which metes out to them stinging obloquy for no personal misconduct of theirs, but solely because of the accident of birth. To-day there are millions of these nominal Hindus distributed in various parts of India, everywhere loathed and execrated. Of late years thousands of these lowly people have accepted Christianity, and, as a consequence, their worldly and spiritual conditions have been greatly improved. But the Hindus continue to maintain a scornful attitude towards the converts, and treat them as if they still were Hindu out-castes. Indeed, because of their inclusion in the Christian fold, the entire body of native proselytes is laid open to being maligned as belonging to this despised race. It is easy to imagine the baneful psychological effect upon the neophyte of this contemptuous treatment. It crushes all hope, and neutralizes the missionary efforts to help the poor fellow to climb out of the dark pit of social odium into the sunshine of equality with other people. If he were to be transplanted from the locality where he is so disdained to a far-off region where he would be screened from the expression of hatred, given a plot of land, a yoke of oxen, and a habitation worthy the name of home, he might have a fair chance of working his way out of the abyss in which the subtle workings of the caste system keep him a prisoner.

Such considerations occurred to the Belgian Franciscan Fathers who, following the establishment of the Vicariate Apostolic of the Punjab by a decree of the S. Congregation Prop. Fid. dated September 18, 1880, were deputed to engage in proselytizing work in the Sialkot District of the Province. They found that the low-caste Hindus whom they persuaded to become neophytes

existed there in a state of servitude approaching actual slavery, dependent for their insufficient support upon the caprice of their masters, who employed them in frankly "unclean" occupations, and worked them so hard that they were able to find but little time for their religious devotions, and none for studies that would ennoble and enlighten them. In this circumstance it was natural that the missionaries should arrive at the conclusion that the only hope for the salvation of these lowly people lay in segregating them entirely from those amongst whom they had lived from their childhood, and providing them with work which would give them the opportunity of bettering their economic condition and yet leave them sufficient time for self-improvement. But merely to withdraw them from their positions, and not provide them with work, would have resulted in making them a charge upon the Mission, and they would have degenerated into aimless, lazy paupers. The only practical thing that could be done in such a case was to set up special industries that would keep them employed. However, to effect this a large sum of money was required, which the Mission, with many urgent demands upon its resources, could not afford to set apart for this purpose. Moreover, even if it were possible to carry out this scheme, it would have afforded only a partial solution of the problem, for the converts would still have been left to be despised and insulted by their high-caste neighbours. The situation was saved by a special dispensation of Providence.

Just at the time when the condition of affairs in regard to the low-caste proselytes was worrying the missionaries, the local Administration threw open the "Chenab Colony," which, up till then (1900) had been a barren desert, but which was destined thenceforward, by virtue of the water furnished it by the Lower Chenab Canal, to be fertile. Land was to be had comparatively cheap in the reclaimed area; and there was reason to believe that in the course of a few years, when the balance of the wilderness would be irrigated, a large plot might

be granted free by the Government. Here, then, was a chance for the Mission to put into actual practice its theories in regard to the utility of removing the low-caste converts to some spot where they might have an excellent chance to better their economic, as well as their spiritual, condition. Feeling firmly convinced that their hypotheses were correct, the missionaries decided to try the experiment on a small scale, and secured 126 acres of reclaimed desert for £450.

Three families were chosen from Daoki, a small town in the Sialkot district, to help the Rev. Father Engelbert make the purchased site habitable. On January 8, 1892, these pioneers left their native village and started on their journey. Travelling as far as they could by rail, they arrived at Wazirabad, where, joined by Rev. Father Leivin, they formed a little caravan and proceeded, with their scanty personal effects, provisions, implements, and oxen, towards the promised land. After a six days' march through desolate country, over roads rendered almost impassable by heavy rains, suffering from exposure and lack of food (for the weather was so wet they could obtain no dry fuel with which to make a fire to cook their meals), sleeping two nights under the lowering sky because they could find no sheltered place in which to rest, they finally reached their destination, much exhausted by the trying journey. There they found blank desolation, without a dwelling of any kind to relieve the situation of its terrors. Weary but hopeful, they blessed the land and placed it under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, in whose honour they named it Maryabad—"Mary's Village." The Missionaries at once proceeded to fix the boundaries, set aside a plot for the village, and divide the rest of the land into a number of small farms. Then, leaving their native helpers to put up temporary structures and prepare the soil for sowing, they returned to civilization. Three months later the Rev. Fathers Désiré and Felix were sent out to the settlement to minister to the spiritual wants of the pioneers and guide them

in their labours. On their arrival at Maryabad, finding that no provision had been made for housing them, they made their temporary home in a one-roomed traveller's shelter erected by the Government, seven miles away. Here they found but a single bed, necessitating that they should sleep on the table by turns. The simple-minded folk of that section regarded the white religious workers with suspicion, and refused to sell them any food, and they nearly starved because of the hostility displayed toward them. The seven-mile journey to and from the colony, daily undertaken, through a pathless desert, and under the blazing Indian sun, in itself was a sore trial. Moreover, the work of making the settlement habitable suffered from their inability to be on the spot to direct the work. When, however, within a few weeks, a rude mud hut, eighteen feet square and six feet high, had been constructed for their residence, they moved to the colony. To change the face of the wilderness, in the best of circumstances, is a difficult task; but in this instance the missionary leaders were compelled to undergo more trials than fall to the lot of the average pioneer. The only water available was that in which the people of the jungle, as well as their cattle, had wallowed and bathed on its way through the feeder canal to the village. This, even after being carefully boiled, presented a slimy appearance, and drinking it brought on dysentery, which very nearly carried off the Reverend Fathers, necessitating their removal to a railway station where medical attendance was available. Brother Constant went out, at the end of the summer, to look after the welfare of the settlement during the enforced absence of Fathers Désiré and Felix; but soon after his arrival he fell prey to malarial fever and dysentery. For miles around no medical help was to be had, and the poor man, despite possessing a vigorous constitution, soon became totally exhausted by the disease that racked him. He would probably have died had it not been for the chance visit of an irrigation official who, finding him lying on a cot under a tree gasping for breath, and on the verge

of collapse, sent for a doctor, and gave him his own tent for shelter. By the first week in October, however, it became necessary to remove Brother Constant from the district in order to save his life. By this time Father Felix had recovered from the attack of enteric fever from which, for months, he had been suffering, and returned to his field of labour at Maryabad. Meanwhile the native converts, their number augmented to thirty-five by fresh arrivals during the course of the year, bravely toiled on, and the return of Father Felix gave them renewed courage and spurred them on to greater activity.

Early in the summer of 1894 a brick factory was established, and orders were given for timber, so that the construction of permanent houses might be undertaken. While the building materials were thus being collected, Father Felix cut up the town site with broad roads, and planted trees alongside of them. First of all a residence was built for the missionaries, a part of it being made to serve as a chapel until such time as a church could be erected. Before the year was out, thirty-five three-roomed houses, one for each family, had been constructed, and the natives were able to abandon the huts which had sheltered them since coming to the settlement, and live like civilized human beings. A favourable opportunity offering itself about this time, five hundred acres of adjacent land were bought for £1,600, in order to extend the farm area and make the individual holdings, that so far too small to be practicable, from ten to twenty acres each. On October 4, 1896, the foundation stone was laid for a chapel; and later a presbytery, capable of housing four missionaries, was erected, both being completed by 1898, by which time a well also had been sunk, furnishing a pure drinking supply, doing away with the danger of further epidemics caused by polluted water. A school and orphanage for boys, and another for girls, a convent, and a dispensary were built, and all these institutions were furnished and decorated throughout, the chapel being ornamented with oil paintings executed by one of the Brothers.

Catholic Experiment in India

Before Maryabad had completed the first decade of its existence, the community was fully organized. The town plot had been intersected by broad roads, with trees growing on each side of them, and lined by houses providing sufficient accommodation for the six-hundred-odd inhabitants of the place. The farm land adjoining the village had been cut up into fair-sized plots and brought under profitable cultivation. Sheds had been erected for storing grain and field produce. Industries had been established to provide employment for those whose services could not be utilized on the land; and the entire colony had been placed on a firm financial footing, and was capable of supporting its entire native population as well as the white missionaries. Several German Brothers were in charge of the boys' school and orphanage, and assisted Father Felix in ministering to the spiritual needs of the converts; and Franciscan Sisters of the Propagation de la Foi, of Lyons, looked after the girls' school and orphanage and the dispensary, and taught the catechism to old and young females.

A single decade in Maryabad had wrought a veritable miracle in the condition of the settlers. Securely sheltered from the sneers and jeers of their persecutors, provided with fertile land, and the means of cultivating it, taught farming (for many of them had never before engaged in that occupation, and knew nothing even of its simplest rudiments), and given moral and spiritual instruction by the Catholic priests, a wonderful transformation had taken place in their external looks and their characters. Instead of dressing shabbily, living in thatched, chimneyless, windowless, one-roomed huts, dark, dreary, and bare of furniture, located in the wretchedest and most unhealthy quarter of a congested town, and engaging in occupations of an unspeakably filthy nature, as they did in their pre-conversion days, they were now respectably clothed, housed in comfortable, clean, sanitary, decently-furnished dwellings, and followed the eminently respectable profession of farming. From the shuffling, weak-

willed individuals that they had been when the hatred of their fellow-men was so brutally flaunted in their faces, in many cases egging them on to drunkenness, debauchery, and general depravity, they had become self-respecting people, possessing the strength of will to withstand temptation. Being gifted with abundant native intelligence, and discerning the advantage of education, many of them had made persistent (and painful) efforts to acquire literary culture, and a few had gained considerable proficiency in reading and writing. By virtue of a religious temperament, they evinced great interest in devotional exercises, showing touching gratitude for the religion that had veritably lifted them from the mire of the deepest slough of despond to spiritual heights and a satisfactory social and economic position. The women went through the same transformation as the men; and as for the children, the academic and industrial education imparted to them under the direct supervision of Europeans (an advantage, be it noted, not within the reach of Indian children below the status of princes, or belonging to very wealthy families), was opening up vistas of a life positively ideal as compared with that erstwhile led by their parents and by their ancestors for centuries back. No one who had known the pitiable plight of the Indian pariahs could have refrained from marvelling at the miracle that had been wrought in the lives of these fortunate ones who had been transplanted to Maryabad. Beside that tremendous spiritual, moral, intellectual, and economic change the conversion of the desert into smiling fields—in itself a wonderful accomplishment—was of minor importance and interest.

In 1900 the Mission was provided by Providence with the opportunity to benefit many more wretched, hopeless, low-caste converts. In that year the local Government granted it 2,376 acres at a nominal charge of about half-a-crown per acre levied to cover the cost of laying water channels. The Administration favoured the Catholics no more than it had befriended thousands

of Hindus and Mahommedans—hundreds of thousands of acres of reclaimed desert were given away practically free to deserving people—but the gift provided an excellent chance for the colony to expand. Maryabad proved its lasting vitality by suffering in no measure when its own settlers were taken away to establish the new village, and fresh families took their place.

Father Felix, having demonstrated his ability for such tasks, was deputed to organize the new colony, which befittingly was named Khushpur—literally translated *urbs Felix*. Within two months of the colonization an epidemic of small-pox set in and sorely tried the courage of the settlers, carrying off fifty of them. But they bravely weathered the storm and quietly went ahead clearing land, preparing fields for cultivation, laying roads, planting trees, building institutions, and erecting houses. When the town had been made ready for them, more converts were brought in, gradually bringing the population of the new settlement up to about 1,450. The development of Khushpur proceeded along lines similar to those of Maryabad, the experience gained at the latter place going a great way towards simplifying the problems of *urbs Felix*, and, as a consequence, the new colony rapidly grew, until at present it is a sight worth travelling miles to see in this newly settled district. To-day, as one enters the town, the Cathedral, by far the best edifice belonging to any creed for many miles around, first of all attracts the attention. About £1,000 was spent on erecting and furnishing this place of worship, which was completed at the close of 1903. It has a hardwood floor, artistically decorated walls, a splendid altar, a chamber used as a dressing room, containing chests of drawers full of the rich vestments of the priests, and a choir gallery from which Gregorian chants are intoned with astonishing accuracy and mellowness by native boys. At one side of the Cathedral are three schools, one for boys, one for girls, and a third for industrial training, all substantially built, well equipped for the purpose, and efficiently staffed.

On the other side is the presbytery, built in bungalow style, with high roofs overhanging the verandas, the residence of four priests, and ideal in that hot climate. Across the broad avenue is the convent, and not far from it a well-stocked dispensary where, morning and evening, a hundred persons come to receive medical treatment from the Reverend Mother, who was specially trained for this work in Belgium, and who is in constant requisition in and out of the village, travelling many miles in a dog-cart to relieve the distress of those who are unable to make their way to Khushpur for treatment. These institutions are in the centre of the town, the dwellings of the converts being grouped around them, on shaded streets. The residences, with a few exceptions, are built of unbaked bricks, have substantial roofs, contain several rooms, and possess large, well-kept yards. As a rule the front door is more or less ornately carved, and there is some effort made at interior ornamentation. The rooms are furnished rather more elaborately than those of the neighbouring farmers.

The Christian settlers at Khushpur, like those at Maryabad, engage exclusively in farming, leaving carpentering, shoemaking, washing, and the selling of provisions (trades which are considered lower than husbandry) to others, these tradespeople being the only non-Christians in the settlement, numbering less than fifty in either case. It would be wrong to suppose, however, that the Christian residents lead an idle life. In common with India in general, farming in the Catholic villages is carried on with primitive implements and methods, which necessarily makes the struggle for existence very laborious. The plough used by the farmers is only a sharp pointed stick with a small piece of dull iron fastened to it, and is not capable of doing much more than merely scratch the surface of the soil, necessitating ploughing six times for wheat and twelve times for sugar cane. The slow-moving oxen make the task all the more tedious. Working steadily at an average of five hours a day, one yoke of bullocks can plough a

half-acre per diem, so it takes from ten to twelve days to plough every acre planted for wheat, and double that time for sugar cane. The soil is levelled for sowing by a sledge—a long, flat log dragged by four oxen yoked abreast to it. Two men stand on the beam, keeping their balance by holding to the tail of the bullock nearest them. In order to cultivate the fields, the workers squat on the ground, using a short-handled hoe, waddling along without rising when it is necessary for them to move to another spot. All the crops are cut with a hand sickle, the reapers squatting as they work, in groups of twenty or thirty, keeping together in order to enjoy one another's company, shouting confidences at the top of their voices. About a quarter of an acre a day can be cut by the most skilful reaper. All the village craftsmen drop their tools and sally forth to the fields when the harvest time comes, the carpenter, tailor, barber, weaver, cobbler, and washer-man all joining in the work—and sport. Every fifteenth bundle of grain that is reaped is given them by the farmer as payment for their labour. The wheat is threshed in the field, the work beginning as soon as the straw is properly dried. It is then spread out in a circle on the ground and oxen are driven over it until it is trampled to fine bits, the animals walking round and round until the straw is in shreds. The grain is separated from the refuse by being poured out of a wicker basket, from a considerable height—the workers standing on a tall platform to perform this part of the task—the wind blowing away the chaff as it falls, leaving the wheat in a pile on the ground. Two crops a year are grown, the "Rabi" or winter, and the "Kharif" or summer harvest, the chief products of the former being wheat, barley, and pulse; while the latter yields rye, millet, corn, sugar cane, and rice. Potatoes and many varieties of vegetables are grown the year round.

No specie is used by the villagers in transacting business amongst themselves. Instead, all accounts are settled at harvest time, payment being made in kind. The village carpenter and blacksmith are regularly retained

by the community, a certain portion of the crop being assured them as their fee. In return for this tithe they undertake to keep the farm implements in good repair and do such odd jobs, throughout the year, as the peasants may require. It matters not whether they work much or little—their fee is just the same in any circumstance. Their portion of the crop is calculated by the number of ploughs a farmer uses, one plough being considered sufficient for cultivating ten acres of land. They receive as their tithe, for each plough used, sixteen pounds of wheat; four pounds of cotton; two double handfuls of colza; sixteen pounds of corn; and two pounds of unrefined sugar for every twenty-four hours the sugar-cane press is running.

The farmers of the colonies pay two kinds of taxes to the Government; first the land-tax, about half-a-crown per acre under cultivation—and next the water rate, which varies according to the amount of irrigation required to raise the crop. Thus the water tax for sugar-cane amounts to about twelve shillings per acre under cultivation; that for wheat and cotton is about seven shillings per acre; and for other crops it is about six shillings. It is the custom to give a proportionate reduction of rates and taxes when the crop fails or falls below the normal average. The agriculturist finds that he has a balance of about sixty per cent of his produce left after paying the Government rates and taxes and the rent charged by the Mission for his land, about £20 on a holding of twenty-seven acres being computed to be the average net profit after the farmer has paid his hands and set aside grain for the consumption of his family and cattle.

In the case of Maryabad, the Mission owns the land, which it leases to the converts, who cultivate it under the superintendence of the priests. But the Government reserves proprietary privileges in Khushpur, granting only occupancy rights, which, however, are permitted to descend from father to son, according to the custom of the country. Mgr Fabian Eastermann, the Bishop of

Lahore, it may be mentioned, is recognized by the Administration as the headman of *urbs Felix*. He is responsible to the Government for reporting births and deaths and all irregularities that may occur, and for the payment of the canal rates and land revenues, and in consideration of this service is allowed three per cent of the collections he hands over to the Treasury, in addition to being granted fifty-six acres of land. Of course, the Bishop of Lahore is the nominal headman, there being an active agent on the spot. This manager distributes water for irrigation, sees to it that the land is properly prepared, and the seed sown at the right time; suggests in what rotation the various crops shall be grown; collects and stores the portion of the produce that is to be set apart to pay the rent, rates, and taxes; watches to see that nothing is smuggled away and sold clandestinely; and notes the fluctuations of the market so that the farmers may be enabled to sell their produce when the prices are high. Moreover, he deals with the petty officials and protects the people from harassment, interference, or undue exaction. It is part of his duty to keep moneylenders out of the colony, and hold back the converts from incurring debts for useless and senseless demonstrations and costly birth and marriage celebrations and festivals. He is also possessed of magisterial powers, settles quarrels, arbitrates in disputes between villagers, and looks after sanitation and all works of public utility in the settlement.

Both Khushpur and Maryabad are organized like any Catholic parish in the Occident, so far as spiritual and educational affairs are concerned, and all church functions are carried on with as much attention to detail as they are in the West. Missions are preached, processions are held, and funerals are performed according to the ritual. All these impressive ceremonies produce a profound impression upon the imaginative Orientals. Native music, fireworks, and amateur theatricals are part of the proceedings when a new building is being dedicated or a festival is being celebrated, and this forms one of the

strong links in the chain that binds together the native converts and their Western teachers. To see the settlers at devotions, at work, or at leisure, is to witness the great change that has been worked in their lives by the missionaries who transplanted them from the miserable city hovels to the reclaimed desert, and helped them to make it blossom like a garden.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH

THREE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATIONS IN FRANCE

THOSE who, during the last few years, have watched the course of public events in France *from within*, are impressed by the fact that the French Catholics seem at last to have grasped the necessity of banding their forces against a common foe on the only platform where union is possible.

Their political quarrels have been, for the last forty years, the bane of the French Conservatives: it is hopeless to expect them to be united on a political standpoint, whereas, in face of the evil powers that are slowly, but surely, working to unchristianize the country, all practical Catholics may, under the standard of religion, join forces against the rising tide of atheism and anarchy. It is only on the ground of religion that a royalist, an imperialist or a sincere republican—if such exist—can fight the good fight side by side, with an object in view, independent of politics because infinitely higher.

Among the associations that have been built up on these lines, within the last twenty-five years, the " Association catholique de la jeunesse française," which, for the sake of brevity, we will call the A.C.J.F., is one of the most interesting and important. It now numbers 120,000 members, all of whom are men under thirty; they are, at once, disciplined and enterprising, closely united to their spiritual chiefs and absolutely obedient to the Holy See. Their writings and their speeches (as those who have read their booklets or followed their Congresses can testify) have the spontaneous charm of youth, happily combined with steadiness of purpose and, in this harmony of opposite qualities resides their strength.

Owing to their tenacious and enlightened action, a new Catholic party has sprung up, a party distinctly religious and *not* political, whose social work is safe, because controlled by the Church, whose ranks are open to

young men of every rank and condition, whose spirit of discipline and good fellowship is above reproach.

The real creator of the A.C.J.F. is the well-known Catholic orator, Count Albert de Mun. After founding Catholic Clubs for workmen, he conceived the idea of an association that would band together the forces of French youth in the service of the Church.

The work was started in the spring of 1886; the six first members of the association, accompanied by Count de Mun, assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion in a private chapel in the Rue du Bac, in Paris, after which, in a few eloquent words, M. de Mun set before the young founders the plan of their Association. Its object was " to restore social order in a Christian spirit "—" restaurer l'ordre social dans un esprit chrétien."

Two months later the Association published its first " bulletin," and the following year it held its first Congress at Angers. Six years later, in 1892, its groups, now disseminated all over France, were definitely organized under the direction of a " Federal Council," in which its governing powers are vested.

In 1896, 1897 and 1898, the annual Congress of the A.C.J.F. increased in importance: at the Congress of Besançon, in 1898, Brunetière made his famous speech on the " Necessity of Faith "—" le Besoin de Croire,"—an eloquent homage to the Catholic Church that heralded the conversion of the brilliant scholar.

The members of the Association were, during these years, well to the front in all the religious struggles of the day; they worked for the liberty of education, they joined in the protestations against the inventories of the Churches and in 1911 they magnificently celebrated the silver wedding of the A.C.J.F. The 120,000 members of the Associations are now divided into 2,285 groups; they direct a weekly paper, *La vie nouvelle*, a fortnightly periodical, *Les Annales de la jeunesse catholique*, and thirty-seven local bulletins; they are all *young* men whose ages range from fifteen to thirty.

Those who aspire to enter this compact army of youth-

ful workers must be practical Catholics. Their political opinions are free and unquestioned, but they are bound, as regards their attitude in public, to obey the orders of the A.C.J.F. The governing power resides in a President, who is elected for two years; he is assisted by a general committee of eleven members, elected by the " Federal Council," in which delegates from the provinces are represented. In the language of the A.C.J.F. these provincial groups are called " Unions "; there is an " Union diocesaine " in every diocese, and several of these make up a larger group called " Union regionale." This last division corresponds, up to a certain point, with that of the ancient provinces, a happy idea that gives these groups a distinct individuality. Those who know France are aware of the strikingly characteristic features of the former provinces; how a Norman, a Burgundian, a Provençal has a personality of his own. The A.C.J.F. respects local spirit and local customs and, in this respect, the liberality and wide-mindedness of its methods contrast with the narrow formalism of the French official world. Indeed, it seems to combine a strong spirit of discipline with more initiative than is generally found in this country. Every decision of importance suggested by the provincial groups must be sanctioned by the governing powers in Paris, but the latter's action is anything but tyrannical and they willingly give their subordinates a free hand provided discipline be maintained. The badge of the A.C.J.F. is a Maltese cross, with a figure of Our Lord crucified, and its motto gives a summary of the object that it has in view: " Piety, study and action."

In one of their tracts (No. 7) the members of the Association indignantly repudiate the notion that they are a collection of " good young men," mere " hot-house plants." " Il ne s'agit pas d'agglomerer de bons petits jeunes gens, de collectionner des plantes de serre chaude." Their ideal is a nobler one, they aspire to become apostles. This apostolic spirit is their chief characteristic; no one can hope to become an influential member of the Association who is not something of a missionary.

It is needless to expatiate on the beneficial effect that this spirit has upon the young men themselves. Many among them have remained practical Catholics chiefly because their innate generosity was appealed to; being young and enthusiastic they were caught by the idea of helping others and their efforts, in this respect, proved of inestimable value in safely anchoring their own lives.

In an excellent booklet, lately published, M. Henry Reverdy, late President of the A.C.J.F., has resumed the methods of the Association and its work. The first word of its motto is *piety;* hence the prominence given by its members to the interests of religion. They form a lay army that is always at the service of the Church, ready to defend her cause and to enlarge her sphere of influence, but their activities are controlled by their submission to ecclesiastical authority. An essential article of their rules stipulates that to every group is attached a chaplain. In the words of Pius X, his mission is to " direct the members' studies and their religious discussions." " Your initiative and your lawful freedom will not," adds the Pope, " be hampered by his presence; he belongs to your groups and to your committees only to become, if necessary, a counsellor and a guide." The social questions of to-day are so closely interwoven with religion that the wisdom of this clause is easy to understand.

The members of the A.C.J.F. are, all over France, the devoted auxiliaries of the parish priests; they lend their help in the organization of processions, pilgrimages, day and night adorations, parochial works of charity etc., and in parishes, where the lay element is non-Catholic, their practical assistance is invaluable. A few years ago, when the Paris churches were more than once invaded by evil-disposed rioters, the young men of the A.C.J.F. effectually kept guard during the Church functions. In many towns and villages they have succeeded in conquering stolid indifference or venomous hostility and in creating a better spirit.

Their chief means of influencing others is by giving an example of practical Catholicity, but more than this is

naturally expected from those who aspire to be missionaries. It has been noticed that the activity of the different groups keeps pace with their spiritual development, and that those in which religious practice becomes slack soon disappear. The decree issued by Pius X on Frequent Communion, has given fresh impetus to their devotion. The greater number of the members of the A.C.J.F. are weekly Communicants; lately it has been decided by some groups that one of the members should represent the others at daily Communion, and for some years past the "Conseil Fédéral" has established the same practice among the "Unions regionales."

On all public functions, processions, pilgrimages and congresses, they wear the insignia of the Association; it serves as a rallying point, and is an excellent antidote against human respect. The earnestness of their spiritual life is a sufficient guarantee that these public demonstrations are not with them an empty show, but the logical expression of deep-seated convictions.

After "Piety," "Study" is, with the A.C.J.F., at once a watchword and a programme. There is no denying the fact that, whether for good or for evil, a thirst for learning has sprung up among the people, and wherever the A.C.J.F. is established a "Cercle d'Études" or "Study Class" is immediately founded, where the subjects that are most to the front at the present day are studied and discussed. Under the control of their chaplain, the young associates endeavour to treat them in a right spirit. Unpleasant problems are not solved by merely ignoring them and the "social question," it cannot be denied, is now discussed in all classes of society; hence the practical use of these "Cercles d'Études," where the programmes are drawn up according to the capacity and the needs of the members.

These belong to all classes, among them being country gentlemen, students, writers, workmen, clerks, miners and a large proportion of peasants. The "Cercles d'Études" are so arranged as to suit their varied aspirations.

The work done by the Association in its "Cercles

d'Études" has a stamp of attractive wide-mindedness; its methods are essentially opposed to the exaggerated "centralization" that drains the provinces to enrich the capital. "Decentralization" in twentieth century France spells progress, picturesqueness and insight into local requirements.

The meetings of the "Cercles d'Études" take place of an evening, when the day's work is over, sometimes in a village presbytery or in a room hired for the purpose. They put the young students into touch with the vital questions of the day and divert their mental activities into a safe and useful channel. The essays, reports, lectures, etc., that are the outcome of these studious evenings, often find their way into the periodicals published by the A.C.J.F.

All the subjects started in these discussions are up-to-date and often they touch upon the vexed "social question." This, we know, is burning ground, but their submission to the doctrines taught by the Holy See saves these ardent young workers from the snares and pitfalls that await the inexperienced. It is here that the influence of the chaplain of the group comes in; without damping their zeal, he keeps their initiative within due limits.

A glance over the "bulletins" and tracts published by the A.C.J.F. informs us that the following subjects have been lately selected for discussion; the questions of miracles, syndicates, property, depopulation, the Concordat, the breach with Rome, saving's banks, co-operative societies, agriculture, the monopoly of the State, salaries, etc., etc.

The A.C.J.F. looks upon the "Cercles d'Études" as an essential feature of its organization, but the spirit and methods of these different groups are necessarily influenced by local conditions, and it is here that the governing powers show their broadness of mind and comprehensiveness. When peasants are in the majority, the subjects suggested are less abstruse; in Paris, they are different from what they are in the country; the Normans care for other things than the Provençaux, the Bretons have a mental attitude of their own, the Flemish miners have other

difficulties than the Angevin farmers. "All methods are excellent," says one of the tracts, "if they stimulate mental activity and lead to useful work."

Well grounded in his spiritual life and informed by a careful study of the social and religious problems of the day, the young member of the A.C.J.F. is ready for work. This work assumes different aspects according to circumstances, for if the Association is firm in its principles and strict in its discipline, its work is infinitely varied.

At Le Mans its members have founded a number of social works: saving's banks, "secrétariats du peuple,"* etc.; they have established an agricultural syndicate at Bayonne; a "social office" at Rennes. At Brest, a large town, they have founded six or seven social institutions; at Ste Pazanne, a little village, a saving's bank, etc. In other villages they have successfully revived the idea that Sunday is a "day of rest"; forty groups report that they have persuaded their friends and neighbours not to buy on Sundays; at Combourg and Montbert they have done wonders in this respect, even among the tradespeople. In other places they have created lending libraries, guilds, clubs and "Patronages," etc. To mention even a hundredth part of the works that owe their existence to these young missionaries would carry us beyond the limits of this paper. All over France, in big towns and in small villages, are now scattered these enthusiastic and self-denying workers, who are disciplined by their loyalty to the Association to whom they owe their training and bound together by mutual faith and good fellowship.

In the midst of the wear and tear of their busy lives—for the majority work for their living—they keep before their mental vision the apostolic mission that they have embraced. It puts a supernatural note into their monotonous

* At the "Secrétariats du peuple," the members of the A.C.J.F., whom their studies have qualified for the work, become the voluntary and charitable secretaries or legal advisers of all those who are too ignorant to transact their own business or too poor to pay for assistance from others.

lives and brings home to them at every turn the duty of self-sacrifice to a great cause.

In 1911, at the last Congress of the A.C.J.F., M. Duguet, president of the "Union regionale" of the south of France, spoke excellently of the unknown and obscure workers in the provinces. He described how in certain remote villages, twice a week, "ten or twelve young men, after having worked hard all day, meet round a shabby table, lighted by a single lamp, and, with their hearts full of love, set to work to make their country better. . . ." "à refaire une France meilleure." How, in some sleepy little town, where, perchance, Freemasons reign supreme, six or seven hundred members of the A.C.J.F. meet at Mass on stated days and triumphantly chant the Credo; how, in spite of indifference, fear and opposition, they succeed in founding social and religious works that rekindle the light of faith among their ignorant neighbours. These workers, young and enthusiastic, whose very youth pleads for them, hail from all parts of France. They are, added the orator, "peasants from Brittany, miners from the Pas de Calais, mountaineers from Savoy, shepherds from the Pyrenees, labourers from Gascogne or Normandy, vine growers from Champagne and Languedoc, students from the Universities," etc. The outcome of their efforts presents infinite variety, but it springs from the same principle and is inspired by the same spirit.

This leads us to speak of the loyalty of this little army, 120,000 strong, towards its governing powers—a loyalty that found expression at the General Congress of 1911. The Congress took place in Paris on May 21, 22 and 23, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the A.C.J.F. A letter from Pius X brought the highest sanction to bear on the meetings; over and over again the Pope has expressed his approval of the methods of an Association that glories in its submission to the Holy See. The good fellowship existing between the members was pleasantly illustrated by the cordial helpfulness with which the Parisians welcomed their comrades from the provinces:

the latter came from all parts of the country, full of joyous expectations that were largely fulfilled. " We are going to live the happiest hours in our lives," said two mountaineers from les Cevennes. Another, who had saved his money for a year to pay the journey, was heard to say on leaving: " I have not a penny left, but I am so happy."

Without hesitation, thousands of young men, who had never seen each other before, fell into the ranks and formed a compact band, closely united in heart and in mind; this small fact speaks volumes for their mental and spiritual training.

The report and speeches of the leaders of the Congress during three days throw much light on the inner working of the Association. They prove the harmony that exists between the governing powers and the " Unions " in the provinces; the reports of the latter have a spontaneous and sincere tone, they are full of loyal deference combined with healthy independence. The usefulness of the " Cercles d'Études" is illustrated by several anecdotes. The workers of the A.C.J.F. proposed to send *good* newspapers to a certain village, but the " curé " chose to ignore the spirit of inquiry that is abroad and rejected their offer. " My parishioners," he said, " read nothing. If you send them good papers they will want to buy bad ones." The members abstained, but bad papers *were bought* and eventually they had to drive the enemy out of the village instead of merely taking possession of an empty place.

The same reports also show how conscientiously the " Cercles d'Études " prepare their work, choose their subjects and discuss them with earnestness and prudence. Politics are forbidden, but the members of the Association are encouraged to take part in the public life of their town or village; a speaker happened to mention that at present fifty mayors belong, or have belonged, to the A.C.J.F. Another point touched upon was the earnestness with which the young workers have thrown themselves into the social and religious campaigns, led by the French Catholics for the last quarter of a century; the expression

used by a speaker: " they are active but not agitated," happily characterizes their methods.

Mass at Montmartre and a general Communion brought the proceedings of the Congress to a close. Over a hundred congressists had spent the night in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament that was exposed in the great votive Church, a further sign of the spirituality that lies at the basis of their work.

The A.C.J.F. has maintained its position on a purely religious standpoint at the cost of some efforts. Other associations having a political bias endeavoured more than once to secure its alliance, but the President of the Association displayed as much firmness in withstanding these advances as in repelling the subsequent attacks of the would-be allies. This attitude has been publicly commended by Pius X. Writing to M. Pierre Gerlier, now president of the A.C.J.F., the Pope approved of the conduct of those " who abstain from taking an active part in politics " because, he adds, political quarrels would hamper their action and defeat the object that they have in view.

That this attitude, from which they have never swerved during twenty-five years, commends itself to many is proved by the rapid development of the A.C.J.F. It is an attitude at once submissive and independent—submissive to the higher powers and independent of lower influences. The fact that 120,000 disciplined and devoted young soldiers now belong to the Association has real value, for the object of the A.C.J.F. is to form a body of picked troops; " Nous voulons former une élite," said one of its leaders. Indifferent and lax Catholics, even " good young men " if they are devoid of the apostolic spirit, those who are bent solely on pleasure, however harmless, have no place among these young missionaries.

The figures that we have just quoted do not represent the whole force of militant Catholics trained by the A.C.J.F.. The close union that exists between its working members and the men over thirty, who on account of their age have nominally retired from its ranks, is another proof

of the strong hold that the Association keeps upon those who have once been brought within its influence. The age of the active members ranges, as we have said, from fifteen to thirty, and, for obvious reasons, this rule must be observed. The presence at the "Conseil Fédéral," for instance, of a white-haired associate would necessarily damp the spirit of initiative that it is so necessary to develop among the young, whereas the presence behind the scenes of their elders, their helpful counsel and ready sympathy is a standing force, upon which the younger men have learnt to rely on important occasions.

With a view to the future, the A.C.J.F. has lately organized, under the name of "Avant Gardes," groups of little boys under fifteen, who prepare to take their place in its ranks when they have attained the required age. These children, who are early taught the value of personal influence and good example, represent the *future* of the A.C.J.F., whereas the distinguished barristers, doctors, proprietors who glory in having once belonged to it personify its *past*. Both groups, the grown men, who on every public occasion gratefully acknowledge the blessings brought into their lives by the Association, and the little lads who aspire to be enrolled in its army, are one in spirit with the 120,000 workers, who are, at the present time, carrying out its programme throughout the length and breadth of France.

Upon this compact army Pope Pius X has, on more occasions than one, bestowed warm words of approval. He values its filial submission and loyalty, and is informed of the confidence that the French bishops repose in these earnest young soldiers, who neither attempt to advise, much less to criticize, their spiritual chiefs. They only aspire to serve the Church under due guidance, innate with the enthusiasm of their youth and of the race from which they spring.

Like the "Association catholique de la jeunesse française" the "Union catholique du personnel du chemin de fer" or, as it is more familiarly called, "l'Union des cheminots catholiques," groups its members on the

standpoint of religion. Politics are banished from its methods; we read in its rules that political discussions are strictly forbidden at its meetings. This "Union" that now boasts of 50,000 disciplined and exemplary members, was founded about fourteen years ago by an Alsatian priest, the Chanoine Reymann, from whose lips we gathered the account of a work that he continues to direct with undiminished zeal.

His experiences as "Vicaire" in the Paris parishes, where working men congregate, brought him into touch with many railway servants and their families, and he was struck by the difficulty that these men experience in the fulfilment of their religious duties. Owing to the manner in which their work is organized, it is well nigh impossible for many among them to attend church on Sundays; what is a day of rest to a clerk or to a shopkeeper is to them a day of extra fatigue and heavier responsibility. "They cannot come to the Church so the Church must come to them" was Abbé Reymann's conclusion, and, without having any definite organization in view, he continued to evangelize his railway friends and thus became acquainted with their needs and aspirations.

The experience that he gained made him realize that here, indeed, opened a vast field for action. The men's gratitude and goodwill were encouraging; it seemed to him as if the very dangers that attend their work, the risks that they run and the weighty responsibilities that they incur, prepared them to grasp the eternal truths that alone give a real meaning to the trials of life. Strenuous labour and responsibility conduce to the development of spirituality more surely than a career of ease and pleasure.

Chanoine Reymann's first attempt to group his railway friends was suggested by what seemed to be a chance circumstance. It was in 1898, Father Lemius, who at that time was in charge of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, had attempted to organize the night adoration of the Blessed Sacrament among different corporations of Catholic workmen, but his attempts were

not as successful as he desired, and one day Abbé Reymann, then "Vicaire" at St Mandé, suggested an appeal to the railway men of his acquaintance. He owns that he did not feel over sanguine as to the result of his proposal, but he decided to risk it and sent out one hundred and forty-eight letters, inviting the men to watch all night before the Blessed Sacrament on a certain Saturday in July. When he arrived at Montmartre he found, to his delight and surprise, that one hundred and eleven men were present. They spent the whole night in prayer and received Holy Communion next morning. "When shall we meet again?" asked one, when they came out of the church. "Next year, at the same date," prudently suggested the Abbé. But the men were not content with this distant date and pressed for another meeting within three months; they promised not only to come themselves but to bring their comrades. The Abbé Reymann's only action in the matter was, when the time drew near, to send a reminder to the one hundred and eleven original worshippers. When, on the evening of October 8, he made his way up to Montmartre, he found that the one hundred and eleven had increased to three hundred and sixteen, and three months later, during the night between the 2nd and 3rd of January, they had gone up to six hundred and thirty-two.

The moment had now come when it seemed necessary to bind these willing spirits together by a closer organization. The matter was fully discussed between the men and the Abbé, and was submitted to and approved of by Cardinal Richard, who named the Abbé Reymann "General Director" of the "Union catholique du personnel des Chemins de fer," as the Association was officially christened—the more familiar name of "Cheminots" was suggested by the men themselves. The creation of a monthly "Bulletin" was also decided upon to serve as a tangible link between the scattered members of the Union, and a cheque for £40 was put at the Abbé's disposal to start the periodical. These arrangements applied only to the "Cheminots" of Paris and its

immediate neighbourhood, and there seems to have been no thought of extending the " Union " to the provinces.

However, the following year, 1899, seven Paris railway men belonging to the Union went to Lourdes to represent their comrades. They took part in the processions of the " national pilgrimage," and their banner, upon which was emblazoned the name of the Association: " Union catholique du personnel des Chemins de fer," attracted the attention of railway men from the provinces, who eagerly inquired into the workings of the " Union " and expressed their desire to belong to it.

From this incident sprang the foundation of branches in the provinces. There are now, in the length and breadth of France, 50,000 members of the " Union," who are divided into groups, each one of which is presided over by a priest. The rules of the organization have been drawn up with a view to falling in with the duties of these hard-worked men, none of whom have much leisure and to whom, to use Abbé Reymann's words, " the Church must come as they cannot come to her."

The object, spirit and regulations of the " Union " may be summarized as follows: " Its object is to keep its members faithful to the laws of God and of the Church by instructing them in their religious duties, by helping them to approach the sacraments and by inspiring them with an apostolic spirit towards their fellow workers."

No one can become a member unless he promises to practise his religion openly in his family and in his parish, and to uphold and defend, as far as lies in his power, the Catholic institutions that surround him. He must also promise to be a model railway servant: exact, punctual, obedient, charitable and conscientious; never to belong to any irreligious or revolutionary association, and to be present, unless absolutely prevented, at the meetings of the " Union."

These meetings take place twice a month at different hours, so that all the members of the group, those who work at night as well as those who are on duty in the daytime, may be present at one meeting, if not at both.

They are presided over by the priest who is appointed to direct the group, and they begin by a short prayer, after which the Director reads a page of the Gospel and briefly explains it. He then informs his audience of the feasts that are celebrated during the following month in order that they may keep in touch with the liturgical life of the Church to which they belong. This is followed by an address that lasts just twenty minutes; the speaker is generally a priest, sometimes a layman, and often a "Unioniste." The object of this conference or lecture being to *instruct* the audience, the subjects selected have always a religious tendency. Then comes another prayer, followed by ten or fifteen minutes' cordial conversation. The founders of the "Union" rightly believe that, in order to form practical Catholics, they must begin by building up in the men's souls a solid foundation of Catholic knowledge; hence they adapt their teaching to the temper of their audience, to the men's previous training and to their receptive capabilities. The Chanoine Reymann is strong in his conviction that religious practice without religious instruction is but skin deep, and the results of his method amply prove its excellence. The meetings have an essentially religious character; the men come there to attend to the interests of their souls, to be reminded of the eternal truths that should control their lives, to pray in common. Hence the absolute rule that the meetings of the "Union" must be presided over by a priest.

There are three kinds of groups, the ordinary ones that are formed by men belonging to the same railway line; the mixed groups, where men belonging to different lines are amalgamated; and the provincial groups, whose mission it is to control the ordinary groups in the same province, to suggest new foundations and stimulate the efforts of those that already exist. Each group is under the patronage of a saint, generally of a local patron. Thus the "Cheminots" of Lisieux have taken as their patroness the little Carmelite nun, Thérèse de l'Enfant Jesus, whose miracles have made her name famous far beyond

the narrow limits of her native province. Each group has a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, a flag-bearer and several delegates. The governing powers of the "Union" are vested in the "Conseil Général," where delegates from the different local and provincial groups represent the demands and the needs of their comrades; this "Conseil" meets every three months and creates a link between the different groups. The spiritual director of the "Union" is its real soul; it is he who keeps in touch with the chaplains in the provinces and even with the men themselves, for at stated times he visits the scattered "Unionistes" to report on their condition.

As we have already noticed in the case of the A.C.J.F., the "Union des cheminots catholiques" combines strict discipline with a large and liberal-minded spirit that leaves to each group a proper amount of initiative, provided the essential principles of the Association are respected. The men have already been trained to habits of discipline, and they fall naturally into the attitude that is required of them. Their love for the "Union" is good to see; they feel that it brings a ray of supernatural light and a touch of human kindness into their strenuous lives, and they adhere to its regulations, glory in its well-being, and delight in its "fêtes" with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Let us add that in the course of the present year it was decided that once a year, at a fixed date, each group of "Unionistes" in turn should go to Holy Communion in the name of the whole Association. A certain solemnity surrounds this general Communion; the day is selected with a view to the convenience of the members; they come to church wearing the insignia of the Association—a Sacred Heart on a Maltese Cross, above which is an engine—and their flag is displayed during Mass. The religious character of the Association cannot be too strongly insisted upon. "It is necessary," writes Abbé Reymann, in his excellent booklet, *Notice historique et statuts généraux de l'U.C.P.C.F.*, "to state clearly that, from a material point of view, nothing is to be expected

from the 'Union' by those who enter its ranks; they must join it solely with a view of becoming more perfect Christians." Moreover, the rules of the Association insist that "quality is to be preferred to quantity," and no member is formally admitted without some months' probation, during which he is expected to follow the rules of the "Union." No subscription is required of the members, but those who are able to do so contribute, according to their means, to the general expenses. In Paris, the "Maison des Cheminots," 208 bis Rue Lafayette, close to the Northern and Eastern railway stations, is open all day and every evening to the members of the "Union." The house justifies its name, "Maison de famille." Rooms and meals are provided, at exceedingly moderate prices, for the "Unionistes," who are strangers to Paris; they may, even if they do not sleep there, use the house to have their meals or to write their letters; a priest is always in attendance, at the disposal of those who wish to go to Confession. The *Manuel des Cheminots*, a portable prayer book, compiled and edited for the use of his men by the Chanoine Reymann, is the constant companion of the "Unionistes," On the title-page is their insignia—an engine and a cross, with the Sacred Heart, and their appropriate motto: "Fidem servavi." The tiny booklet, at once compact and complete, contains a brief statement of the rules of the "Union," morning and evening prayers, prayers during Mass, explanations how to serve Mass, prayers before and after Holy Communion, a selection of psalms, of hymns and short invocations, the "Cheminots'" rule of life, a few brief explanations touching on Easter duties, on the practice of the Sacraments, on the Commandments, etc. The book has a compactness that makes it an easy companion and a friendly and personal touch that brings home to the "Cheminots" the fact that it was written for their special use. The advice, the instructions, even the prayers are appropriate to their particular needs, and the spirited "Cantiques" have been arranged with ingenuity to suit their daily life, with its hard work, brightened by

heavenward aspirations. " La Cheminote," and especially " la Cantate de l'Union catholique du personnel des chemins de fer," are interesting in this respect; when chanted by thousands of men's voices, under the vaulted roof of Notre Dame, the " cantate " has a thrilling effect. One of its closing stanzas runs as follows; it may serve as a sample of its general tone; it brings home to the Catholic Cheminot the thought of death, clothed in the language that he is accustomed to use.

L'heure viendra bientot du *grand voyage*
Soyons tous prêts á partir *sans retard*,
Un bon *dossier* est l'unique *bagage*
Qu'on *enregistre* au *guichet* du *départ*
Et puisqu'il faut traverser la frontière
Faisons signer á temps le passeport,
Et hardiment pour la *gare* dernière,
Nous franchirons le *tunnel* de la mort.
Nous entrerons dans votre *Compagnie*,
O Trinité, Vierge, anges et saints,
Vous serez lá, notre tâche finie,
Pour nous admettre au partage des gains.
Un coup d'œil donc à la *locomotive*,
O Cheminot, dont bientot c'est le tour,
Le *contrôleur* t'attend sur l'autre rive,
C'est le pays qui n'a pas de retour.

It would carry us beyond the limits of this paper to mention all the public celebrations in which the closely banded and enthusiastic " Cheminots " have taken part. These " fêtes " occur frequently, and the directors make it a point to associate the wives and children of the " Unionistes " to celebrations that help to maintain friendly feeling and a cordial spirit among the members. Local " fêtes " organized by the groups of the provinces have a strictly religious character, and on these occasions the men publicly display their insignia and their banners. Only last year, at a fête at Arras, the Cheminots marched to the Cathedral, their drums beating, their trumpets blowing and their banners flying. " Who are these men? "

asked a spectator. " Les Cheminots catholiques," was the reply. " Well," said the first speaker, " they are plucky—en voilà des crânes." " They do not hide their convictions; and, at any rate, it is better to do as they are doing than to shriek the ' Internationale ' and smash everything."

Under a trivial form, these words express the impression produced on indifferent Catholics by the boldness with which the " Cheminots " proclaim their religious convictions; the knowledge that they are excellent public servants, as well as practical Catholics, naturally adds to their popularity.

An event in the lives of many of these hard-working men was their pilgrimage to Rome in May, 1909, when eight hundred among them, the Abbé Reymann at their head, spent a week in the Eternal City. At St Peter's, at St Louis des Français at the Gesù, at St Praxede, the French railway men, wearing their insignia and carrying the flags of the " Union," went to Holy Communion, and their devout attitude and evident delight in their surroundings were good to see. On May 25 they were received by Pius X, who is much interested in the movement, and who gave each one of the eight hundred his ring to kiss. On the occasion of this pilgrimage it was noticed that the Italian railway men showed much sympathetic interest in their French brethren, and that a certain number of them expressed a wish to be affiliated to the " Union." The pilgrimage of the " Cheminots " created some sensation outside religious circles, and the *Echo de Paris* commented on the effect produced in Rome by these eight hundred working men marching through the streets with their motto, " Fidem servavi," emblazoned on their banner. Revolutionary and anti-clerical France is better known abroad, adds the paper, than the Catholic Associations that represent another and better France.

The " Cheminots " are now, as I have said, 50,000 strong. The Abbé Reymann, whose knowledge of his men is intimate, is loud in his praise of their excellent spirit and deep religious convictions. They

have thrown human respect to the winds, their spirituality is earnest and practical; their lives are full of labour and peril, but they are now brightened by supernatural motives that give their work another meaning.

It occasionally happens that even passing travellers, in the rush and confusion of a crowded railway station, are unconsciously brought into touch with the "Union des Cheminots." An aged religious, whose duties oblige him to travel from one end of France to the other, tells us how often, within the last ten years, he has been accosted by railway men. "Mon Père, can we be of any use to you?" they say, and their attention and obligingness surprised him. When he became acquainted with the "Union catholique des Cheminots" the mystery was unravelled.

Before taking leave of the Catholic "Cheminots," let us add that the aim of the "Union" being to make its members better public servants *because* they are better Catholics, its rules have been framed in view of this object. Undue favouritism or the influence of unworthy motives are carefully guarded against. Thus, if the President of a local group of "Unionistes" becomes the official chief of his comrades at the railway, he thereby ceases to be their President at the "Union," lest he might be accused of partiality towards his fellow "Unionistes," or lest his other subordinates should enter the "Union" to curry favour with their chief. The "Unionistes," who occupy posts of command at the railway are enjoined to be absolutely impartial and strictly just in their dealings towards their comrades, whatever may be the latter's religious opinions, and merely to treat their fellow "Unionistes" like the rest.

The third Catholic group to which we would introduce the readers of the DUBLIN is less numerous and less important than either the A.C.J.F. or the "Cheminots," but within the last year its members have come to the front in a way that has surprised the enemies of the Church and delighted its friends, and, wonderful to

relate, their action has succeeded in staying the hand of a persecuting Government.

More than a year ago, in October, 1911, the Sisters of the Assumption, popularly known in the Paris "faubourgs" as "Les Petites Sœurs Garde Malades des Pauvres," were on the point of being driven from their convents all over France. Indeed, the expulsion had begun at Lyons, where the Sisters were suddenly and brutally sent adrift, large bodies of policemen being employed to expel the servants of the poor from houses that were their legal property.

The expulsion of the teaching orders, it must be confessed, made but a fugitive impression on the mass of the people; it was craftily carried out, at intervals, with a semblance of legality that partially masked wholesale robbery and crying injustice. The "man in the street," absorbed by his daily struggle for life, and misinformed by his daily paper, paid little or no attention to a change whose evil effects on the children of to-day is now bitterly deplored by many parents among the people.

It was different with the "Little Sisters." They appeal to the workman's sympathy, and also to his interests; they exist only for the benefit of his family; their horizon is bounded by the busy "faubourg," where they flit to and fro, in their well-known black dress and veil, relieved by a white "guimpe," a combination that has earned for them the pretty name of "les petites Sœurs hirondelles."

Their Institute was founded a quarter of a century ago by a priest of the Order of the Assumption, Père Etienne Pernet, and their first General Superioress, Antoinette Fages, better known as "la Mère Marie de Jésus," was a workwoman with no money and poor health. She was, however, rich, not only in holiness, but in the natural gifts of tact, self-possession, generosity of heart and breadth of mind that make holiness attractive to the unholy.

The Sisters are literally the "general servants" of the poor. They go wherever they are wanted, except to the

rich, who could pay for their services. When the mother of a family is laid low by sickness, it is they who do the marketing, cook the dinner, wash and dress the children, see them safely off to school, sweep and tidy the rooms. Their Institute has developed with extraordinary rapidity; they have houses in all the big French towns, in England, Belgium, Rome, the United States and South America. Though vocations are plentiful and their noviciate is full to overflowing, demands for new foundations come in every day from all parts of the world, and must regretfully be put aside.

In Paris, their birthplace, and the home of their Mother House, the "little Sisters," as they are affectionately called, are extremely popular, and at the news of the Lyons expulsions the workmen, whose wives and children have been cared for by them, took fright. Most of these men are converts; the Sisters minister to the wants of the poor, regardless of their creed—indeed, they are accused of having a weakness for those to whose physical sufferings is added the bitterness born of unbelief. They never preach, but their cheerful devotion wins the hearts of the most virulent anarchist, and we may safely say that all the men in whose homes they have worked have ended by becoming their friends.

In order that their converts' good dispositions may blossom into practical Catholicity, the Sisters have banded them together in "Brotherhoods" or "Fraternités," which meet twice a month for Mass and instruction in the Convent chapel.

The Paris workman, taken at his best, is quick-witted, receptive and generous, and when the news spread abroad that the Paris nuns were to have the same fate as their Lyons Sisters, the men of the "Fraternités" took the matter into their own hands.

They laid their plans with energy and intelligence and threw themselves heart and soul into the struggle. Placards were posted on the walls of the "faubourgs," petitions were circulated and promptly signed by thousands, deputies and Ministers were interviewed, and,

while an active campaign was being carried on, the threatened convents were watched day and night. Men to whom " time is money " put their own interests aside and, for the time being, lived only to defend the Sisters.

Those who had occasion to see the " Fraternités " of Grenelle, Puteaux and Levallois at work in October, 1911, will never forget the experience. The Mother House of the Sisters is at Grenelle; it is there that their founders are buried and their novices trained, and, from intelligence gathered at headquarters, the Grenelle " Brothers " were convinced that the expulsion of the two hundred inmates of the big white building might take place any day. Day after day, at five in the morning, at midday, in the evening, a group of workmen selected by the " Fraternité " came to see if all was safe and, if they had reason to fear a surprise, they remained on the spot, regardless of their personal loss. An ingenious system was organized by which, if the police came unawares, the alarm might be given, and from the different quarters of Paris the Sisters' humble friends would have promptly mustered to their assistance. In the evening, when their day's work was over, the " Brothers " organized public meetings, where the question of the Sisters' expulsion was put before a democratic audience by democratic orators. Some of these meetings were picturesque enough, and humorous incidents were not wanting. They generally took place in the ballroom of a friendly " Marchand de vin," the people present were workmen or small tradespeople, bare-headed women and children, with a proper sprinkling of anti-clericals. The organizers of meetings showed their good sense by treating the question from the standpoint of liberty and justice; its religious side was only incidentally alluded to. A gift of expression in clear and convincing, if not eloquent, language seems almost a birthright of the Latin race, and these untrained orators, who came straight from their " ateliers " in their working clothes, promptly secured the attention and sympathy of a very mixed audience. They advocated the right of the citizens of a free country to choose their sick nurses, and

argued that the fact of the latter wearing a religious habit had no bearing on the matter in hand. The question was placed on a basis that appealed to all, and whether they were practical Catholics or not, the workmen present logically concluded that the expulsion of the nuns was an offence against justice and liberty.

The campaign led by the " Brothers " was backed by the Press, with the exception of one or two low-class journals, even Protestants and Jews joining in the protest. Nevertheless, it is to the temperate and energetic action of their workmen friends that the Sisters really owe their safety. A steady movement of agitation, within strict bounds of legality, was kept up by them all through the winter and spring, and over and over again the Ministers were called upon to read or to listen to the remonstrances of the " Brothers."

For the first time since the religious persecution began in France, the Government has shown signs of yielding to Catholic pressure, and the little Sisters have been informed, unofficially of course, that for the present they may consider themselves as safe.

Nevertheless, their well-wishers are as vigilant as ever. " We will not stop till our Sisters are completely saved," say the " Brothers," whose honour it is to have shown their countrymen how a body of disciplined and tenacious Catholics can influence an arbitrary and God-hating Government. Their object now is to secure the nuns' permanent safety by the adoption in the Chambers of a law that will put an end to any fear of the Lyons events being repeated in Paris. The undertaking is a difficult one, but the good offices of several leading deputies have been enlisted by the nuns' humble friends, and the matter will be brought before the Chambers within the next few months.

It would be childish to conclude that sceptical and irreligious France is on the point of being converted wholesale by the Catholic Associations, whose story we have endeavoured to tell our English readers. But it is a fact that the excellent work of the A.C.J.F., of the

" Cheminots " and the " Fraternités " proves the existence of a new spirit of organization on the part of the French Catholics. They have learnt to put the interests of religion first and foremost, to band their forces against anti-clericalism and revolution instead of waging war against mere political adversaries, and to use methods that appeal to the spirit of the times in which they live. It is impossible that the religious and social work, carried out on these lines, should not slowly but surely influence the future of the country.

BARBARA DE COURSON

EMANCIPATION

The Eve of Catholic Emancipation. By Mgr Bernard Ward, President of St Edmund's College. Vol. III, 1820–1829. London: Longmans and Co.

Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By W. E. H. Lecky. Popular edition. London: Longmans and Co.

The Bishops as Legislators. By Joseph Clayton. London: Fifield.

WHEN Mgr Ward's concluding volume opens, the "Catholic Question," as all men described it in days before Anglicans prided themselves on being also Catholics, had fallen into the background of political interest. There was a new King, George IV, once pledged by the Whigs to the cause of Emancipation, now, though longing to be popular in Ireland, feebly reiterating his father's conscientious objections to any measure that would weaken the Church by law established. Grattan, the stainless patriot, foremost of Irish leaders in his generation, had passed away on the night of June 4, 1820; and his tomb in Westminster Abbey might have seemed the last resting-place of Irish national hopes. Milner, reduced to silence outside the Midland district, and stalemated, so to speak, by the Genoese Letter in which the Veto was neither approved nor condemned absolutely, could only thwart a bad Bill on its appearance, and chew the cud of a life-long resentment to Charles Butler. The Bill of 1813, brought forward by Canning and Castlereagh, which the great fighter had overthrown, still blocked legislation with its ruins. O'Connell himself, despairing of a frontal attack on religious disabilities, had turned his attention to the reform of Parliament, and was meditating an alliance with English Radicals for that object. In sum, the quarrel over the Veto (which implicitly carried with it endowment of our bishops and clergy) was destined to keep back Emancipation for a solid twenty years.

But now, in 1821, the stage is cleared, the old actors are making their exit, and a single figure occupies the scene—Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator. Without him,

the play had proved to be a fiasco, the curtain would have been rung down on this Catholic tragi-comedy amid a storm of hisses and cheers from Protestant England. If he triumphed over Peel, Wellington, George IV, and the House of Commons, it was not by the help or counsel of any London coterie. On this side of St George's Channel the movement, always hampered by ancient Cisalpine influences and the controversies which they brought forth, had sunk to an academic petitioning, as futile as it was regular. Agitation, among so small a remnant, exhausted by its own disputes, with Milner as an Achilles sulking in his tent, and no democratic elements out of doors, could not be attempted. Such is the true description of English Catholic efforts to win political privileges down to the year 1820. Neither franchise nor entrance into the House of Lords or the House of Commons had been won. The means and instruments whereby to achieve these ends simply did not exist in London or in Lancashire. And thus, if Mgr Ward proposed to himself the writing of history, as made by Catholics in England between 1820 and 1829, it must have been purely domestic. For with any larger business, with foreign affairs, or the rise and fall of administrations, with the Holy Alliance, the Congress of Verona, the War of Liberation in South America, the national uprisings on the Continent, or the events that were to bring in the Three Days of July, 1830, and to cast out the Bourbons from France, they had no concern.

Yet their special interests were important, and deserve mention in a family chronicle. It is well that we should know under what circumstances the English College at Rome was restored; how Cardinal Wiseman began his illustrious career; for what reasons Dr Poynter delayed to recognize the Jesuits, as such, in this country, though Milner and the Irish Bishops did so at the earliest possible moment; by how shameful a piece of chicanery English judges robbed seculars and Benedictines of their compensation for old Catholic properties at Douay lost in the French Revolution. Such memorials of the past

can never, without a certain breach of continuity, be overlooked. The present narrative, calm, full, and well-balanced, gives us all that we may desire to learn about chapters now closed of strife and misunderstanding. The English College in Rome has survived; Stonyhurst is a great name; Douay itself, plundered a second time in our own day, has been transplanted to Berkshire, and refuses the death-stroke aimed at it by French infidel enactments. We ought to be conversant with all these things. But Emancipation takes us into the wide world of changes on a scale international, reaching on towards the future of peoples and empires. It has the significance of revolutions like that which scored its first victory in the Reform Bill of 1832, and which culminated when the Parliament Act was carried through the House of Lords a couple of years ago. Nay, it would be correct enough to define Emancipation as itself the necessary prelude to the Bill of 1832; and, in principle, as the beginning of concessions really democratical, by which the old Whig settlement in politics, and the old Tory alliance of Church and State, were both shattered.

This new and dangerous force it was—suspected rather than fully recognized—that flung all parties out of their bearings. The Holy See, thanks to Consalvi and Castlereagh, had come to be almost an ally of the British Government. Consalvi left the Jesuits without the status of regulars in this country, because that Government had not given them licence to exist. An endowed clergy, and bishops virtually appointed by the Prime Minister, did not appear in Rome under the lurid lights with which they dawned on Milner's imagination. The new Archbishop of Armagh, Dr Curtis, owed his dignity to the Duke of Wellington, who had known him as Rector of the Irish College at Salamanca during the Peninsular War. Tories of the high school to which Keble would soon furnish a voice and an inspiration might have granted some political enfranchisement to Catholics; but they shrank from doing so, lest Whig principles should lay waste the Constitution. In other words, they construed

a movement which was in effect hostile to Whiggism as though merely its offspring. For the genuine Whig never becomes a democrat, witness Macaulay and those who took him for their oracle. And " the rescue of our Roman Catholic brethren from the Puritanic yoke," said Disraeli, long afterwards, was one of the chief elements in the Pitt system.

Again, the anti-Jacobin who had formerly satirized French ideas—of course, we mean Canning—while he was now liberal enough to support a Catholic Relief Bill session after session, joined in putting down by an *ex post facto* law the Catholic Association in 1825. He did not understand that free companies which agitate, which discuss, and which act over the surface of society at large, do but exemplify the democratic methods apart from which an extensive suffrage cannot be guided as it demands. And what of the disheartened English Catholics? They were painfully learning to be Whigs, in a period when this transitory form of political wisdom, lapsing down to the middle class, had many years of administration allotted to it; nevertheless, whatever its good fortune, its doom had been spoken, and from the same quarter in which Tories held it most secure. Ireland was to be the continual innovator of the nineteenth century; but Ireland—the nation as distinct from a party—has never been Whig in sentiment, and only by constraint in practice. O'Connell's treaties and votings with Whig magnates were dictated by expedience. His denunciations of them were not less sincere than they were intemperate. For his religion, his chivalrous loyalty, his attachment to the soil and the clan (in which all Irish Catholics shared), must have kept him ever from the oligarchic and frigid doctrines which historically denote the school of Locke and the Revolution of 1689. Mr Lecky, with much acuteness, called attention in his brilliant sketch to the " old-world Toryism " of the O'Connells and other Catholic squires who owned Irish estates. Their ideas, he says quite justly, were those of the *ancien régime*. They were among the least Jacobin of living mortals

Emancipation

Looking back, we shall find that Emancipation was not due to these "sporting and smuggling" squires, but to the small Irish tenants known as "forty shilling freeholders," who, since the enfranchisement Act of 1793, passed by the native Legislature, could not fail to be Catholics by an overpowering majority. Of what spirit they were had been shown as early as 1808, the year which, according to Lecky, divides the democratic movement of the Irish race from the "old Whigs" represented by Grattan. In that year the Bishops, under popular stress, rejected the Veto. We may accept Milner's account of the situation. "The common people in Ireland," he wrote on November 27, 1808, to Bishop Collingridge, "are *mad* on the subject. They consider the matter in a political view, and are determined to have a something, be it what it may, which has no connexion with the hated English. The Bishops have been forced to yield to their prejudices." Milner yielded too, as we have already seen. His fierce resistance to the so-called "safeguards," which Canning introduced and Grattan welcomed in the Bill of 1813, wrecked that measure. The "democrats of Ireland," as Milner scornfully names them, were a disorganized but irresistible crowd, waiting for the magic voice and touch of O'Connell to give them a shape which, under many vicissitudes, has determined all subsequent political progress in the Three Kingdoms. O'Connell became "the Agitator," first and greatest of "tribunes of the people," an "uncrowned king," whose power challenged the authorities of the State to a fall. His "Catholic Rent" furnished an example to the Anti-Corn Law League. His "monster meetings" were imitated by the Chartists. When he professed to "drive a coach and six" through "Algerine Acts" which stupidly played into his hands—the hands of a lawyer, the most ingenious that ever practised at the Four Courts of Dublin—he showed to Trades Unions and even Social Democrats a way to defeat the Government without breaking the peace.

But most significant of all that O'Connell did was

perhaps this: he made the National movement Catholic. He reversed the saying of Swift, which recorded with contempt the impotence of those millions who lay silent under confiscation, bereft by exile of their leaders, at the mercy of a Penal Code, "much worse," observes Matthew Arnold, "than Louis XIV's treatment of French Protestantism; much worse, even, than the planters' treatment of their slaves, and yet maintained without scruple by our religious people." Before 1798 the North led, and Belfast exulted in its defence of freedom. Now came the day of the South. O'Connell, "Kerry's pride and Munster's glory," took the place left vacant by Wolfe Tone. The Catholic voter succeeded where the Presbyterian republican had failed. But while "the whole body of Catholic gentry"—the peers, the merchants, the professional men—"cordially accepted the Veto," not so the small tenants, who were by and by to win the fateful elections of Waterford and Clare. Once, long after these times, when O'Connell was known in every quarter of the globe, a German postilion described him as "the man that discovered Ireland." Never was a truer word spoken. But the Ireland discovered by this political Columbus lay in a New World. Its people were peasants; its chieftains were the clergy; its whole social fabric stood in need of reconstruction from basement to roof. Its native Parliament had been bribed out of existence. The Parliament at Westminster was a foreign power, detesting equally the names of Irishman and Catholic, good only to pass Coercion Acts at the bidding of a masterful Irish Secretary. That a revolution was inevitable might be deduced from the "absentee aristocracy, alien Church," and weak, yet violent executive, pictured by Disraeli when it suited him to say exactly what he saw of this problem, now more than six centuries old. The Government did not resolve it; neither did the landlords; still less the Established clergy. From first to last, the "common people" whom Milner denounced as "mad" furnished that motive power employed by "organizers of victory"

so unlike as O'Connell, Parnell, and Redmond, of which the outcome is visible in Catholic Emancipation, the Disestablishment of the alien church, a multitude of Agrarian Laws, the Land Purchase Acts, the National University, and the present position of Home Rule.

This new Ireland did not, however, know itself for many years. It slept, or woke to wild deeds of outrage, calling forth Arms Acts, Peace Preservation Acts, Insurrection Acts, suspension of *Habeas Corpus*—all the customary provocatives to disorder which Dublin Castle had laid up in its strong room. There were always, in the words of Sir Henry Parnell, "six million discontented Irish"; for the governors were not more happy than the governed. Resistance to "process of law," said the Marquis Wellesley at the beginning of 1822, was rampant throughout the four Provinces; and "during the preceding thirty-one years no less than twenty-six had been years of actual insurrection or disturbance." Let us remark also that Government looked on indolently while tithes, high rents, evictions, were producing this "chronic lawlessness," except when Acts had been passed to "cheapen and facilitate" methods of distress, or to distrain on the growing crops—as who should say, to take the flesh and blood of unlucky farmers instead of money owing. Population had rapidly increased since the Union; but means of subsistence had not kept up with it. Between the Peace which followed Waterloo and the great series of famines after 1840, the wretchedness of the Irish poor was without a parallel in Europe, and almost without a remedy.

What then, it may be asked, did O'Connell effect? He was a politician rather than a political economist; the chief contribution which he made to agrarian reform, by striking off two-fifths of the tithes, was an amendment to the unsuccessful Bill of 1834. In his speech on the Poor Law in 1837 he denounced absentee landlords, recommended emigration to Canada by State aid, and pleaded for expenditure on useful public works. These would have all been measures of benefit to a

congested and poverty-stricken people; but the land-tenure which had arisen by confiscation, and thus created a pauper Catholic serfdom, was to remain intact. The condition, said O'Connell, of the agricultural labourers was appalling; for nearly six hundred thousand families that did not own an inch of land were in a state of absolute destitution. We may well repeat our inquiry, what did Catholic Emancipation do for these myriads?

It did this, we answer. It brought into the British Constitution representatives of the disinherited nation, thereby making possible, by means not so violent as they must otherwise have proved, the transfer of the soil of Ireland to those who tilled it. Again, it led slowly but surely to the downfall of a mere Protestant ascendancy which had arrogated to itself government, law, magistracy, culture, and social rank. While such barriers divided the upper from the lower classes, civilization was brought to a standstill, and a miserable chronic form of Jacquerie became indigenous to the island. Burke has observed on the want of human intercourse which prevailed in his time between the Protestant gentry and their Catholic tenants. When the clergy had taken on themselves many of the duties that resident proprietors ought to have discharged, loud outcries were heard as of some frightful usurpation. Goulburn, a terrified official, describes " how they rule the mob, the gentry, and the magistracy; how they impede the administration of justice." They became a strong power in the land; but it was O'Connell who employed them as his captains of hundreds in the forward movement that wrested Emancipation from the reluctant Peel and the Iron Duke. At length a combination had been discovered by which the whole Catholic forces of Ireland, bating a few peers and landlords, could be flung against the Ascendancy. In 1798 there had broken out, under intolerable oppression, a Servile War, which was ruthlessly put down. O'Connell spoke of that rebellion with contempt and horror. He had nothing in him of the military firebrand. He detested war. He was devotedly

loyal to the House of Brunswick. He loathed secret societies, Ribbonmen not less than Orangemen. He believed, as well he might, in the power of the word as it flowed from his lips to accomplish far more than a universal uprising of the unarmed and undisciplined peasantry could ever have done The Irish Celt was now to break a way, by moral pressure, into the Imperial Parliament, there to hold the balance of parties, to decide the battle of reform, to win over, in due course, Gladstone, the Liberals, and even the Conservatives who granted Land Purchase; nay, to wring from the House of Lords its absolute Veto, and thus to inflict on the Constitution a change almost as great as if the Monarchy were abolished. So much did Emancipation mean.

The thing was done in about five years, reckoning from the revival of the Catholic Question in 1821 to the revolt in 1826 of the forty shilling freeholders against their landlords in Waterford and elsewhere. Readers will follow the story which is told in Mgr Ward's pages, with interest as looking on at a great national drama, but also with sympathy foi men long held down who conquered by refusing to be driven into rebellion, and by the most determined self-control. It would be difficult to name an earlier instance of moral suasion, exercised on so wide a surface and leading to such permanent consequences.

O'Connell had lighted upon the true secret of democracy, public discussion, peaceful combination; and his name ever since has been great among Catholics abroad, seldom as they have taken example by him. But, undoubtedly, the perfect adaptation of the man to people and circumstances marked him as unique. When he set up the Catholic Association in 1823, no other public person stood out before Ireland in such bold relief. His very appearance bespoke the national hero. His victories at the bar, his browbeating of the judges, his boundless activity, his wit and humour, his kindly ways and sporting tastes, his duel with D'Esterre, his piety and his remorse,

all made of him the Celt idealized under traits the most picturesque and taking. And then consider his eloquence, which played upon all the tones of a captivating voice and could arrest, even when it failed to persuade, every sort of hearer with a versatility like that of Garrick on the stage; its calculated effects being compassed in a manner so seemingly impromptu as to disarm suspicion. At home he reigned without a competitor. In the House of Commons, later on, he was acknowledged by severe and hostile critics to have exercised a commanding influence, though he could not carry Repeal. With a popular audience—and O'Connell had the most numerous ever collected round a single man—he was irresistible.

His plan of campaign during those years had a peculiar character, baffling to Dublin Castle, and still more to English statesmen, while not always understood, then or since, by his warm admirers. He never shrank from violence of language, so long as it did not expose him to reprisals at law. He kept the people mobilized all over Ireland by means of the Association, got from them a vast Rent, which defrayed the charges of the movement, brought them under such discipline that they settled their disputes out of court, and drilled them into marching companies, as if he intended revolution by force of arms, should Emancipation be further delayed. But he knew, and they knew, that these threatening appearances were merely what diplomacy calls a "demonstration." O'Connell was looking sharp to any sound bargain he could strike with the Government. He was ready to pay the price. Hating the Veto, nevertheless he allowed it in Sir F. Burdett's Bill of 1825. He would not resist State payment of the clergy—that favourite idea of well-meaning Erastians, from Castlereagh to Lecky and Matthew Arnold. With a groan he consented to disfranchise the forty shilling freeholders when their work was done. Accordingly, men have reproached him as inconsistent and a time-server. But he probably foresaw how these things would turn out—restrictions on the clergy a dead letter; State salaries impossible

where, as in Catholic Ireland, the people wanted a priesthood of their own spirit, which was the only one they would tolerate; the franchise left still wide enough to send a strong body of emancipated members into Parliament. English Catholics were arguing somewhat like pedants over phrases—the "civil sword" of the King borrowed by old Cisalpines from the Thirty-nine Articles, repudiated by Milner; with "undivided allegiance," and the whole profitless jargon which had kept them wrangling since 1791. O'Connell studied the facts. No deep philosopher, but a shrewd statesman, he had caught sight of the new order of things which Carlyle, dating it from 1789, has termed "Part Three of human history." It was already there; on the strength of it a nation's leader could afford some concession to dying prejudices. The people would decide in their own favour, as they soon did.

In Parliament the well-trodden dreary path of obstruction to inevitable changes was pursued, with monotonous but dwindling vigour. King, Lords, and Commons needed conversion; it came about in the order to be expected—which reverses these august names. First, the Commons passed the eloquent Mr Plunkett's Bills in 1821; then the Lords threw out his proposals by 159 to 120. I mention these figures to bring forward a circumstance of the opposition encountered by Catholic claims all along, on which I think Mgr Ward has not dwelt—the part taken by Anglican Bishops. This we shall see compendiously related in Mr Joseph Clayton's valuable summaries of episcopal votings, called "The Bishops as Legislators." It is not an exhilarating record, for they seem to have thrown themselves in the way of every law that broke a chain, or lightened a burden, as well as of most that advocated social reform. To Catholic Emancipation they offered a strenuous resistance from 1808 onwards. In 1812, when a proposal to consider the question was made in the Lords and lost by one vote, nineteen Bishops voted against it. In 1816 a stronger "Resolution" was lost by 73 to 69;

five Bishops against it turned the scale. In 1819, the measure was defeated by 147 to 106; sixteen Bishops were among the majority. Now, in 1821, twenty-five Bishops against relief account for the effective force of 159 votes to 120. Next year, a Bill to readmit Catholic Peers (the oldest in England) to the Upper House, fell through, dismissed by 171 votes against 129, with eighteen Bishops on the negative side. In these divisions since 1808 only seven Anglican prelates, all told, were in favour of any change. The Bishop of London led the Opposition in 1821; while the Bishop of Chester held that Catholics were "already in possession of complete religious toleration." Mr Clayton illustrates by figures how the same policy of excluding Catholics from the common rights of citizens was followed on the part of Established Bishops down to 1867. If we consider their action in reference to the "Irish Church" and to Home Rule, we may form a pretty complete judgment of the motives by which these godly men were animated, as well as of the wisdom they showed in dealing with a Catholic people whom they could neither teach nor influence. Their blind opposition hurt no one so much as themselves.

On May 23, 1823, the Catholic Association first met in Dublin. Next month, Lord Nugent introduced Bills for "partial Emancipation," which the Commons accepted and the Peers flung out. A year later, the same things came to pass. Catholics were never to vote, or to hold office in English corporations, said the Lords; the Bishop of Bath and Wells trusting that exclusion would be enforced "as long as the dangerous tenets held by the Catholic Church remain unrepealed." In January, 1825, the Castle undertook to prosecute O'Connell for seditious language—he had praised the American Bolivar, and hinted that an Irish one might arise. The words involved no treason; they could not be attested; the Grand Jury threw out the indictment; and O'Connell was a martyr. Why do falling Governments make martyrs? Not many days elapsed before Goulburn, the incompetent Irish Secretary, brought in a Bill to put down the

Association, thereby proving that hitherto no law had condemned it. His measure, with large majorities in both Houses, became the law required. O'Connell dubbed it the "Algerine Act"—Algiers was the corsairs' den in those days, not yet French and civilized. He dissolved the former Catholic Union, invented another which did exactly as that had done, but in the name of charity "permitted by law," and with a well-devised scheme of popular petitions marched round and beyond Goulburn. Sir F. Burdett's Bill, with its undesirable "wings," flew through the Lower House, fell by a majority of 48 in the Upper, and lay dead, its wings broken by the fall. Twenty-three Bishops voted against it, two in its favour. The laymen of the House of Peers were manifestly nearing conversion, if not to the principles, yet to the policy which threw open the doors of Parliament before a crowd broke them in.

The crowd, as we saw, was waiting, now at length aware of its business, and equal to doing it. A general election took place at the end of July, 1826. That rapacious family of Beresford, whose leading member, "King John," had driven Lord Fitzwilliam from Dublin and balked Emancipation in 1793, held Waterford as their pocket-borough. It happened that a kinsman of the Duke of Devonshire (whose property included, and includes, Lismore) was put up in opposition to Lord George Beresford. The new candidate, Villiers Stuart, was friendly to Catholics. The contest began. O'Connell himself was nominated amid storms of enthusiasm. The forty shilling freeholders went over to Mr Stuart in multitudes. The clergy first hesitated, then encouraged the revolt; and four thousand troops, watching the scene for five days, made it as impressive as a national trial; on the fifth Lord George retired. The expulsion of Lord Fitzwilliam from the Vice-Royalty was at length avenged. But more. That which had fallen out in Waterford was repeated in the County Louth, in Westmeath and Monaghan. The popular wave threatened to become a deluge. Some evictions followed; but O'Connell, with

his "Order of Liberators" and "New Rent," gave protection to the tenants. Landlords felt his grip on their collar, and evictions ceased.

Again Sir F. Burdett raised the everlasting question, backed up by Canning, Brougham, and Plunkett, on March 5, 1827. Again he was met in the fray by Peel and Goulburn. In a House of 548, the majority which defeated him was only four. At the same moment Lord Liverpool, whom Disraeli has pilloried in *Coningsby*, calling him the "Arch Mediocrity" and the "statesmonger," who had "presided rather than ruled over" the Cabinets of the last fifteen years, was struck down by paralysis. Canning, of Anglo-Irish blood, a rhetorician who inherited the policy of Castlereagh, and who possessed the gentle art of making enemies, took the Premier's place, not without a struggle on George IV's part to shelve the Catholic difficulty. Peel and Wellington went into Opposition. "A painful and ambiguous passage" in the career of Sir Robert was to follow speedily. For Canning, left in the hands of his Whig allies, and greatly worried by these defections, died on August 8, 1827. Five months afterwards, in January, 1828, the Duke became Prime Minister; Peel led the Commons. Before February was out, Lord John Russell had carried the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—a victory for Dissenters. In May, by four votes, the motion of Sir F. Burdett, renewed annually, to appoint a Catholic Committee, went through. But nothing would have come of it except for a happy accident. Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, appointed to the Board of Trade, was compelled to seek re-election from his constituents in Clare. Thanks to an old piece of advice given by the veteran Catholic spokesman, Keogh, his friends persuaded O'Connell to stand. This loophole the Penal Laws had not stopped up. Scenes even more remarkable than at Waterford were enacted, under pouring rain, amid thirty thousand people who "bivouacked every night in the streets of Ennis," large military detachments looking on. Five days the contest lasted—days of open voting, clergy

to a man taking one side, gentry to a man taking the other But, as Vesey Fitzgerald wrote to Sir Robert, "all the great interests broke down, and the desertion has been universal." The Liberator, now fully deserving his name, was elected on July 5 by more than two to one. He polled 1,075 votes over the beaten candidate. That which Clare did yesterday, Ireland could, and would, do to-morrow— "a prospect tremendous indeed!" said Peel. Much more we will add, than he dreamt of. Four years previous to the moderate Reform Bill of 1832, an Irish democratic vote, created by the landlords themselves, had driven all before it. Never, until the enlarged franchise in 1885 sent an army of Home Rulers into Parliament and split up the Liberal Party, was a revolution so momentous beheld at the Irish polls. We have come, in Mgr Ward's language, to the eve of Emancipation.

Milner, obstinate, irreconcilable, and heroic, did not survive until that day. His life which, like a soldier's, "was all a battle and a march," had come to a tranquil end on April 19, 1826. Dr Poynter, who would not seem to praise where his judgment called for blame, wisely declined to preach the funeral sermon; and he too, on November 26, 1827, was called home. English Catholics, as the long drama moved forward to its last scene, became spectators, interested but passive, where they could do so little to hasten the crowning event. O'Connell himself stood aside until England, by the lips of Peel and the Duke, announced its decision. The Duke had never understood Ireland, or Democracy, or the Catholic Church. All he could grasp of O'Connell's moral sovereignty over the people was that it looked like revolution, as revolution had appeared to him on the Continent. But he was always the "votary of circumstances," and he thought the alternative to granting the Catholic claims would be civil war. He preferred to grant them. Peel, who now made his celebrated awkward turn at the last moment, was more deeply stirred by the apprehension of classes permanently opposed to one another, "the agitator and the priest laughing to scorn the

baffled landlord,"—in short, of a social chaos. And coercion, for the time being, was a spiked cannon. The Duke and the statesman surrendered to the forty shilling freeholder.

But they surrendered ungraciously, so as to please the King; and the famous measure which received the royal assent on April 13, 1829, reads as though a Bill of pains and penalties. It did not contain the Veto nor propose any State endowment. Whatever concessions it made to the laity, says Mgr Ward, it made worse than none to the clergy. Catholic marriages had still to be celebrated before Protestant ministers. Our soldiers and sailors were left without chaplains. Our religious orders were put under severe restrictions; and "any Jesuit or other religious who should in future enter the country should be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour and banished." Our charities, which meant all ecclesiastical property, might any day be confiscated, as that of the English colleges at Douay had been, under the statutes against "superstitious uses." I break off a catalogue which ran to portentous length, happily in vain. But George IV could never forgive O'Connell. To satisfy him, the victorious tribune, appearing in the House of Commons to take his seat, was offered the old false and insulting oath of abjuration. His refusal made a grand, well-staged *finale*, with universal applause, amid the thunders of which a new Catholic era began for these Islands. Tory Peel had given Emancipation. Tory Oxford was soon to commence a Tractarian Movement, which would turn towards Rome and end in the Sacred College.

The past, said Newman, when he preached at Oscott on the "second spring," never returns. But Challoner had his vision of a "new people" who are here, and whose pious duty it should be to remember the past with tender gratitude. Not many years ago there was danger of oblivion creeping over the Catholic records, blotting out once venerable names. We owe it to St Edmund's College now, in particular, to Dr Burton,

Emancipation

Mgr Ward, and their faithful helpers (among them Mr Albert Purdie and Mr Alfred Herbert), that these touching memories have been revived. The task is worthily fulfilled, "metasque dati pervenit ad ævi." From Challoner to Wiseman the canvas holds a picturesque and varied succession of scenes, rendered with historic truth, vividly, yet in a certain gracious calm, itself due to the judgment and large outlook of the writers. They, too, are emancipated from partisan strifes, dead and gone controversies, quarrels between good men, passing interests—the dust and the clamour that once hung round a persecuted remnant who did not know how to keep the peace among themselves. History is both more and less than an epitaph. It tells the ancient tale as indeed it happened, but with feeling and with hope. I congratulate Mgr Ward on his *Opus Magnum*. It will be read widely, and by Catholic generations yet to come.

WILLIAM BARRY

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

EVERYBODY knows that we are in the midst of a poetical renaissance. Twenty years ago who sought or found any but Laureate's verse in a quarterly or a monthly? Nowadays a poem sends a serious Review into a second edition. Volumes by new poets pour from a dozen presses, hailed by rather bewildered applauses, but apparently finding a market. The editor of *Georgian Poetry* (1911–12, the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. Price 3s. 6d.) will earn the thanks of future literary historians for the interesting volume which he presents. His narrow search-light illumines a somewhat capriciously chosen field.

"Every reader," he says, "will notice the absence of poets whose work would be a necessary ornament of any anthology not limited by a definite aim. Two years ago some of the writers represented had published nothing; and only a very few of the others were known except to the eagerest 'watchers of the skies.' Those few are here because within the chosen period their work seemed to have gained some accession of power."

Seventeen writers are comprised, of various schools and of unequal merit. But, what with promise and what with achievement, a critic can hardly avoid pronouncing the conclusion that it is nearly a century since a book, made on this plan, could have revealed such a body of good verse. And, considering how many already honoured names are excluded, one is astonished at the poetical riches of our time. Read the mass of doggerel which encumbers Sir A. Quiller Couch's *Victorian Anthology*, stuff which would not now get printed anywhere but in the columns of a local "daily," and contrast *that* with the almost uniform excellence of form in this book. The silly revolt against careful workmanship and the *labor*

limæ is dead. Of the great Victorians we now begin to discern which are living influences in the tradition of the art: not Tennyson, much less Browning, but Fitzgerald, Meredith, Patmore and Bridges—to which last master the volume is appropriately dedicated. Some, like Masefield, throw back to Crabbe and John Clare; others, like Mr Monro, are in the pure lineage of Shelley; but for nearly all, the Victorian age, shoddy in thought and style, is as though it had never been. Swinburne and Mr Kipling have taught them what to avoid. Of our seventeen Mr Lascelles Abercrombie is far the most important: his serious place is now assured; most of the novelties in his metric approve themselves on a second reading, and with an almost faultless ear he expresses deep and powerful thoughts in Æschylean gorgeousness of dramatic imagery. After *The Sale of St Thomas* nothing of his must be missed. Only a long and full review could cope with seventeen singing birds in one pie. Mr Davies and Mr Rupert Brooke (whose virtuosity is a little disquieting) deserve special mention. Mr Sturge Moore is a disappointment: he has dreary, unmusical lines and mechanical lilts; his idyll is lengthy and vague, and here, as in all his latter volumes, one misses the solid classical splendour of his early masterpiece, the *Vinedresser*. The spirit of almost all these poets is conspicuously pagan, Dionysiac, lyrical of the happy human animal and his earth; it is racy in Mr Gibson, rather brutishly crude in Mr Lawrence. Mr James Stephens shows a Christian imagination, but his audacities of Divine characterization sometimes fall from the sublime into braggadocio. Mr G. K. Chesterton puts in a merely formal appearance in the book.

To come to Mr Charles Williams' *Silver Stair* (Herbert and Daniel, price 3s. 6d.) is to pass into an atmosphere of wise, deliberate serenity and hear very noble voices. His execution is faultless, his frugality quietly shames the riot of some of the "Georgians"; he realizes perfect freedom of expression without a trace of rebellion or lawlessness: a poet after Patmore's own heart, who ran the truths

of Thomist theology into such gravely melodious forms of iambic ode. The *Silver Stair* is a sequence of eighty-two metaphysical love-sonnets, in a manner which may be called neo-Petrarchian. If the thought does not always escape obscurity, it is never the obscurity of a perverse or imperfectly skilled pen; but a deep and abstract matter is so treated here in allegory and symbol that the ideas are neither forced into a violent simplicity nor buried in overgrowth of pictorial effect. All is very sweet and sober, alike in eloquence and reticence. Some may complain that these are statues carved in ice, and I confess Mr Williams is too severe for my liking—but not for my admiration—until he gets into his Third Part. These last fifteen are not only richer and warmer in colour; they achieve a far more difficult success inasmuch as, regarding the several sonnets as stanzas, we feel the collective poem soar in a crescendo, after Dante's fashion, surely and without hesitation. However, a specimen will do more to commend the great merit of this new poet than many phrases of criticism; it shall be the seventy-fourth, entitled *The Passion of Love.—The Lover hears of her in the Place of the Slaying of Love.*

> In many places had we sought for her;
> That by her grace we might entreat the Son
> For all foul evils thought of Him and done,
> Whose praise men told us in the days that were.
> The priests that in her service minister,
> The messengers that on her errands run,
> Knew not her biding-place; nor any one
> Of those whom she to honour doth prefer.
>
> We asked of peasants, but they mocked our speech:
> Of kings, but they had made themselves a law;
> Of sages, but they bade our hearts be still.
> We did the hucksters of the town beseech:
> " One such as ye desire," quoth they, " we saw
> But now, with other women, on a hill."

Richard Middleton, dying young, commanded the enthusiasm of his friends, who have published his *Poems*

and Songs (second series, with a preface by Henry Savage. Fisher Unwin, 1912. Price 5s. net) and another volume of verse, and also two of prose. He is sometimes musical (notably in "Pan") often picturesque; but, on the whole, the result is not first-rate. The thought is mainly a poor sentimentality; there is not the directness of love and hate which makes the self-pity motive poignantly lyrical in Catullus. Behind most of this one sees the dilettantism and the indolence of Rossetti and Wilde. And yet much less accomplished verse than this would have gained for its author a great name, as a minor poet, not so many years ago.

"But since he died, and poets better prove" . . . his friends are quite right to finish the quotation.

J. S. P.

THERE are features in the programme of the *Constructive Quarterly Review* (George H. Doran: New York, and Oxford University Press) of which we have just received the first number, which make it specially welcome to Catholics. We are tired of schemes for union among Christians which simply ignore what are to us patent facts in ecclesiastical history. Our forefathers in the Faith suffered and died in scores for their allegiance to the Catholic Church as it was conceived by their fathers. The careers of generations of English Catholics were wrecked for the same cause. Schemes of reunion which imply that this was all due to a mistake and a misunderstanding—that the persecutors and persecuted were really agreed in essentials and belonged to the same Church—have in them something unreal and almost provocative. Some of us are tempted to say hard things in reply to such a suggestion. We are tempted to say that those who sold their birthright now want to claim it again after spending its price; that they have not even the generosity to own to the saintly heroism of those who fell in the long battle, but depict them as Don Quixotes. The *Constructive Quarterly* enters its silent protest against all such want of candour. Its leading note is absolute frankness. It is a

forum in which all Christians are to meet and state their case quite fully. The cause for which tears and blood have been shed for generations would in its pages be stated by those to whom it is sacred. Their opponents are not allowed to travesty it or belittle it. And if many religious differences (as we believe) are in reality far less operative now than they once were, that fact will be discovered, not by ignoring them, but by stating them quite explicitly. Then on a common basis, recognized by all as real and not imaginary, Christians may hope for some union against the forces that are now undermining the Faith and morality of the Gospels and threatening the whole stability of modern civilization.

The Editor writes as follows:

It is not neutral territory that is sought, where courtesy and diplomacy would naturally tend to avoid issues and to round off the sharp edges of truth and conviction, but rather common ground, where loyalty to Christ and to convictions about Him and His Church will be secure from the tendency to mere compromise or to superficial and artificial comprehension. The purpose is to create an atmosphere of mutual confidence, of mutual knowledge, of mutual desire for fellowship. In such an atmosphere it should be easier to believe in others at their best, without minimizing the real causes of separation.

. . . . . .

Von Moltke's motto, "March apart, Strike together!" was the key to all his strategy. The great field-marshal used the initiative and individuality of men and armies in order to secure unity of impact. Must the forces of Christianity always strike separately against the enemies of humanity? Is it not possible to lay the foundations for a greater unity by combining against the foes that threaten the very citadels of the home and society? When once the Christian Churches mean to understand, and devote their life to understanding, one another in Christ and His Church they will strike together with a scope and a power that no military symbol could ever express.

. . . . . .

The *Quarterly* has no scheme for propagating a system for the unity of Christian Churches. It will therefore have no editorial pronouncements. It offers itself rather as a forum where the

isolated Churches of Christendom may reintroduce themselves to one another through the things that they themselves positively hold to be vital to Christianity.

The first number of the new quarterly arrives just as we are going to press; we can therefore do little more than give it a welcome. Its representative character is shown on the very title-page. We find among the contributors a Jesuit and an Archbishop of the Russian Church; the English, French, German and American Universities are represented; and we are particularly glad to find on the list a biblical scholar with the fine open temper of rational conservatism which marks Professor Sanday; while American biblical scholarship is worthily represented by Dr Shailer Mathews. Of M. Georges Goyau's valuable article on "The Church of France To-day," we hope to make use in a future number. We welcome, too, the article by Mr Henderson on "Religion and Labour," though we think that in regarding Christ's teaching as democratic he reads the Gospels with only one eye.

W. W.

A QUAINT little book, written long ago, decried the miracles of Apollonius of Tyana, of Dominic, Francis and Loyola, for the greater glory of those related in the Gospels. Mr J. M. Robertson repeats opinions upon those related of Apollonius in order to find a parallel, and even a literary origin, for those told of Christ. Theosophists to-day display respect for both groups of *mire facta*, because they rank both Apollonius and Christ among the Great Initiates, and the editor of the *Quest* once wrote a whole book upon the Tyanean mage with this premiss in his mind. And a number of early, though not the earliest, Christian writers give a kind of annoyed attention to Apollonius, who became (quite undeservedly) a "rallying symbol in the struggle" between the Christian Church and pagan imperialistic Syncretism. A little later, and he can be called "a pawn in the game of the world's great controversy," and again, "a stage

property in the heathen appeal to imagination." We have quoted these phrases from Professor J. S. Phillimore's *Philostratus in Honour of Apollonius of Tyana* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912; 2 vols., pp. cxxviii, 141; 296. 7s. net), a title which he justifies on pp. xvi, xvii, thereby accomplishing a considerable portion, in reality, of his task. For it is of the first importance, in this case, to know what Philostratus (from whom we know practically all we do know of Apollonius) meant his book to be. Professor Phillimore exactly circumscribes its scope. It gives us the "literary, not the legendary, Apollonius." Even less, of course, the historical. Still, "it is Philostratus, not the vague workings of popular fancy, who has obscured and abolished the historical Apollonius for us." Τὰ εἰς Ἀπολλώνιον is a Romance: "ex professo it is not a biography"; "an Aretology, if you like, a glorification." "The longer I have habituated my eye to the owlet lights in which those strange and distant scenes and persons allow themselves to be dimly evoked, the more convinced I am that the true formula for Philostratus' book is a romance about a true person" (p. xxxii). Clearly there are here three main topics for discussion. The public for whom Philostratus' book was intended; the character of Philostratus himself; and, only to be gauged after a solution of these two problems, the character of Apollonius. We have already quoted sufficient to suggest in how unusually brilliant a style Professor Phillimore addresses himself to these and to his subordinate tasks. Chapter II of his Introduction (which is a remarkable and independently valuable feature in this charming series of translations) discusses the family record of the author: the longer Chapter IV deals with his personality and his times—he is almost exactly, Professor Phillimore considers, Origen's contemporary, a generation junior to Tertullian, and about fifteen years senior to St Cyprian (p. lx). A vivid picture is given us of the Syrianized Roman court (though Professor Toutain has warned us, we think, against any too systematic an application, in M. Cumont's wake, of the "Syrian"

category to the first half of the third century Empire), and especially of Julia Domna, mother of Septimius Severus, *la philosophe*, patroness of Philostratus. She employed him "to put the new craze in such a literary light" as should appeal to Caracalla, in whom on her own account she had probably lit up a "devotion" to Apollonius. Her salon is compared to those of Renaissance princesses: her Sophists, and their works, to those of the "great Latin stylists on diplomatic errands to Pope or King or Emperor." "See," she will have said to the *feuilletoniste* (as Kayser, I think, calls Philostratus), "what you can make of the Cappadocian mage, who combined all the lore of Greece, Egypt and India. Show us the true philosopher, the traveller, the seer, the mystic, the reformer, the second Pythagoras, the god on earth." Professor Phillimore describes with extraordinary verve the Sophist's methods: we cannot detail them here; Photius himself saw through them, and even, more or less where Philostratus was *tendancieux*. Both the positive and the negative "tendencies" in him are carefully disentangled —what he had to include, and what exclude, the latter being, in the main, Christianity, which it was "bad form" to mention. It suffered a literary and social boycott. You might pilfer from its books yet not attack them. You ignored its adepts as being beyond the pale (theirs was the religion of the scullery, as we have heard Catholicism called by "really nice" Protestants in Ireland). Philostratus, who is at once "a pedant whose chief care is lest he be not taken for a man of the world, and a *cabotin* pluming himself on ethical popularizations delivered to the 'best circles,'" shows his culture by a syncretistic creed, and consequently by tolerance to all that might be 'syncretized.' Alone the Christians held rigidly aloof, and would not 'play the game.' (We should hesitate to emphasize any *disciplina arcani*.) John Ayscough's recent novel, *Faustula*, dealt with a rather later phase of dying paganism: but there, as here, the analogies between the religious aspect of that period (and, frankly, it is that aspect which has made Philostratus so

permanently interesting) and our own are simply thrust upon us. "The ignoble welter of modern variations recognizes its own forecast image in those times. All the principal heresies of the early period are now thriving again: nothing of them is unpopular but the names. We have our Gnostics, our Montanists. And, above all, we have a modern Syncretism which corresponds to those courtly polygamies of the soul, with which Græco-Levantine influences attempted to debauch Europe. Apollonius would be a nine-days' wonder in modern Paris: in London or Boston he would almost certainly succeed in starting a very fashionable religious movement" (p. iii).

Then, as now, "the issue is seldom tried squarely." Not "logical debate," but "a competition of glamours," is to challenge Christianity.

And now, as then, one Society holds itself intransigeantly separate.

We have no room to give examples of the delightfully crisp, modern, yet faithful translation. We should be grateful for more work precisely on this strange period of transition. C. C. M.

"'Ittle dog," said the pre-Achæan baby, in pre-Achæan. That the clay quadruped was painted mustard yellow and scarlet, had a head like a horse and a tail like a turkey, and wore the characteristic pre-Achæan grin, mattered nothing at all to the baby.

"'Ittle dog," he repeated, and threw it vigorously on the pavement where it broke.

In every story of this book (*In God's Nursery*, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net) there are children. Good babies and naughty babies; pagan and Christian babies; babies from Egypt, Rome and Putney. And three and a half millenniums, and leagues upon leagues of land and water cannot make them strangers to us. This poor little pre-Achæan man, whose death was indirectly caused by his yellow dog, and who was buried with it by his side, as he sat on a pebble mat in

the royal tomb-chamber, " head sunk on chest, hands on the earth, knees drawn up, and back propped with clay cushions," was the same child as his twentieth century successor, Muriel, with her prim governess. Other children come in too. The children in intellect and in faith, who are in nature strikingly like to the children in age; and they all innocently teach us a lesson. We see the road towards which their unformed ideas and simple impulses lead them. The bitter grief of six-year old Manlius at having slain his sister's favourite doll, the ugly but beloved Ulpia Urgulanilla, is the real starting-point of his religious existence. The soul of Reggie Orwylstree, having a " glorious " time at Balliol, is astonishingly like to that of his baby nephew, who, during a game of tea-spoon cricket in the drawing-room, horrifies the vicar's wife by uttering " the Athanasian monosyllable."

The descriptions of scenes in distant lands and distant ages, and the bright humour of the portraits of children will make this book a delight to every one. Not all the sketches, however, are of equal merit. One or two are rather weak in construction, and make one feel that the story and the archæological setting have no real connexion, but have been placed side by side artificially. But the last three—*Roma Felix*, *The Twentyfirster* and *God's Orphan*—are excellent. They make no claim to a deep and elaborate psychology, but the very lightness of treatment is in keeping with the spirit of the book. Even those who read it purely for amusement will, whether they know it or not, realize something of the underlying principle. They will see how, while the perfect religion is only attained in the supernatural revelation of Christianity, yet " in many fragments and many ways," a divine and educative factor has always and everywhere been at work.

Lovers of the classics in particular will be interested to meet their old friends and Masters as living people. Ovid is surprised to find himself the apostle of the " Yonder " to his small niece, Calpurnia the Less. Lucian

amuses himself in destroying the ideals of a young initiate of Isis. Vergil himself comes to a present-day Christian admirer in his garden in England, and finds it curious "to hear you tell me all these things about myself. I see that they are true, yet, while I lived I was not conscious of them." But the sight of his host's little wards praying before a crucifix provokes him to indignation:

"What possible perverted motive can you have in permitting death and torture and the fate of a slave or felon to enter this exquisite place? And in forcing—for so it must be—little children, even, to face it?"

But the prattle of the children, and the tale that their guardian tells them—taking for text the Æneid itself—show Vergil the truth.

The poet rose. "There were millions and millions of us," he said with his gentle smile, "of one blood with you all over the earth, groping after God, if haply we might find Him, *tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore*. Well," and as he spoke his dim robes mingled with the twilight, and his voice seemed to be travelling from infinite distances,—

"*Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus ætas*
Adventum auxiliumque Dei." E.S.H.

THE latest work of Maurice Barrès, *La Colline Inspirée* (Paris: Emile-Paul Frères, 1913. 3 fr. 50c.), is an imaginative masterpiece in which invention proper has no share. It is not a novel, nor a history, nor even an historical novel, but the reconstitution, in the full sense of the word, of a real episode in the long annals of a privileged site. The Hill of Sion-Vaudemont rises midway between Nancy and Epinal, and bears on one of its spurs the ruins of a feudal stronghold, famous in all Lorraine as the cradle of the ducal (and now imperial) race, and at the other extremity the Chapel of Our Lady of Sion, where pilgrims from far and near have resorted for close upon a thousand years. The Revolution ravaged this rallying-point of provincial piety, but before half a century had passed its prestige had returned, through

the zeal, eloquence, and resourcefulness of Léopold Baillard and his two brothers, priests of neighbouring parishes. Unhappily, the prosperity of Léopold's foundations—a monastery, a school, a model farm and workshops, and a little community of *sœurs quêteuses*—was soon compromised by megalomania, financial recklessness and doubtful expedients. But their ruin and the first conflicts of the Baillards with episcopal authority are only matter for the prologue to the extraordinary story of local heresy, in which the name of the restorer of Sion is associated with the fraudulent career of the thaumaturgic impostor Vintras. It is an enthralling story which M. Barrès has brought back to life, with the help of faded documents and the confused but indispensable testimony of oral tradition; but the patient collection and scrupulous sifting of material are a very little part of the task he undertook. Never before, perhaps, has his singular power of sympathetic divination been displayed so triumphantly as in the convincing moral portraiture of Léopold Baillard—his fervour, his fortitude, his instinct of domination, his illuminism, his rebellion. It seems to us that just because the great French writer has so continually submitted his reason and his imagination to the genius of place, he was peculiarly fitted to deal with a life from which the imponderable influence of a landscape rich in memories is never absent.

It was a delicate subject, and it is treated delicately, but candidly and resolutely, from a standpoint unequivocally orthodox, with the evident desire to be just. We could name writers who would have seen in it opportunities for the grotesque, for the display of false pity or pathological sciolism; and if any reader is inclined to ask why, after all, this unhappy and even scandalous episode was not suffered to remain in oblivion, let him remember that while the material subsisted, the danger was that it might fall into hands which would have used it unworthily. How would the author of *L'Abbé Jules* have treated the figure of "le grand François"? or conceive Sœur Thérèse as a heroine after the heart of

Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui

Marie-Claire! But the benefit of this book is positive; its spirit satisfies and nourishes. It has scenes so vivid in their homebred charm (as that " interior after Lenain " which shows the little flock assembled at supper after the Baillards' return from the wonderful stay with Vintras at Tilly), so full of suspense and the noblest pathos, that few will read them without gratitude for that large spirituality and humane contemplative genius in M. Barrès which invest what is most particular and incidental with universal significance. Above all, the death of Léopold—Père Aubry's sacrifice, the final reconciliation—is told with a solemn and simple tenderness beyond all praise. The dialogue throughout is supremely natural; and the narrative, punctuated as it is with analysis and dissertation after the author's wont, has no dull moments.

In his epilogue the author gives us not so much the moral of the story as its formula, the idea which underlies his presentment, and assigns to *La Colline Inspirée* its place in the cycle of his mature achievement, of which " ardour and discipline " might well stand for a motto. " Nous avons besoin d'harmonie, d'un poème qui se fasse croire et d'une étoile fixe an ciel . . . Qu'est ce qu'un enthousiasme qui demeure une fantaisie individuelle? Qu'est ce qu'un ordre qu'aucun enthousiasme ne vient plus animer? " In this light the errors of Léopold Baillard are seen as the perversion of an impulse originally admirable: "corruptis optimi." And even the magnificent prose of Maurice Barrès, in its union of lyricism and reflexion, of splendid inventive phrase, with the traditional clearness and solidity of his language, is a comment upon these sentences. F. Y. E.

" TO be ' taken in ' everywhere," says Mr Chesterton, " is to see the inside of everything. It is the hospitality of circumstance. With torches and trumpets, like a guest, the greenhorn is taken in by Life. And the sceptic is cast out by it." In the same spirit *Agathon* contrasts the last generation in France with *Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui.* (Plon Nourrit et Cie. Paris. 1913.)

Chez leurs ainés on voyait l'élégant souci de n'être dupes de rien. Eux au contraire sont dupes de la vie avec joie, si c'est être dupes pourtant que d'obtenir d'elle le plus possible en se conformant à ce qu'elle exige de nous. 'Celui qui croit vaut mieux, pèse davantage, contient plus de vie que celui qui doute. S'il se trompe, tant pis, c'est de la force gaspillée, du moins c'est de la force.' Ils acceptent ce minimum d'illusions que suppose toute activité.

The last generation was without action, was sacrificed to " une mortelle fatigue de vivre, une morne perception de la vanité de tout effort." The scepticism, vehement or delicate, that created this attitude is yielding; the results of an inquiry among the educated youth of the *lycées*, the army, the journalistic world, are thus summarized by *Agathon:* " le gout de l'action—la foi patriotique—une renaissance Catholique—le réalisme politique." These are the leading characteristics of the new generation. The sons of the new generation are much occupied by " le sport ":

Le dimanche, mon cher Agathon, je faisais du cross-country, du foot-ball, ou de l'athlétisme suivant la saison.

Et le jeudi. Le jeudi je faisais de l'athlétisme, du foot-ball ou du cross-country.

They enter active professions young, they marry young, being often engaged at eighteen or nineteen to marry four or five years later, like—he rather strangely tells us—young Englishmen! They long for war at once as an outlet for patriotism and a means of heroic action. Whether royalists or republicans, democrats or socialists, they desire to bring into politics as into life vigour and reality, and to most of them social questions are more pressing than those which are merely political. With all this goes a great moral and religious revival. To some, indeed, Catholicism appeals chiefly as part of a healthful and vigorous national life, but to far more it is " a living reality directing and inspiring conduct," and they feel the religious problem to be one in which they are " involved by life itself."

These young men claim, with a certain fine arrogance, that the future is in their hands and that it is one full of

hope. They take off their hats, indeed, to some of their elders who have prepared the way—to Brunetière, to Maurice Barrès, especially to Henri Bergson. But they announce that with themselves comes a real French renaissance—in life rather than in literature alone—a revival of love of country, religion, activity; they are resolved " aller toujours de l'avant et faire davantage de chemin." It may be said that they analyse over-carefully the absorbing fact that they have ceased to analyse themselves—that they are distinctly conscious of the unconsciousness of their mental processes. Yet there is about this book a note of great reality and much nobility. It is the hope of Spring for France and for her religion, the " petite espérance " of which Monsieur Péguy, himself a poet of the movement, writes so beautifully:

La Foi est un grand arbre, c'est un chêne enraciné au cœur de France.

Et sous les ailes de cet arbre la Charité, ma fille, la Charité abrite toutes les détresses du monde.

Et ma petite espérance n'est rien que cette petite promesse de bourgeon qui s'annonce au fin commencement d'avril.

M. W.

IT is only a few years since M. Lévy-Brühl, Professor of the University of Paris, proclaimed the advent of a new science, " la science des mœurs," which was to be the foundation of a new " art moral, rationnel." Now there is nothing very startling to us in a new science, but the distinguished Professor made it clear that " la science des mœurs " was not to be merely constructive: it was, in fact, to be substituted for the old-fashioned studies of Moral Philosophy and Natural Law. The effort was interesting, more especially as it gave rise to a new movement, and as the proposed substitution took almost immediate effect at the Sorbonne. But what was to be done at Louvain, where the moral principles and natural law of St Thomas Aquinas are still taught and vigorously defended? The answer is given in *Le Conflit de la Morale*

et de la Sociologie,* by Monseigneur Deploige, the president of the "Institut Supérieur de Philosophie." In this work, which ranks as one of the most distinguished studies of the Louvain school, the author gives a luminously clear statement of the sociology expounded by MM. Lévy-Brühl and Durkheim, and then proceeds to track the ideas to their sources, which are usually discovered "outre-Rhin." After this historical treatment, in which ideas are seen to live and move, we pass to the question of the value of the fundamental postulate of the new school. In M. Durkheim's own words it is expressed as follows: "La société nest pas une simple somme d'individus, mais le système formé par leur association représente une réalité spécifique qui a ses caractères propres." This is the so-called principle of "social realism," which, in turn, has a train of challenging deductions. For instance, we read that "man is only a moral being because he lives in society; let all social life vanish, and the moral life would vanish at the same stroke, 'n'ayant plus d'objet où se prendre.'"

These conceptions are submitted to a merciless analysis, which we must allow the readers to enjoy for themselves. Not content, however, with showing the weakness in principle and argument, Mgr Deploige places the new school in its historical setting. It represents the reaction of the scientists against the purely deductive work of Rousseau, the men of '89, and of Victor Cousin. With admirable skill he proves that the ethics and natural law of St Thomas Aquinas were by no means of this class of *a priori* deductive reasoning. Now analytical, and now severely empirical, St Thomas keeps constantly before his reader's mind "le caractère des hommes, les mœurs de la société, le jeu des lois, le mécanisme des institutions." And the Monsignore says, in effect to the sociologists, "You are reacting violently against the pure, deductive school of eighteenth century France. So are we at Louvain, only we have not gone from one extreme

* 2nd edition, 1912. 7 frs, 50. Louvain, Institut Supérieur; Paris. Félix Alcan.

to the other. We have kept the best of this deductive work, and have combined with it the keenest desire to amass all possible, relevant facts. Why not, therefore, become good Thomists? You will find in the Summæ many a suggestion of the methods and even of the facts which have become so important in the hands of Comte and Westermarck." The whole is expressed so deftly and with such winning courtesy, that we wonder how the Parisian professors can resist the invitation. That the appeal has been felt, and that Mgr Deploige's book has caused a not inconsiderable stir in the sociologists' camp, will be seen from the interesting appendix. Finally we recommend all who are interested in ethics and politics, in Natural Law, in a word in "la Morale" in its widest sense, to read this scholarly and arresting study. J. G. V.

THE journals of Queen Victoria, edited with an introduction by Lord Esher (*The Girlhood of Queen Victoria*. John Murray. 36s. net), lead one into a world wonderfully remote from our own. There is a great deal of character about this diary, faithfully kept year after year by the conscientious little princess. A touching conscientiousness, indeed, shows itself as her reigning quality. A mildness, a complete lack of humour beyond a rather heavy sportiveness, a great "sensibility" or, as we should call it now, sentimentality, are here to make up a typical early Victorian portrait if ever there was one. But such a quiet dignity reigns in these mild pages of autobiography that one can but respect them. It is felt particularly in the first volume, where one has the childish journal of twelve years old. In this volume also is described the announcement to the young princess of her accession to the throne early one summer's morning in Kensington Palace. The complete absence of sensationalism in the young Queen's account makes it more striking. At nine o'clock that same morning, immediately after the departure of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, who brought the news of William IV's death, the Queen received Lord Melbourne for the first time, "in

my own room, and, of course, *quite* alone, as I shall *always* do my Ministers," and henceforward his name is on every page of the diary.

The portrait that we gather from the journal is quite the most attractive thing in the book. When the naïvely priggish sentiments of the Victorian age have become the quaintnesses of a past age, the grace of the little Queen's journal will be more appreciated. To the present generation, with its horror of the obvious in the matter of sentiment, the gush about Prince Albert's beauty seems quite ridiculous. Many passages have a complacency that is amazing to an age that despises tears and demonstrations of emotion. Almost every day there is a record of Lord Melbourne's conversation. One passage may be quoted amongst others:

> Speaking of George IV, he (Lord Melbourne) said " He expected those he was fond of to go quite with him, to dislike those he disliked, and to like those he liked, and to turn with him," and mentioned . . . " that his (Lord M.'s) father and mother got into disgrace for three years, when Mrs Fitzherbert was banished and they continued seeing her; and when George IV came back to Mrs Fitzherbert he came to dine with them as if nothing had happened, and as if he had been there the day before."

One little piece of style that strikes one in the journals is the Queen's use of the word " awful " always in its right sense as meaning something serious and awe-inspiring. The word gains an impressiveness that it certainly has not in its current use of the present day. This is one instance of the dignity which, as we have said, is the most valuable quality in the two volumes of the Queen's journals. C.B.

A GENTLE melancholy broods over Mr Bodley's pages. Of his three essays (*Cardinal Manning and other Essays*, by J. E. C. Bodley. Longmans. 9*s*.), each, in its way, is a lament for the good things that have been, and the mediocrity that now is. The first essay, on Cardinal Manning, is not written in a happy vein. The Essay

describes the chain of events which prevented Mr Bodley from being Manning's biographer as, he tells us, was the Cardinal's wish. But the portrait of Manning conveyed in the various anecdotes given in the essay is not so sympathetic as it might be. Also invidious comparisons between Newman and Manning, and a rather disdainful attitude to ecclesiastics and to Catholicism generally make one wonder whether, disastrous indeed as was the Purcell biography, Mr Bodley's touch either would have been such an altogether happy one, had he fulfilled the Cardinal's wish.

The second essay,on the "Decay of Idealism in France," is more congenial, though melancholy reading. Here Mr Bodley bemoans the dead level of ideas of the twentieth century: the " mechanical age," in his own phrase.

> The mechanical age, which took rise about the time that Queen Victoria mounted the British throne, has gradually been recasting the habits, the capabilities, the resources of mankind, till at last it is changing human nature itself. . . . One apparent result is that the conditions of life in civilized countries are becoming so uniform that national characteristics seem likely to be effaced.
>
> Of all nations in the world, the French is that in which the decline of native genius is most disastrous to civilization. . . . The French genius as expressed in fine art, in literature, and in the comprehension of the science of living, was unique, and was indispensable to the rest of the world as an object of admiration. The amenity of the French character, the grace of French manners, the literary and artistic instinct of the people survived the abuses of the old Monarchy, the horrors of the Revolution, the carnage of Napoleon's wars. The mechanical age is obliterating those nationa features, and the world is poorer for the loss of them.

Everywhere is this disastrous lowering of standards evident under the influence of modern tendencies. Mr Bodley seeks for the voice of the idealist crying alone in the wilderness, and finds none. René Bazin he rejects with the slight disdainfulness detected in his first essay as too essentially Catholic in his tendency. Of Anatole France he says:

Some Recent Books

Since the Revolution no more destructive writer ever wrote, and none has had more influence on the young since Renan died. No one with such outright zeal removed the high places and brake the images without setting anything in their place. No ideals have ever been sacred to him.

Barrès approaches more to the true idealist, and Mr Bodley pays high tribute to Brunetière's influence on the thought of his time, though he accuses his historical method of being that of searching for facts to prove his preconceived conclusions. He compares the ignoble spirit of the debates in the *Chambre* on the Separation Law with the debates of the days of Montalembert on the relations of Church and State, and exclaims "What had become of Montalembert's formula of A Free Church in a Free State? It was seemingly dead and buried with all the forgotten idealisms of the nineteenth century."

In his third essay on the "Institute of France," Mr Bodley dazzles us with the names of the illustrious French, and throws much cold water upon the recent attempts to form an English Academy of Literature, declaring that we have no tradition on which to found it. Again we have the note of lament over the greatness of past things. But Mr Bodley strikes a new and unexpected note in his final peroration, assuring us that hope is not altogether lost.

The undiscerning pessimists who cry aloud that this people or that is in decadence, confuse decadence with transition. We may regret the past and wish that our lives had been spent within its uncrowded courts; but that is no reason for bemoaning the new age, even though it is making the world unlovely according to the noble standards handed down from antiquity. There never was such a time in the history of mankind when the whole of its future destiny was, as it is now, in the hands of the younger generation. The coming race will differ from all past generations in having no need to look to the wisdom of its forerunners to guide it in directing the course of the world.

This, in an avowed traditionalist, is surprising, to say the least, and one could wish Mr Bodley had indicated something of the nature of the new growth that is to spring from the decay of the old world. C. E. B.

National Revival

WE welcome in the brief essay of 130 pages entitled *National Revival* (Herbert Jenkins. Price 2s. 6d.) a very suggestive and valuable study of the theory of modern Toryism. The book is on much the same scale as Lord Hugh Cecil's recent volume on Conservatism. It is somewhat more theoretic, and more widely suggestive, and decidedly more literary and more imaginative than Lord Hugh's book. Its thought is, perhaps, not so close or so exact, and it is less practical—although it purports to deal more directly with the present and less with history. It is written, on the other hand, with a peculiar eloquence which is at once attractive and stimulating. An almost religious enthusiasm marks its pages. Both books are exceedingly timely and able contributions to the study of the theory of Conservatism; and we heartily agree with the anonymous author of this essay as to the essential need of constructive thought and its clear statement if Toryism is to have any hope of knowing its own mind and of effecting anything considerable in these difficult times. The essay deals primarily with the position of Toryism in the presence of the "new Democracy." It sees in the "new Democracy" "the emergence of a new political mind which has grown towards political maturity outside Conservative tradition." Great changes in the social organism are inevitable in order to meet this significant development. The alternative before us is that these changes should be wrought out by the revolutionary democracy—the numerically largest class which is concentrated on its own interests; or that, while power still remains to some extent with the higher classes, those classes should themselves set about effecting the modifications that are necessary.

Great changes are inevitable, and the only important question that remains unanswered is this: "Shall they come from above or from below?" To this question the writer's answer is emphatic: "They can and should come from above." We dare not wait until discontent, become insurgent, reforms with its own hands, for reforms thus brought about would irreparably destroy many things that are invaluable. The writer is one of those who believe

that the paths which tradition has made honourable, change has left serviceable. . . . He invites those who are the chief heirs of our splendid English tradition to make their inheritance a general strength. In other words, he invites those who are "above" to do their duty.

This is an invitation to a vigorous awakening on the part of the upper classes to the urgency of the situation. And to bring about this awakening is the true mission of the Tory party. It must be frankly recognized on all sides that the "right to opportunity" among the many who do not belong to the privileged classes is a sacred one which the developments brought about by time have now made urgent; that rigorous "social justice" is a solemn duty on the part of the State. Such a policy is opposed to the Utopian policy of the democrat who aims at a wholly unrealizable state of things. It does not seek to abolish the inevitable inequalities which are a necessity to the life of any social organism, and which if destroyed must only recur in a form in which their attendant evils will be aggravated. It is sharply distinguished from the crude idea of democratic Toryism. It apparently accepts Burke's conception of the "will of the people" (which should ever be respected) as the healthy and mature desire of a society led by its natural leaders, and not as the vote of a numerical majority in the unnatural state in which the "masses" are at war with the "classes." Representative institutions should not minister to this unnatural separation between the classes—the policy of Limehouse—but should aim at making the State conscious of the needs of all sections of society and at giving enlargement of mind and interests to higher and lower classes alike. Only thus can either class rise to more than shortsighted and selfish aims. Only thus can they conceive of reforms beneficial to the nation as a whole. The alternative policy secures only at its best an unstable immediate gain for one class, conceived with no philosophical insight into the organic necessities of the nation which determine its real value and even its practicabilty in the long run.

National Revival

The free political life which is the basis of Representative Government brings us into the presence of rights which are as good as our own; it teaches us that each individual life is "socially conditioned"; that individual achievement, whether in the improvement of wages or in the pursuit of culture, presupposes a certain "social preparation." Moreover, active participation in political affairs gives new points of contact with life. The man of culture, for instance, is brought face to face with the pathetic problem of the poor; the working-man discovers the Empire. By such happenings our thoughts are enlarged. We recognize a national end, and—by the broadening of our interest and sympathy, through an increasing sense of solidarity—we grow into an effective national consciousness. Thus our citizenship becomes "nationalized." It is a primary function of Representative Institutions to bring about such results.

To make such a view as this the current one is the work that lies before the Tory party, and the writer regards it as a sacred one. He preaches "authority" based on truth and justice, as essential to political welfare "from the proneness of man to trespass upon his neighbour's life." He points out, as J. S. Mill long ago pointed out, the dangers of handing over the country to the rule of the most numerous class—the class which is already least capable of appreciating the interests of the nation at large and most intent on its own sectional interests, and which would probably (as Mill insists) grow worse and not better than it is at present under the corrupting influences which assail the chief power in the State. Mill's own words on this subject were cited in this REVIEW two years ago in an article called "John Stuart Mill and the Mandate of the People."

The above is a meagre outline of some of the central positions maintained or suggested in this very able and stirring book. We think the writer overstates the absence of any reasoned account of Conservative philosophy since Burke, for surely Coleridge stated Conservative principles in the philosophical field with a power equal to that of Burke himself. And the application of his views to politics was obvious. The present writer has always thought that Coleridge exercised a strong influence on Mill himself,

and Mill's article in the old *London and Westminster Review* on "Coleridge and Bentham" states Coleridge's position with such force that the reader finds it hard to believe that its writer does not very largely endorse it.

We wish that space allowed us to quote some examples of the remarkable literary power shown in some pages of this book. We would especially call the reader's attention to the account of the genesis of patriotism in the human mind (pages 24 and following)—an account in which philosophical insight is as conspicuous as its expression is happy. W. W.

MR LLOYD GEORGE has told us that Mr Ellis Barker supplies the Tariff Reform Party with ideas; Lord Roberts has assured us of the competency of the same gentleman to discuss Army Reform; the British Medical Association have listened to him upon the subject of National Physique; and, as if all this were not sufficient tribute to his cleverness and versatility, the public have demanded of him a fourth edition of his most important book, *Modern Germany* (Smith Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.), which he has given to them revised and very greatly enlarged.

It is some years since the catchword "Made in Germany" has lost its applicability to shoddy goods of many descriptions, and the eyes of England now turn towards German industries, not with the smile of amusement such as a mother casts upon her first-born as it tries to toddle from one chair to the next, but with the grim smile of the competitor who feels his rival fast catching him up and threatening to overstep him. Some twenty odd years ago, when Bismarck had fairly started Germany upon the path of protection, and received his curt dismissal at the hands of the present Emperor, things were otherwise. Even in 1900, when the Navy Bill was launched, the smile had only become a little disdainful. But now Germany has gone so far that it is a problem of the deepest moment to England to examine coolly and carefully the causes of the rise of Germany, and the

—let us hope only temporary—decay of England. If the causes of this decay are not very soon removed, or the rapid progress of Germany checked, the German Empire will supersede the British Empire just as the Greeks superseded the Phœnicians, and the Romans the Greeks, and as finally Britain overcame Holland and then France.

To this question Mr Ellis Barker has devoted seven hundred odd pages. Pages which reveal an amount of study for which one wonders how he can have found time in this busy modern world. It is not merely that he has given us a wealth of statistics. First, these are not like the usual statistics which one generally skips, but they are, if we may use the term, really "spicy" ones; and secondly, he is not content with picking statistics out of official books, but has gone to the trouble of examining their sources. Most of us have sufficient confidence in British institutions to believe that the Board of Trade is always accurate. Not so Mr Barker; and he clearly shows us that some of their figures are not only useless, but even under the grave suspicion of being purposely deceptive.

The arrangement of the book is admirable, and there seems to be no point of interest left untouched. It is, however, by no means flawless. His views on the Emperor, for instance, are a trifle unkind, and he exaggerates his weaknesses. Witness the following extract:

Drawings for a new church in Berlin were submitted to the Emperor for assent or correction. His Majesty, intending to make a marginal remark with regard to the cross on the top of the steeple, put a letter for reference above the cross, and drew a straight line from the letter down to the cross. Then he changed his mind, and crossed the letter vigorously through. When the architect received back his plans he studied carefully all the Emperor's corrections, but mistook the crossed-through letter for a star. Knowing better than to ask questions, he built the church, and put a big star on a huge iron pole high above the top of the cross. This strange excrescence was in existence a few years ago, and is probably still visible, *For similar reasons many monuments*

and public buildings in Berlin and other parts of Germany are of astonishing ugliness. (The italics are, of course, our own.)

Perhaps the only cases where the author's logic is really at fault occur in his chapter on Railways. In order to prove that English railways might be extended, he shows us that the railway mileage per unit population in Germany is 10 per cent greater than in this country. At this rate, let us recommend to him the much better example of the United States, where the mileage per unit population is 80 per cent greater than in Great Britain. Again, Mr Barker shows us how much cheaper travelling is in Germany by comparing the price of tickets in that country and in this. He forgets the high luggage rates, which are, be it noted, the same for fourth class as for first; the extra fee for travelling by express train; the high porterage rates in the stations, and so forth; all of which tend to bring travelling expenses in the two countries at least to a level.

We have a fault to find with Mr Barker's usually delightful style. He has a trick of constantly giving a quotation twice, and in some cases more often, in the course of his book, which becomes distinctly tedious.

His index, which is specially mentioned in the preface, is entirely inadequate, and in the case of his book outliving yet another edition, we would strongly recommend him to amplify it.

Let us add that the virtues of this book entirely outnumber these defects. It is by far the most comprehensive book on Germany that it has been our good fortune to see. It should be read by every patriot; and most especially by every liberal patriot. It is the most convincing argument for England's crying need of protection.

D. A. L. D.

THE critic of Russian life must leave the British philistine attitude far behind him. He must be prepared to be an onlooker rather than a sharer if he is to gather impressions impartially, though this attitude will be made difficult for him by the cordiality of his recep-

tion by Russians, and their desire to make him at home amongst them. The observer will need a large tolerance. He can no longer hide behind the bulwarks of English respectability in his moral censures, and he must abandon all those class distinctions which in England are so undefined and yet so impassable. Above all he must have a true appreciation of the religious sense if he is to understand rightly the immense part this plays in the mentality of the Russians.

Mr Rothay Reynolds seems to have brought all this equipment to his study of the Russian people (*My Russian Year*. Mills and Boon. 10*s*. 6*d*.), and he writes of his experiences in that wonderful and fascinating country with a very sympathetic and understanding touch. His opening chapter encourages one from the first. He calls it "The Land of Ideals."

"A great picture," he writes, "of the Virgin and Child hangs in the custom-house at Wirballen with a lamp before it. The foreigner who was, a few minutes before on the German side of the frontier and stands on Russian soil for the first time, looks at the shrine with curiosity. . . . It is a strange home for the majestic Virgin of the Byzantine picture. Here at the threshold of the Empire, Russia placards her faith before the eyes of all comers. In the bustle of a custom-house, charged with fretfulness and impatience and meanness, Russia sets forth her belief in a life beyond the grave and her conviction that the ideals presented by the picture are the noblest known to mankind."

Mr Reynolds writes with emotion of the courage and devotion of the revolutionists, many of whom he knew in prison and out. But he sums up his chapter on revolutionary methods thus:

> The Russian Revolution produced men and women whom I revere as I revere the Saints; but the creed of the Saints is mine and reverence for the martyrs of freedom still leaves me free to abhor principles that they advanced. . . . They did evil that good might come, and suffering and misery followed.

Some Recent Books

Casual observers, seeing the low moral standard of the Russian clergy and the corrupt government of the Russian Orthodox Church, are apt to put down the demonstrative piety of the peasants to superstition. Not so Mr Reynolds, who has seized the attitude of the laity to the priesthood.

> If an English vicar is a drunkard, nobody goes to church. The Russian attitude is different. If a priest is vicious and negligent the parishioners compel him to do his work. They hold in a practical manner the doctrine that the unworthiness of the minister does not impair the benefits of the Sacraments. They consider the highest act of worship is to assist at the offering of the Christian Sacrifice, and as a priest alone is empowered to offer it, he must be compelled to do so in order that his parishioners may be afforded the opportunity of performing a duty and of deriving the spiritual benefits accruing from it.

The journalistic note is not always absent in Mr Reynolds' writing, and his judgments on politics, especially in his estimate of M. Stolypin's *rôle*, are sometimes superficial. But this may be intentional, for the book is obviously not a deep political or historical study, and whilst it is very seldom that a false note is struck, there are many true and original observations which will be welcomed by all lovers and students of "Holy Russia."

C. E. B.

IN *The Mass: A Study of the Roman Liturgy* (The Westminster Library. Longmans, 1912. Price 6*s*.), Dr Adrian Fortescue has courageously grappled with a difficult task, and is, in our opinion, distinctly to be congratulated on the result. Of course there are hundreds of books upon the Mass, liturgical, theological, devotional. Almost every year gives us a score of new ones. In most volumes of this kind the text of the Ordinary and Canon is made the subject of a commentary more or less historically accurate, and a good deal of information is given regarding rubrics and ceremonial accessories, such as the altars, vestments, incense, candles, etc. From

these archæological by-paths Dr Fortescue has found himself debarred by limits of space; but in Part II (pp. 214, 396), which occupies nearly half the volume, an excellent explanation, full of interesting detail, has been given of the prayers and ceremonies of the Mass as it is now familiar to us. Unquestionably, however, the distinctive feature of Dr Fortescue's work is his attempt to deal with the origins of the liturgy. We know of no other book which we would so gladly put into the hands of an inquirer who wanted a general scientific view of the subject in moderate compass. More than once we have heard from an intelligent student some such remark as the following: "What I want to know is how the text of the Roman Mass, arranged as I read it in the Missal now, has come down to us. How did it start? Why does it differ so much from the oriental liturgies?" It is the aim of Dr Fortescue's first part to answer such questions, so far as modern scholars think they can be answered. Anyone who is at all in touch with recent liturgical study will be aware how fertile the last few years have been in theories concerning the relations of the different liturgies and the formation of the Roman Canon. To discuss these views, to condense them, and to bring them all into focus is a thankless and by no means easy task. That, in discharging it, Dr Fortescue should here and there have fallen into some inaccuracy of statement, or that he may sometimes have failed to appraise correctly the relative importance of particular details, would not be at all surprising. But it is an immense help to students to have before them some sort of clear presentment of the whole subject, some map of a country hitherto very imperfectly known to all but a handful of specialists. It has evidently been Dr Fortescue's intention to abstain from that dogmatism which is the curse of liturgists, folklorists, comparative religionists, and in general the professors of those sciences in which the facilities for theorizing are in inverse ratio to the ascertained facts. He owns to a preference for the views of Drews and Baumstark, and he may in one or two cases

have pressed rather beyond their legitimate bearing some details of evidence adduced in their favour. But we confess that we have noted no misrepresentation or inaccuracy which affects the substance of his work, and still less anything that may not easily be rectified in a subsequent revision. Z.

IT was a happy thought to include a volume on *The New Psalter and Its Use* (By the Rev. Edwin Burton, D.D., and the Rev. Edward Myers, M.A. Longman, Green and Co. pp. xxii, 258. 3s. 6d. net) in the popular Westminster Series, and the editors could hardly have entrusted the work to more competent hands. The book will be of great value to all who are bound to the recitation of the Divine Office, and who are uncertain as to the exact extent of the changes introduced by the recent legislation on the subject. Still more will it be useful to those who are only learning to use the Breviary. For the general public its interest will naturally be less, but all will appreciate the admirable sketch of the historical use of the Psalms in the devotions of the Catholic Church with which the book opens. We do not remember ever to have seen this history put more clearly or with greater terseness of expression, and the book is worth buying if it were only for the sake of this one feature. A. B.

IN *The Three Brontës.* (By May Sinclair. Hutchinson. 6s.) the authoress deplores the amount that has been written about Charlotte Brontë—"legends and theories huddled together in a heap, with all values and proportions lost." But we are glad that Miss Sinclair was not discouraged from advancing yet another new theory, which is both interesting and convincing. It concerns the source of that sudden stimulus which made it possible for Charlotte to write such a book as *Jane Eyre,* so strange in its comparison with her former novels. Critics have suggested various reasons for this development in her powers. But the theory quoted below is as satisfactory as it is simple. It suggests that Charlotte's new

and sudden stimulus was due to the reading of her sister Emily's book, *Wuthering Heights*:

I think that if anything woke Charlotte up it was that. Until then, however great her certainty of her own genius, she did not know how far she could trust it, how far it would be safe to let imagination go. Appalled by the spectacle of its excesses, she had divorced imagination from the real. But Emily knew none of these cold deliberations born of fear. *Wuthering Heights* was the fruit of a divine freedom, a divine unconsciousness. It is not possible that Charlotte, of all people, should have read *Wuthering Heights* without a shock of enlightenment; that she should not have compared it with her own bloodless work; that she should not have felt the wrong done to her genius by her self-repression. Emily had dared to be herself; *she* had not been afraid of her own passion; she had had no method; she had accomplished a stupendous thing without knowing it, by simply letting herself go. And Charlotte, I think, said to herself, "That is what I ought to have done. That is what I will do next time." And next time she did it.

Miss Sinclair's general portrait of Charlotte is not very clear. She is perhaps hampered by her efforts to disprove a number of minor criticisms advanced by other critics. It is difficult to give a positive picture while contradicting a series of small mistakes in the work of others. And we are told that if she has "overlooked the complexities of Charlotte's character it is that the great lines that underlie it may be seen." But who shall appreciate the "great lines" of Charlotte's character who has not first realized its complexities?

A more living and satisfactory picture is given of Emily Brontë, though we are left as usual with the feeling that the more we study her the more does she become a glorious enigma to us. We can well believe that "Strangers received from her an impression as of a creature utterly removed from them; a remoteness scarcely human, hard to reconcile with her known tenderness for every living thing." Life dealt hardly with both Charlotte and Emily, and they suffered as their defiant and sensitive genius fitted them to suffer. But Emily was wonderfully aloof from the world which did not value her:

Some Recent Books

Wild fugitive [writes Mrs Meynell]* she vanished, she escaped, she broke away; exiled by the neglect of her contemporaries, banished by their disrespect, outlawed by their contempt, dismissed by their indifference. And such was she as might rather have taken for her own the sentence pronounced by Coriolanus under sentence of expulsion; she might have driven the world from before her face and cast it out from her presence as he condemned his Romans: "*I* banish *you*." O.

DR MUNRO, who has been for years known as an authority upon lake-dwellings and kindred constructions, has included the reports of two courses of lectures (the Munro in Edinburgh and the Dalrymple in Glasgow) in his handsome and excellently illustrated volume (*Palæolithic Man and Terramara Settlements in Europe*. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1912. Price 16s. net). Of the first and larger portion of the book something has been said elsewhere in this REVIEW, and it is only necessary to add that in it is contained a very careful and adequate summary of what is known, or was known at the time of the delivery of the lectures, for fresh facts of prime importance have since come to light, as to Palæolithic Man, his physical remains, his places of habitat and his manufactures.

The second part of the book deals with a much less well-worn subject than the first, for up to the present no complete account of the curious type of edifice known as terramara has appeared in this country; the best account in English with which we are acquainted being that in Mr Peet's *Stone and Bronze Age in Italy*, which was noticed at the time of its publication (in 1909) in this REVIEW. The settlements of the terramara character which have been discovered in the Po Valley may be best thought of as pile-dwellings on dry land, and their relationship to the pile-dwellings of the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland who constructed similar villages in the lakes of that country, and, it may be added, to the Swiss chalet, which is in some sense their descendant,

* "Charlotte and Emily Bronte," DUBLIN REVIEW, April, 1911.

become questions of great interest to the scientific antiquarian.

It is for such that Dr Munro writes, for his work is not one which will appeal to the casual reader, though it will be prized by and will be of great value to the serious student. B. C. A. W.

IT will not, we hope, be considered an uncomplimentary remark if we say that, but for Professor Schaefer's much debated (and it might be added much belated) address, comparatively little interest would have been excited by the experiments described by Dr Stéphane Leduc in his work, *The Mechanism of Life*, which has been translated by W. Deane Butcher and published by Rebman of London (1911). The volume is well produced, handsomely illustrated, adequately translated and utterly inconclusive. After carefully perusing it we find ourselves entirely unable to explain how any person has succeeded in persuading himself that these fragile artificial productions carry one a single stage further along the path which, it is hoped, will lead to the final clearing up of the problem of life.

The osmotic figures and structures described do, indeed, bear some resemblance to living objects, so do the wax flowers under glass shades which decorate the windows of so many small houses. So do the Pharaoh's serpents which delighted our youth. Like these Leduc's objects are fragile, and they are quite as unconvincing. They do not reproduce, nor do they exhibit any of the well-known general phenomena of life.

They are, in fact, scientific toys, very pretty, most interesting, most valuable to chemistry and to physical chemistry perhaps most of all, not without significance, it may be, to physiologists, but no nearer the origin of life than were the radiobes of which we heard so much some years ago. B. C. A. W.

THE publication of the third volume of Mgr Bardenhewer's great History of Patristic Literature is a real event for students of the subject. (*Geschichte der*

altkirchlichen Literatur. Dritter Band. Herder. 1912. 665pp. 12s., bound 14s. 9d.) It contains the whole of the fourth century, with the exception of the Syriac writers, and includes St Jerome, but not St Augustine. The author's unfailing characteristics of exactitude, moderation and largeness of view appear on every page of theological comment or biographical narrative. Always impersonal, never original, but with a perfectly sane judgment, Mgr Bardenhewer supplies compressed and solid information for the use of scholars of every tendency and school. The completeness of his bibliography is as astonishing as ever. No wonder each volume of his History as it appears becomes as indispensable to every student of the period as his smaller Patrology, of which the History is an enlargement.

Another History, by Hermann Jordan, of Erlangen, has a different character. (*Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur*. Meyer. Leipzig. 1911. 16s., bound 17s.) The learned and industrious author is a Lutheran of conservative views, and a pupil of Dr Zahn. He has attempted to write a literary history of the Patristic period, considering the form and not the matter—a task which could scarcely be successfully accomplished in 500 pages of large print. One must acknowledge with regret that the result is exceedingly meagre, and very dull reading. It amounts to little more than a skeleton list of the Christian writings of the first six or seven centuries, classified according to their literary form. This may make it occasionally useful as a book of reference for anyone who wants to find a convenient enumeration of (for example) all the letter-writers, all the poets, or all the controversialists of the early centuries. Appreciations are few, mostly in very general terms, and seldom informing. The notes contain a well-chosen bibliography, often quite up-to-date. But one looks in vain even for a clear conception of the development or decay of literary form among Christian writers, and of their relation to the pagan authors of their time. The subject has not been enough studied by specialists, and generalization is consequently barren. C.

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